Volume 198
Number 11

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
A° Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

5cts.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1925

Stewart Edward White—Marjory Stoneman Douglas—Victor Shawe—Sam Hellman
Kenneth L. Roberts—George Weston—Frank Condon—George Barr McCutcheon

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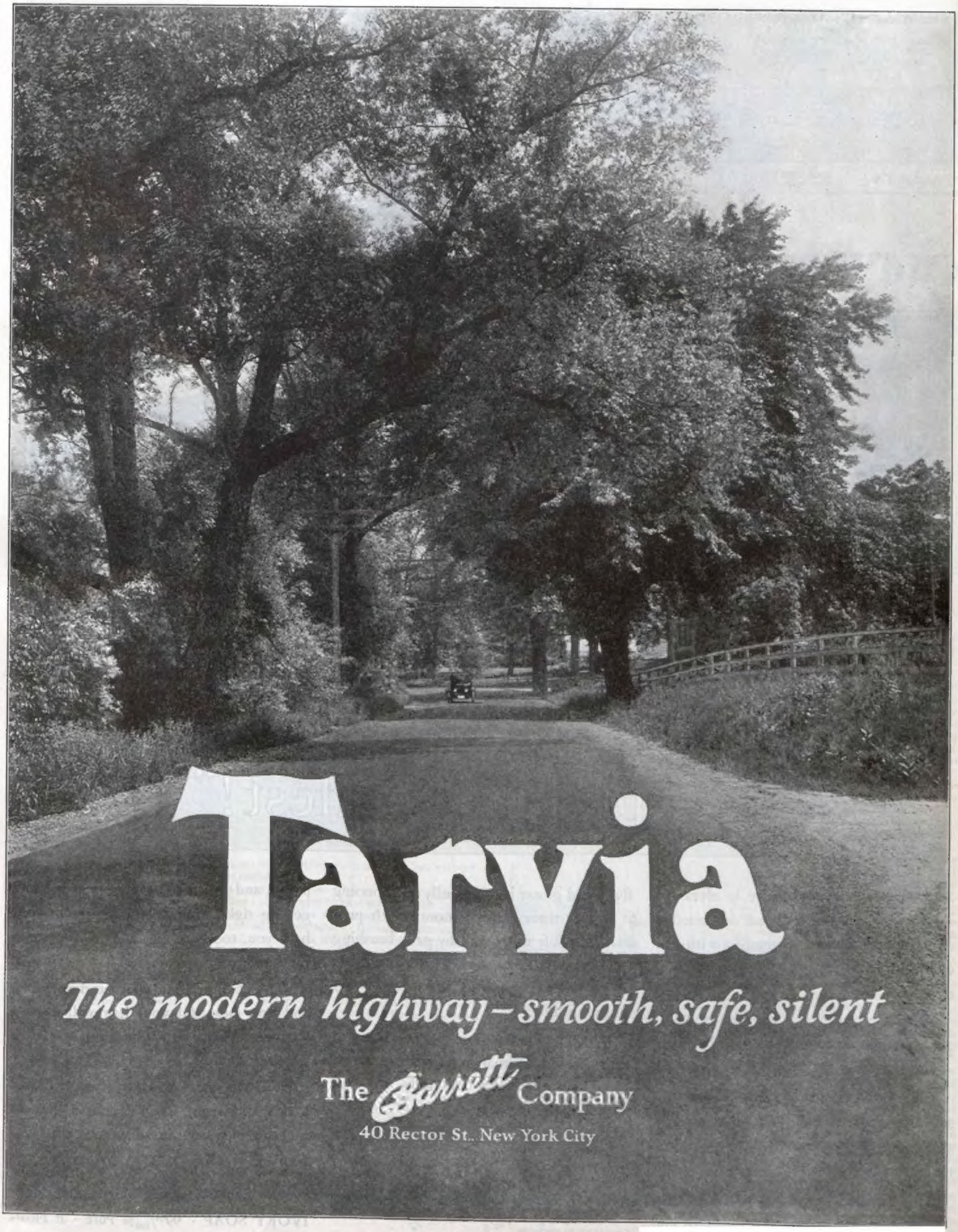
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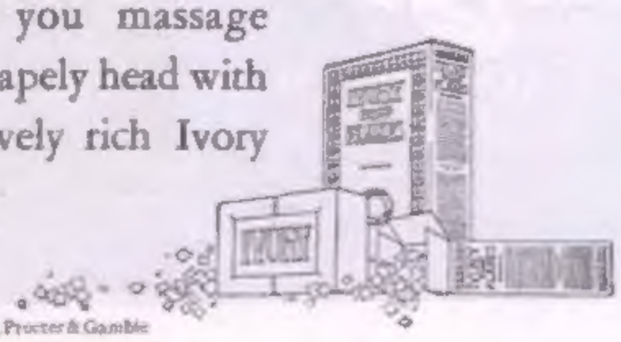

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 12, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 11

NYUMBO—By Stewart Edward White

Main Street in Nyumbo

The Cooking Range

Natives Preparing Bark Withes for Roof Construction. At Right—Making the Door for Mr. White's Residence

WHEN I left Africa in 1913, after a total of twenty-two months in the country, I thought it was for the last time. It was a regretful thought. They say that when one has drunk deeply of the waters of African rivers their voice will always be calling, no matter in how distant or how attractive lands his lot may thenceforth be cast. This I believe to be true, even when the said river water has been well boiled, as is one's hygienic custom if one would survive to hear any voice but that of the angels. But when there intervenes a war in which one has taken an active though unimportant part; and the price of living anywhere at all has gone up 100 per cent or so; and when it still takes about two months and a bag of simoleons to get there; and when one is—important point—fifty-two years of age, one listens to that calling voice wistfully but without hope. You can readily see that it is impossible.

Nevertheless, let me tell you where I am writing these lines on all sorts of paper, because I have no other. To get any other I should have to send out my order by two runners on a sixteen-day journey to the nearest point of communication, native or other. That point of communication is itself no gay metropolis. It consists quite simply of a half dozen thatched native huts and a small dark structure made of corrugated iron. In the latter dwells a sad-faced precise East Indian, the agent for a white man who therein trades beads, wire, sugar, snuff, native spears—made in Manchester—and such ennobling products of civilization, for Massi cattle hides. The equatorial sun pounces upon the corrugated iron. That is why the agent is an East Indian. Save the fatted salamander, no creature but an East Indian would be other than well done on both sides. On the white man's ox wagon—provided it happened to be there at the time—my order for paper would creak its way for eight more days to the next settlement, a stopping place on the Uganda Railroad. Thence to Nairobi. There are many stories as to the speed of the Uganda Railroad. These I shall spare you. Let it suffice that for these seven weeks have I awaited valued boxes; a cause of bitterness, as, among other things, they contain my tobacco.

Preserving the Royal Amenities

LET us finish this question of remoteness once and for all by instancing that our nearest neighbor is a brother potentate whose capital lies thirty-four miles cross country from our own. I'm not sure this ought to be written "our own"; but I'm still new to this king business. His name is M'Tone and he is friendly. I have never seen him; but I have, by messenger, exchanged gifts and greetings. From him, when I send for it and take long enough, I can buy the millet meal with which I feed my men; from him came originally our forty-four diminutive chickens; from his people were recruited the majority of our population; and from him occasionally appears a gorgeous and important person whom I have ascertained to be his personal slave. The latter is accompanied by certain savages. These carry guns, pumpkins and occasionally a vessel of wild honey. I shoot for them a wildebeest or a zebra. Thus the royal amenities are preserved. I might add that we employ his eldest son, the crown prince, to supervise the savage portion of our inhabitants. He receives the equivalent of five dollars a month. It may be that since the war others have crown princes in their employ at this rate; but I doubt it. I have written a friend in London to try this on Wales.

Our Capital

OUR next neighbors are of another tribe called the Wasikumi, about forty miles south. Unfortunately, we are separated by sharp high grass that cuts our legs; so our relations are spasmodic. In other directions are only rumors of distant peoples.

Our capital we have named Nyumbo after the thousands of wildebeests that surround it. A fine pair of the animal's horns adorns our flagpole. It is a beautiful and extensive metropolis, surrounded by a thin-spaced growth of mimosa trees near the top of a low gentle slope that descends to the river. Just now we have had no good rains for some time, so the river is, I regret to say, flowing bottom up. There are, however, sufficient water holes for all purposes; but the fishing is poor. A narrow strip of jungle is

full of beauty and monkeys and parrots and leopards and such things.

The opposite slope rises gently in an open grassy plain for about three miles to an embracing semicircle of low mountains or sparsely wooded hills, through which are numerous passes to a broken country beyond. We can see this plain in patches through the trees. Often I have sat in my chair and counted in these visible openings four or five hundred wildebeests, and sometimes many more. In the other direction, if we go a mile or so, we find ourselves at the edge of a vast prairie that billows away in a series of long low waves like a ground swell at sea over a horizon infinitely remote. Kopjes of fantastic and gigantic bowlders and monoliths lie becalmed at intervals; and in the troughs of the earth waves are often ribbonlike dongas of sparse trees or dense brush or high grass. In the rainy season there are pools of water in these dongas for beasts, and in hollows on the bowlder tops for men; but between rains potable water lacks.

Three Stages in the Construction of the Roof

Our capital, built by its inhabitants, is the largest settlement hereabouts. In fact, it is the only settlement. Its construction is simple but picturesque. The walls of its buildings are about eight inches thick, and look as though they might have been built of concrete to resist cannon fire. As a matter of fact, they are in that respect like the plaster walls of any modern bungalow—a hollow mockery. Dissected, they would be found to be a series of slender posts planted upright through which, in and out, osiers had been woven; and over which, in turn, clay had been smoothed.

When a wall is to be constructed or repaired, our long-suffering tin bathtub is requisitioned and a half dozen men play mud pies very happily. The bathtub may also be discovered occasionally holding an arsenic solution in which to dip animal skins. Between times we take baths in it and are none the worse. But, anyway, our mud walls look as solid as the granite hills. They have in them little loopholes, called windows, because we do not know what else to call them. Their roofs are of thick grass thatch, steep-pitched and quite water-tight until it rains really hard.

Some of the buildings are oblong, with roof poles, like any house anywhere. Many are round, with conical roofs like old-fashioned beehives, and with tufts atop; a few are flat roofed. They are also of all sizes. Our own living house is fifteen by thirty feet, with wide projecting eaves and a veranda in front. Another similar structure next door, almost as large, serves as a workroom and store for the more precious personal belongings.

An Advantage of African Architecture

THE real storehouse is circular, an imposing edifice; and immediately contiguous is a ridiculously miniature replica of it about five feet in diameter and as many tall, where our forty-four chickens retire in thankful overcrowding when hyenas and jackals come out with the night. There is also the dining house—where I am writing this—a most pleasant resort, where we not only eat but loaf and read, and at whose westward side we sit each evening and drink in the soft and lovely and vivid gorgeousness of the African sunsets. Its charm for these purposes consists in the fact that from about breast high the walls are open, so that it is airy and full of light. Nevertheless, in building it the architect held true to convention. Just below where the wall stops he inserted his tiny windows. Still, they are no more foolish than the buttons we wear on the back of our coats or than the appendix Nature put inside us.

A three-sided cook shed; a shade roof on poles beneath which taxidermy is carried on with much song and gossip; a garage; and fourteen smaller dwelling houses of architecture to taste, completes the list. Yes, you read the word correctly. It is "garage"; but I'll tell you about that later. It is too big a subject to treat casually.

There is one thing to be said for our construction—there is nothing irrevocable or final about it. If you don't like it one way, you can have it another. One big house used to have a high roof, which had much æsthetic value but little utility when it rained even moderately hard. One day we went out hunting about six o'clock and returned at noon. Our happy home looked like the ruins of Louvain. A tent had been pitched, into which all our personal effects had been piled. The whole of the house—roof pole, rafters, everything—had just plain disappeared. There remained only the four walls; and in the broad and garish light of day they did not look near so much in the way of walls as they had when shadowed by that lowering and magnificent canopy of thatch. In fact, they looked like mud. It appeared to be stark ruin; being cast out into the cold world for an indefinite period.

Then there appeared from the river bottom eight boys staggering under a forty-foot log ten inches or so in diameter. Other boys trailed them, dragging three massive forked posts as long as telegraph poles. They planted the posts. In the probable manner of building the pyramids, they got the forty-foot log up into the forks. That was one rooftree. Six of them precariously straddled the log, while, six from either side, the ends of poles were passed up to them. These they bound to the rooftree by means of bark withes, while at the same time the men on the ground bound the other ends to the walls.

This happened before our face and eyes as we were eating lunch. By the time we had finished, the thing actually looked like a roof. At least it was rather a complete sketch of a roof. Then between these rafters long limber poles were woven in and out; and each point of contact anywhere, with anything—except possibly a boy's leg—was wrapped and bound by the ever-useful tough withes. It not only looked more and more like a roof but it was beginning to look like a secure roof, which was reassuring in view of that forty-foot log hanging like a deadfall fifteen feet or more above our bed sites.

Of course, all this was done in apparent leisure, and to song. Nothing is done otherwise in Africa. The strong naked bodies against the blue sky, the strange rise and fall of minor chanting, the occasional bursts of laughter, all made of this labor a sort of gala picnic occasion rather than a sour affair of sternness and drudgery and pick and mortar. When it came to thatching, we saw a likeness, however, in the cries of the thatchers to their helpers below. "*Majani! Majani!*"—Grass! Grass!—in exact correspondence to the bricklayer's "Mort! Mort!"

The inhabitants are varied. First, foremost and all the time is M'Dolo, the headman. He was with me in 1912–1913 in the capacity of donkey boy, but he has since risen in the world. He wears a chin beard and a fierce eye, and he issues his orders in no uncertain terms. Than ourselves, there is no greater man in this part of Tanganyika than M'Dolo. He is a person of vast possessions, especially clothes. His system in assuming his various costumes we have not yet been able to fathom.

The Wardrobe of M'Dolo

ON SOME days he wears the most utterly ragged shirt ever held together by a half dozen connecting points of cloth, and a pair of khaki ex-trousers reaching halfway down his shins. The appropriate headgear with this rig is a thick woolen aviator's helmet rolled up to make a cap. We are three or four degrees south of the equator, so we assume his head is thereby kept warm enough. He also has what must have been a cap. The garments that go with this are an outline sketch of a jersey surrounding eight large holes, and a set of nether garments one leg of which is long, reaching to the ankles, and the other short, extending half down the thigh. The third topknot is a battered pith helmet much too large for him, adorned with an ostrich plume, which carries with it an old khaki coat and shorts.

He likewise owns a brand-new khaki outfit, but this is never seen. I know he owns it, because we gave it to him. But whatever his upper works, he wears a pair of rawhide sandals which go click-click off his heels; and when this dread sound is heard approaching, an air of virtuous and nervous activity precedes his advent like a psychic wave. For be it understood, whatever his guise, M'Dolo is never ridiculous. The inner spirit informs. He is thoroughly competent. He disciplines the men; he apportions the tasks; he distributes the rations; he makes long journeys to buy millet for flour; he recruits our population—and he is one of the few natives who can see our kind of jokes.

In addition to M'Dolo, we have three gun bearers, two personal boys, a cook and ten trained porters from Nairobi. These all wear clothes of some sort, and would bitterly resent being called Shenzis, or savages. Nevertheless, except when on dress parade, it would take an expert to distinguish them. They are members of a profession, trained men, capable of carrying a case of two five-gallon cans of gasoline twenty miles a day from the end of the ox-wagon trail to our camp. Just let that sink in. Try carrying such a case from your front gate to your garage even.

The rest of our men are just plain wild men. They wear no clothes and are quite unabashed about it. The arms and ankles are adorned with brass bracelets kept in a high state

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The Lure of the Great North Woods—By Kenneth L. Roberts

ONE of the few intangible things that are universally accepted as copper-riveted, unvarnished, bewhiskered truths in this skeptical world is the lure of the great North Woods. Nearly everything else requires proof, and plenty of it, before it can be freely swallowed by the world at large; and even with plenty of proof at hand, there are still many whose swallowing apparatus automatically refuses to function.

Although the King of Denmark and the longest whiskered scientists of the Scandinavian countries may be convinced that the North Pole has been discovered, there will still be many people who view the discovery with the gravest suspicion because the discoverer failed to bring back a prominent part of the pole.

Historians and dramatists may expatiate for centuries on the beauty of Cleopatra; but every little while some skeptic will step to the front to voice the firm belief that she was snub-nosed and wall-eyed.

A white-vested, tremolo-voiced senator may win plaudits, hero worship and elections in his own state when he bravely and hoarsely promises to rectify the ills of the world by strangling the wolves of Wall Street with his bare hands; but those outside his state view him with weary contempt, because they are satisfied that the senator is even incapable of giving the country a modicum of relief by strangling himself, to say nothing of the Wall Street wolves.

There are persons who question the thrilling nature of big-league baseball, the amusement value of nine out of every ten movie comedians, the standing of Henry Ford as a judge of antique furniture, and so on and so forth; but so far as can be discovered, there is nobody at all who stops for a moment to question the fact that there is a very distinct and powerful lure to the great North Woods.

The chief foundation of the lure appears to lie in the belief that it is in the great North Woods that the universal desire to catch edible fresh-water fish may be gratified.

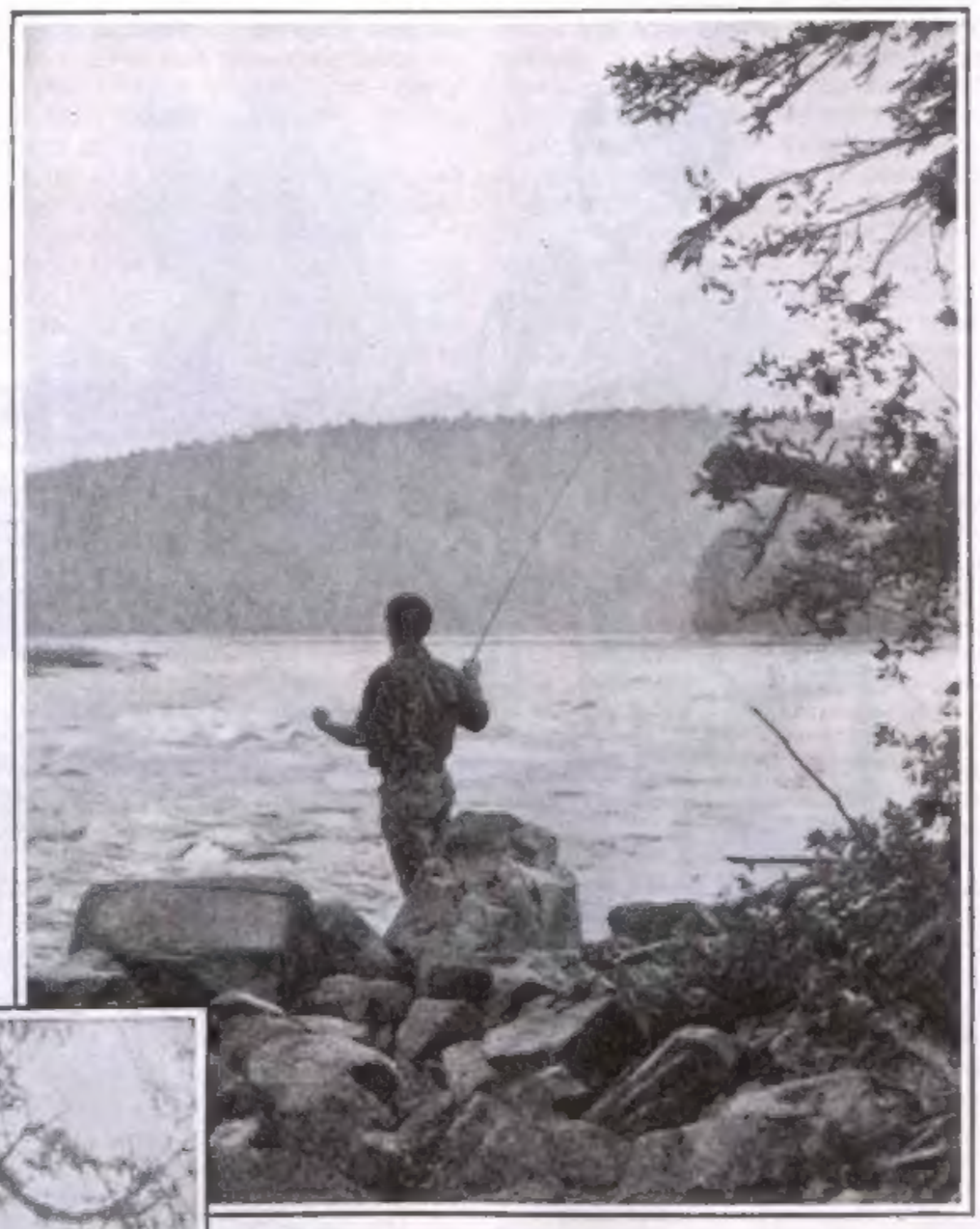
Gypsying

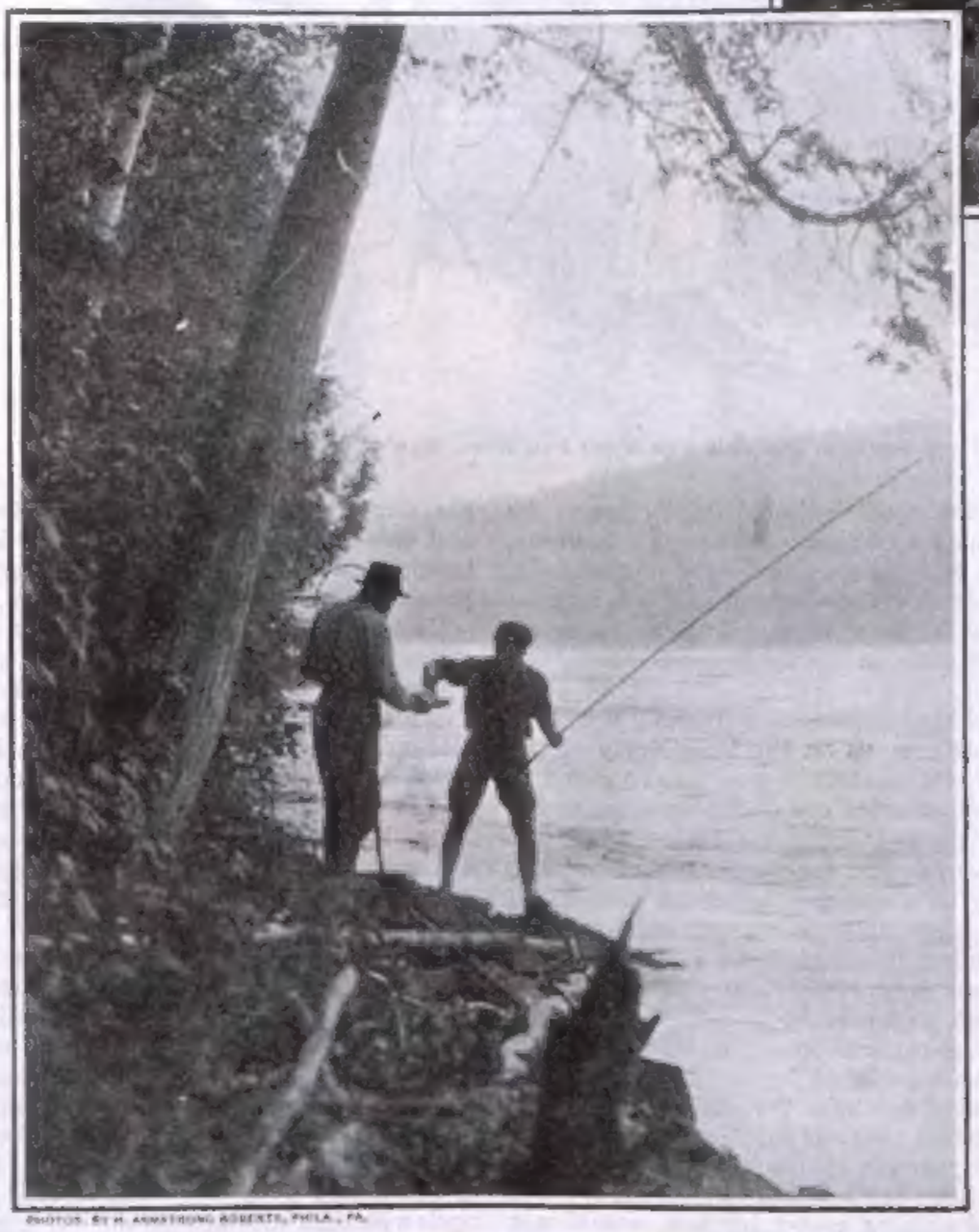
NEARLY everybody who has gone in seriously for poetry in the past two or three hundred years has made a few well-chosen remarks about going back to the great North Country, where the towering tops of the stately pines make banners of the clouds, and faring forth along the gypsy trail, and laving the face in crystal streams at dawn among the hills, and resting in the flowery meads while all about the throstles call "Fillillee-fillilloo!" or "Whittle-whittle-terwhittle!" according to the poet's conception of throstle small talk.

Nearly every poet who has locked himself in a secluded room to purge his system of a gay song advocating a trip to the winelike air and the wholesome fare of the North Countree has sooner or later made a lilting but none the less serious reference to the rise of speckled beauties to the brilliant fly, or the thrilling leaps of the salmon king as he goes leaping eagerly up the ice-cold stream in pursuit of his evening meal of fishermen's hooks, or the outthrust jaw of the nimble bass as he sternly attempts to go south with an eighty-dollar reel, or words of that general import.

In other words, the poets have always assumed and apparently will always assume that when one goes a-gypsying into the great North Woods, one needs to attach sandpaper to the bottom of the shoes in order to keep from slipping on the fish.

The poets also leap into the great North Woods with one deft, sinuous leap that seems to be accomplished as easily as falling down the cellar stairs. A poet may practice in Detroit or Pittsburgh or West One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Street; but invariably he skips the involved transfer from his home to the great outdoors and jumps with both feet into a soul-stirring cadenza about deftly casting a scarlet fly upon the foam-flecked pool, or how the trout leaped up at dawn to greet the rising sun.





Casting for Trout in a Northern Lake. Below—Picking a Different Kind of Bait

"Come," says one of the millions of poets who have burst into song over the lure of gypsying away into the unspoiled northern wildernesses; "come when the leaf comes, angle with me; come when the bee hums over the lea; come with the wild flowers—come with the wild showers—come when the singing bird calleth for thee!" When one reads this sort of propaganda in behalf of angling and the untrammeled wilderness, one has the feeling that the journey from the stuffy, tumultuous and fishless marts of men to the perfumed leas where the wild bee indulges in its wildest humming is as simple as used to be the transition from the noise, dust and clangor of a Milwaukee business street to the cool, dim fragrance of a Milwaukee saloon.

The enthusiasm of the poets, moreover, is cleverly supported by the artists who paint choice bits of the rugged North Country for magazine covers, railroad posters and calendars for automobile agencies and venders of sporting goods. The background of these paintings is filled with wild fragments of forest; but the immediate foreground is filled with a striking likeness of an animated gentleman picturesquely clad in wading boots, corduroy trousers, flannel shirt and battered felt hat, busily engaged in extracting an excited trout from a foaming torrent. One foot is firmly planted on a moss-covered rock; the other foot is planted with equal firmness beneath the surface of the torrent—probably on a fish; his right hand is busy with the rod; his left hand is skillfully utilized in thrusting a landing net beneath the body of the trout, which is staring in open-mouthed admiration at his captor—doubtless at the clever manner in which he is managing his hands and feet.

Facts

THE careless smile on the gentleman's face shows clearly that the whole business is attended by a minimum of fuss and exertion; one instinctively knows that if he had a third hand and arm, he would be jauntily lighting a pipe with it or otherwise employing it usefully and gracefully; one senses that there are great numbers of hungry trout in the torrent, and that the man knows exactly where they are, and that he would feel as little distress over the loss of a few large trout as an Astor or a Rothschild would feel over the loss of a Canadian ten-cent piece.

In short, those persons who have been in a position to give publicity to the great North Woods have for many years been subject to what the Freudians might call a North Woods lure complex. The most modern of the younger dramatists and novelists interpret everything in terms of sex; and in the same way the North Woods enthusiasts interpret everything connected with the North Woods in terms of lures.

Thus has arisen the universal acceptance of the lure of the great North Woods. Persons who haven't the slightest idea where the great North Woods begin for luring purposes are well acquainted with the fact that they have a lure. It is probable that nine out of every ten people who unreservedly accept the lure of the great North Woods would be as incapable of defining said lure as they would of defining the theogony of angiosperms. It is a great basic fact of American life, like the Constitution of the United States, the consumption of baked beans in Boston and the words of the Star-Spangled Banner—one of those basic facts concerning which next to nothing is actually known.

For a number of years the noble art of fresh-water angling in that section of Maine where I happen to make

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A BIRD DOG IN THE HAND

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"And as for You, Jerry Lewis, Selling a Bunch of Saw Grass and Water to a Helpless Boy Who Doesn't Know Marl From Granite, I'll Tell You What You Are. You're a—You're a Buzzard"

GEORGE HENRY HAYNES sat in the window of his room in the Hotel Corona-Biscayne, four stories above the crowded valley of Flagler Street, gazing upon the phenomenon of the city of Miami. From time to time he removed an intelligent and well-shaped forefinger from a calm forehead and made notes in a small brown notebook which smelled pleasantly like real leather. George Henry Haynes was jotting down stimulating phrases plucked like ripe cherries from the bent boughs of his contemplation.

All day he moved about in, but not of, this before-indicated phenomenon. He liked to sit here in the late afternoon, cleansed and superior, ripening the fruit of his observation. He gazed over tiled roofs, corrugated-iron awnings, traffic bells, blaze of billboards upon roofs, Spanish stucco façades; out to the sheer rectangular lift of occasional fourteen-story office buildings, gleaming blocks of white frosting or skeletons of black structural armor a-whirr with riveting; out to a tower in honey color and ivory, like the fine blossom of an unruly garden; out to the superimposed perfect bubble of the sky.

Into this the assembled architecture bit with jagged uneven bites, which in no way concerned the bubble itself or one white-heaped froth of gulf cloud, moving imperceptibly at an incredible height of airy blue remoteness. So remote also George Henry felt himself, thinking long cool thoughts on the single tax, the chaos of new cities, the pernicious result of speculation in land values, the effect of sudden fortune upon civic character, the debasing result of the greed for land upon national culture. He thought of all these things in the manner of an intensive student of scientific sociology. When his mind dwelt with pure and lofty abstractions, where it was most at home, his eyes wandered above the sky line. When by that sarcastic necessity which requires the most perfect theory to take its base upon some rude fact, he had to cover his eyes, he gazed down, with the intent eye of a bacteriologist at a microscope, at an open niche of office just off the pavement below and opposite his window. He gazed down searchingly at the figure of Pomona Brown. It was quite characteristic of his feeling of remoteness that it never occurred to him that she might also occasionally gaze up searchingly at his.

Yet if a young man, tall, beautifully gotten up, with pale long hands, a pale beautiful forehead and rather a pale beautiful manner, sits every afternoon from four to six in a long window easily observable from the opposite pavement and never moves except to shift his gaze between the sky, a notebook and herself, how is any good girl to avoid observing it—especially when that girl is also the keenest bird dog of any real-estate office on Flagler Street? It cannot be done, that's all.

Pomona Brown, whether from her desk almost on the sidewalk or standing idly to survey the passing hordes of prospects with a fine calculating brown eye, was perfectly aware of him. And just as he made her a focal point for his practical researches in social phenomena, she daily gave him three large gold stars and the baby-blue ribbon as the most important on her list of about-to-become customers. Some day very, very soon, as soon as she got around to it, she took it for granted that the distinguished young man in the window would become the owner of a few excellent apartment-house sites in Vallombrosa Gardens, the Suburb Astounding.

If she had been told that the so-marked young man held passionate and intricate views on the immorality of the private ownership of real estate, she would have gazed at the speaker with the abstracted eye of one listening to the third act of an epic poem in early Hottentot. Pomona Brown was the best bird dog on Flagler Street just because her gaze was exactly as abstracted before all speech, all ideas, all human language, unless it was preliminary to or included such comprehensible utterances as, "Where can I buy a good business corner?" "Will you accept this certified check in cash payment for ——" "Is this the dotted line?" Or those other good words, "How about a little dinner and a dance tonight?"

Within the slumbering depths of Pomona Brown's mind there were some unstirred germs of intelligence other than this. Anyone glancing across the pavement at her lucid brown eyes, her firm nose, her brilliant flexible mouth, her immaculate waves of shining corn-color bob, would not have denied her the possibility. Yet she never showed them, if they were in her possession. As a bird dog, none were necessary except those appertaining to results—real-estate results. A bird dog is known by the prospects she drags in. What it took to drag them, as Pomona was the first to state, she had.

The bird dog, to be completely explicit, is the latest thing in feminine types. Bachelor girls, salamanders, baby vamps, flappers and gold diggers have each taught something to the bird dog, yet she remains herself, more modern, more efficient, the most hard-boiled. Under a perfection of surface so hard and shiny you could not catch any of it in a door, all bird dogs are as cold as spring water and as direct as a locomotive. They live to sell real estate. They never believe anything they cannot cash at the bank. They are incapable of trusting anyone farther than they can throw the Isthmus of Panama. They make money easily, invest it shrewdly and have not to ask favors of any men whatsoever.

All that they keep in their sleek, beautifully waved heads are the prices of any lot in the city five years ago, last year, last month, yesterday, this morning and the next ten minutes. They know the difference between binders and options. They can figure commissions to a hundredth of one per cent. They know how to wear expensive clothes well, drive cars, dance and keep men in their place. For them, marriage is a future luxury to be justified by an excessive bank account on the part of the groom. Love is a foolish, expensive emotion felt for them by some men. They will take anything they can get and render back for it as little as possible. Their only passion is for their own safety and comfort.

Beneath a smooth and deliberately pleasing exterior, the bird dog is as tender and dependent and emotional as a solid-china door knob. There was an unmistakable accuracy in George Henry's choice of Pomona Brown as a characteristic civic figure.

The Queen of Sheba who strolls up beside you at a counter of a department store and with flawlessly suave manner wonders if you would be interested in a lot in Valencia Villas this morning is a bird dog. The Madame Récamier who glides into a chair beside yours on a hotel porch and remarks that one would double one's money if one invested it before noon in a choice business lot in Mulgoba Manors is a bird dog. The sport-suited Cleopatra at the races who gives you a winning tip and suggests you put it to work on a remarkable residential site in Palmyra Plaza is a bird dog. They murmur at you on fishing trips. They entice you with bargains at polo games. Or, like Pomona Brown, they simply sit by the sidewalk and spin golden webs with fountain pens, while their eyes wander among the streams of prospects. They can recognize instantly the difference between a man with an unspent certified check burning his bill fold and one trying to conceal a second notice from his bank about that payment on Lot Nine in the northwest corner of the northwest section of Seminole Prairie, for which he may have to sacrifice his option on that hotel site on the bay front. It is the work of a second to cut the former from the crowd and turn him over, warmed and malleable, to J. Milligan Pritchett and his associated real-estate dealers waiting with plat maps.

"Listen, Jack," Pomona remarked to J. Milligan Pritchett, developer of Vallombrosa Gardens, the Suburb Astounding, "there's a bird over at the Corona-Biscayne goes by here in the morning loosing an eye at the map that sits up in that window every day that must have a sweet wad. Cora Bishop over at Tropical Townsites says she thinks he's got a tin ear or something the way nobody can sell him anything. They've all taken a whirl at him and he's come across with just exactly nine times nothing. The

way I dope it, he's maybe looking for something big like an Everglades deal or a big subdivision layout. Bill James met him poking around forty miles out on the Tamiami Trail. Seems he can ask more questions than an income-tax blank, all about land. I think I'll drift over and see this bird. He simply hasn't been talked to right."

It really did not matter whether Pomona heard J. Milligan Pritchett say "All right, Miss Pom," or not. She was going anyway.

When her card was brought to George Henry he dropped his notebook because of a remarkable sensation that started in the center of his diaphragm and went tingling up to his ears. It seemed rather more intense than his usual devotion to social research, yet he could not consider it exactly unpleasant. The element of surprise lay only in the fact that she had been coming to see him, for he had been studying carefully her entire progress across the street. Flagler Street is narrow enough, and yet, with its continuous streams of automobiles, subdivision busses, brass bands and motorcycle cops, wider than all the waters of Jordan to cross. It had given him ample time to observe the shining corn-color curves of hair about her delicately rouged face, the splendid poise of her head and shoulders as she endured and ignored the contact of men's glances, the fresh color of her pale green crêpe de chine working dress, the immaculate staccato of her white kid sandals. He dashed into his bedroom to change his tie, wondering what in the world she wanted to see him about.

The curious sensations still curled about his diaphragm when she was seated in his best sitting-room armchair, her hands beautifully quiet in her lap, her feet uncrossed, her face unchanging under its mysterious rosy calm. When she turned her golden-brown gaze upon his face, George Henry felt an almost uncontrollable desire to do exactly what she might want him to do. He did not know that he was experiencing subtly the emotion which makes the bird dog famous. The fingers of his right hand were curving unconsciously as about the fat barrel of a real-estate agent's fountain pen.

Pomona Brown knew it, if he did not. To her the right hands of all obviously wealthy young men were created to curve in that practical manner.

"I just came over," she began in that creamy voice of hers, devoid of all grit or friction, "because I've been wondering if I couldn't help you. I know that you've been looking for something and I'm sure you haven't found it. I can tell you'd be very particular what you got. So I thought maybe you'd tell me about it and I'd get it for you."

The words, the tone, the manner, the power of the face were to George Henry something exciting and magical. It made him feel as he had once when he was a little boy at a circus and the remote marvelous fairy who rode the three white horses had suddenly thrown a rosebud at his own personal and familiar nose. There was something equally miraculous about this. Agitated under it, he stammered and patted his forehead with a perfect square of white linen from his coat pocket.

"Why, really, Miss—Miss Brown," he said, tingling under her gaze that continued to rest pleasantly upon his countenance, "I—ah—this is very kind of you—really extraordinarily kind. I hadn't been aware that—that is, I could hardly have hoped that you would ——"

"I've seen you going by and looking at our maps, and I thought maybe you had some project that you thought was too large for us to handle. Now if you want ——"

"I know what I want," George Henry exploded suddenly, with the desperate courage of a shy man; "I want tea. Don't you want tea, Miss Brown? We both want tea. Of course we want tea. We must have tea. And cinnamon toast and a chocolate éclair." George Henry advanced upon the telephone with the conquering stride of a theorist about to make his most passionate theory come true. "And then," he said, waiting at the mouthpiece, "I feel somehow—really, you know, it's extraordinary, your coming like this—I have so many things to discuss with you—room service, please."

Tranquilly, her fingers still crossed in her lap, Pomona watched him fussing with a small tea table and bringing over the bowl of roses and pulling at the window curtains, a tall, nice, blond-haired, gray-suited young man stirred by an excitement utterly incomprehensible to her. The brown and even shine of her eyes was unaffected by it. And yet deep within the previously slumbering mind of Pomona something pricked and stirred. The back of his head was adorably boyish. She thought that his hands were awfully nice. The stir within her was like some worm gnawing deep within the hard, polished, sound surface of an expensive apple. She did not believe in anything she could not cash at the bank, and yet the vague premonition of a feeling was creeping over her that she had found a bank book with her name on it in which the credit side was filled with figures in black ink. Its only manifestation was that she remembered a marvelous bargain in a hotel site that the Ocean Acres people were looking to buy. She'd like to see this nice boy make a nice quick profit.

A characteristic of the bird dog of hunting circles is that, having discovered where the birds are, the dog freezes into a point until the hunter is ready to shoot. The technical language may not be correct, but the idea is the same for either game or real estate. The bird dog does not close the sale. She only hypnotizes the prospect; and hypnosis is accomplished as much by remaining very quiet and listening as by a surfeit of distracting sounds. This nice young man, she was aware, contained vast quantities of unspilled conversation, undoubtedly carrying worthwhile tips like currants in a cake. She was the very one to help him spill it. Pouring his tea with the least possible clinkings and rattlings, she withdrew into a sympathetic soundlessness that for him was all one deep, understanding ear.

Before she had finished her first cup of tea, George Henry was well launched upon his deepest passion, the single tax and the public ownership of land, which led inevitably to a number of large, glittering ideas on the general lines of the complete renovation of all humanity. He exposed to her his earliest feeling that a serious-minded young man with money cannot be happy unless he is awfully agitated about the whole welfare of the human race. He gave her the tempo of college cloisters and the smell of libraries where he had discovered this, and been torn by the endless confusion and disagreement of political economists and sociologists on the question of what was the matter with the world and what was the best thing to be done about it. He had been eager at lectures and alert at private conferences with great scholars. And yet confusion had confused confusion. Until one day he had discovered accidentally by looking at it that, after all, earth was under the feet of him and of all men, and that he might do worse than take that as his beginning. From that the mists had cleared away. Everything became as clear as new ice. The public ownership of land—and all that that implied, which was a lot—had become his solution for all human ills under the sun.

"And so I came to this place of yours," he was saying at her second cup, "to study the social idiosyncrasies attendant upon the rapid buying and selling of real estate. My researches have taken me into every phase of the question and the result is that I am firm in my original premise that a decided stand must be taken by all of us who constitute

(Continued on Page 56)

"I'd Put That Gun Away if I Were You," George Went on Pleasantly

THE TWEED COAT

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

SHE was very gentle and very quiet. Indeed, you would have been surprised at some of the books she read.

"I like books," she once told herself, "that make the breath come faster; books that lift you out of yourself and throw you all around."

You wouldn't have thought it if you had known her only by her name and appearance. Her name was Miss Abby Bronson, of Bronson's Cove—a village consisting of a store, a church and a dozen houses, near the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound—and she belonged to the D. A. R. and was always picked upon by the central committees of New London whenever a drive was organized that took in the southern counties. But if you had known that her forefathers had not only been ministers, but had been captains and whalers as well, with at least one generation carrying on a snappy side line of privateering against the peace and majesty of King George III, you might have guessed that this had something to do with her choice of current literature.

Adventure—that was what Miss Abby craved between her book covers; adventure and action, with a heavy villain thrown in for good measure; a villain who was always sure to get beaned before he was through. And if the hero was a private, say, she didn't think any the worse of him for that; or if he had killed a few of the cardinal's men in fair duels; or even if now and then whole countrysides trembled and babies crawled under the beds at the mere mention of his name.

"If Henry only had a bit of that in him," she sometimes told herself with a touch of wistfulness, "he'd get along a whole lot better than he does now."

At the time our story opens, she was thirty-five years old; and a party of tourists, passing her flivver in the road, winked at one another, and one of them said, "Did you ever see such a precious little old maid in all your life?"

And truth to tell, Miss Abby did look a bit thoughtful that afternoon as she turned her car out of the Bronson Road and headed for New London.

On the seat beside her were a number of papers tied together with ribbon—among them a printed prospectus of the Pan-Oriental Oil and Rubber Company and a letter addressed in Miss Bronson's own writing to that same company, and stamped by the Post Office Department, "Fraud Order. Return to Sender."

"I'm sure there's some mistake though," she told herself as she jogged along. "He had such a good face. And if Henry just writes them a letter on his legal letterhead ——"

It was a quarter to five when she reached New London and turned up State Street—an hour which she had chosen in the hope that she and Henry might have dinner together and go to a movie before she started back home.

"But at that, I'll probably have to drop him a hint," she thought as she climbed the stairs and rapped upon a door which bore the sign "Henry J. Farnsworth, Attorney."

"Come in!" cried a deep voice inside, after a pause which might be described as ponderous.

Miss Abby did two tricks then which she had gleaned from literature. She first bit her lips to make them red, and then she rubbed her cheeks to make them pink, and then—feeling that quickening of the breath which was always like the wine of life to her—she opened the door and quietly stepped inside.

II

IT WAS a large, old-fashioned office in which she found herself; but for all its size and length of life, there was an unmistakable flavor of failure about it. The safe in the corner, for instance, was too small for prosperity; and one could see that the name of a previous owner had been painted out and "Henry J. Farnsworth" lettered in its place. And instead of overlooking the street, the windows opened on a bricked-in court—an office without anteroom or offspring—no businesslike beauty tapping industriously at her typewriter—no boy to rise from his interrupted labors of punching holes in summonses and complaints and trying to look as though he were studying law. And the railway map of the United States upon the wall—that was clearly a hang-over from a former tenant; and so were the cupboards, and possibly the old-fashioned copying press in the corner. In fact only the desk looked successful—an opulent, flat-topped affair in dull oak; but if you had been there, you might have guessed that the effort to acquire the desk hadn't been far from exhausting. At least the chair didn't match it, but was an ancient swivel effect in imitation walnut, and it had a decided list to starboard whenever relieved of its human ballast.

Little Miss Abby Suddenly Became Cautious, Looking Over at the Windows to Make Sure That the Shades Were Tightly Drawn

And yet, again if you had been there, you might have thought that the occupant of the chair could easily have graced a better office; that far less likely looking lights of the law had whole bevies of beauties tapping away like so many bright-eyed woodpeckers in Athenian groves; whole schools of boys to bob up before you in the outer passage and bar the way to the inner precincts. For even when he was seated in the walnut whatnot, one could see that Henry J. Farnsworth, Attorney, was not only tall but was well calculated to impress, having the Websterian forehead and that austere touch of dignity which is generally associated with those who have rubbed the back of fortune and have acquired the golden palm. High forehead under an arch of hair, dark brows and rather somber eyes, firm chin and tightly closed lips; and having learned that last item of the catalogue, you may possibly wonder whether this was the reason why Henry in his fortieth year had been outdistanced by many a legal chatterbox who had not yet turned twenty. All his life he had practiced that silence is golden, so that now, when he tried to spread a little silver, he generally found that his tongue was stuck behind his teeth and that younger squirts of the law with the gift of gab were putting it all over him.

"Hello," he said, gravely rising when Abby entered and shifting one of the other chairs for her.

"Hello, Henry," she said in a low voice, her breath still coming fast as she drew near to him.

But he neither strongly crushed her in his arms nor held her hand and muttered in trembling tones, "If you only knew how good it is to see you!"

Instead, he kissed her—kissed her, it might be said, legally, on her cheek, looking all the time as though he were thinking of the definition of "torts" and the time required to file demurrers in an action in the Supreme Court.

So, seeing this was all, Miss Abby sat down, her breath now nearly normal again, and told about her experience with the Pan-Oriental Oil and Rubber Company. Henry listened austerely; and after he had read the papers, he briefly delivered himself.

"Guess you've been stuck," said he. "I'll look it up—these people, I mean—and let you know in a few days for sure."

She would probably have defended her judgment more eloquently if it hadn't been for the manner of Henry's dictum—which might have reminded you of a pail of cold water being thrown on a robin. So, bit by bit, her chirping grew feebler.

"How did you come to do it?" asked Henry, again speaking austerely, when she had quite shut up.

"Because I needed the money so," she said. "The Bronson church has got to have a new steeple, and we're 'way behind on our foreign missions, and I've got the loveliest idea of fixing up the old Pennypacker place and making it a sort of a camp for city children—you know—one of the fresh-air funds. And—and ——"

She didn't finish that, because, you see, she couldn't very well tell him that she had invested her own seven thousand in the Pan-Oriental Oil and Rubber Company, hoping that in a few months—perhaps even in a few weeks—she would be able to go to Henry and say, "You dear, loyal, faithful old thing, you, waiting for me all these years because you don't feel that you are making money enough yet to get married on! See this fortune which I have made—through a miraculous stranger who was guided by Providence to my door? Well, now there's more than enough for both of us; so please don't let's wait any longer, dear, because every year now I am getting a year older; and if we don't look out, we shall wait so long that—well, you know what I mean."

So instead of saying that, she said, "Well, anyhow, I hope it'll turn out right. I don't know why, but I don't feel the least bit worried." And perhaps to chide him, because he looked so dour and quiet, she said quite gayly, "It hasn't taken my appetite either. I think I'll have dinner in the city tonight for a change."

Of course he asked her then to have dinner with him; and later, as she had hoped, they went to a movie. But not once all evening did Henry make her breath come faster; not even in the darkened theater did he once touch her hand or even lean over so that her shoulder touched his in that heart-warming contact which has been known to lovers since long before the human race could sing or speak.

"Poor Henry," thought Miss Abby as she rolled for home alone, along toward half-past eleven. "He seems so worried lately, and so awfully quiet. And when he paid for the dinner, I noticed he only had a few dollars left. Of course he's always been quiet, like a nice big St. Bernard; but tonight—oh, I don't know, he didn't even wag his tail!"

A dark thought, and a rather dreadful thought, came to her then—one of those thoughts which sometimes come to

daughters of Eve when they first begin to picture themselves as left upon the shelf.

"I wonder if it was because of the money," she thought, staring ahead into the darkness. "I wonder if if I have lost it—if that's going to make any difference to him!"

In the uncertain light of the car, her face looked pinched, as though one of the gentler masks of tragedy had been slipped over it. It was at that moment that she noticed the car that was stopped by the side of the road ahead.

"Spooners," she told herself. "M'm—I'd like to see Henry."

She left the thought there, her attention attracted by a man who stepped out from behind the other car and lifted up his hand in mute appeal for her to stop.

"Like fun I will!" thought little Miss Abby, drawing from current literature and opening the throttle wide. "You may get a man to stop; but you won't get me!"

But just then, the flivver swerving a little, her headlights shone full upon the man in the road, and she saw that one of his arms hung by his side, the hand streaked with red; caught, too, the pallor of his face, the look in his eyes.

"Of course if you're hurt ——" she thought. And putting on both her brakes, she stopped—stopped just in front of the man in the road—stopped warily for all that, with her engine running and ready to start it if anything looked like a trap.

III

HE WAS a youngish man—the man with the stain on his hand—that is to say, he was about thirty-five, which, you may remember, was Miss Abby's age too. Moreover, he was tall, dressed in a tweed coat and flannel trousers of a rather precious cut, and a Panama hat woven as fine as many a piece of linen. He was standing, half leaning, against one of his front fenders, the light of Miss Abby's car falling well upon him; and underneath his coat she noticed was a green and gray sweater—a lightweight affair with a zigzag pattern—while his buckskin shoes, more dimly seen, had those rakish lines which are vaguely reminiscent of the yachtsman—toe caps cut like fish's tails and side leathers scalloped into waves.

There was also in his features a faint hint of the sea—blond hair, such as might once have crowned a viking, a keen chin like the cutwater of a cruiser, and an aquiline nose which looked as though it had often smelled the weather when the sea was running wild. His car, she also noticed, was a Penguin Twelve, the length of its hood suggesting the speed and power within.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, taking off his hat and swaying a little, "but I wonder if—if you could get me to a doctor. I—you see, I've been hurt."

His voice sounded thick, his words now and then almost unintelligible; and although they were on the lonely stretch of road that led from the main highway to the Cove, Miss Abby straightway abandoned all suspicions of a trap. For one thing, she had just noticed the steady drip-drip which was falling from the injured man's sleeve; and not only that, but there was something in his manner, in the pathetic politeness with which he had removed his hat before speaking, which had gone straight to her heart.

"Why, of course I will," she said, opening the door and stepping out; and thinking there had been an accident, she continued, "What have you done? Cut yourself on the glass?"

"No," he said. "I—I think I'm shot. Some—somebody trying to hold me up, but I got away."

"They are doing that on the Shore Road every once in a while," she nodded. "That's one reason I was in two minds about stopping to help you when I saw you signal."

"Two—two other cars went by—wouldn't stop."

"Well, in a way, of course, you can't blame them, can you?" she gently asked. "But, gracious, if you'd stood here much longer ——"

By that time she had seen more clearly how badly he had been hurt—had seen, moreover, that she must work and work quickly or he might soon be beyond any doctor's power to help him.

"We've got to stop it bleeding," she said. "Let me help you take your coat off and we'll put a bandage on."

The coat slipped easily from his shoulders, and the door of her own car being open, Miss Abby threw it on the back seat. She rolled back the sleeve of his sweater then and uncovered a wicked-looking furrow which stretched from his wrist to his elbow.

"We need something long for this," she said. "Now wait a moment, please, and you mustn't look."

Turning her back to him, she tore off the bottom hem of her slip—a stout wide band of silk—and was soon winding this around his arm above the wound—winding it as tightly as she could pull it and finally splitting the end of the bandage and tying a surgeon's knot.

"There!" she said. "That's stopping it, see?"

"You're awfully—good," he said, more thickly than before. "Two—two others. They wouldn't stop."

"Now I'll help you in my car," she said, "and we'll go to Stonington. There's a doctor there and you'll soon be all right. But wait a minute; do you want to lock your own car first? Where are your keys? I'll do it."

"Never mind," he said. "Hole in gas tank, I think. Anyhow she—she stopped ——"

He was obviously growing weaker; so without delaying further she helped him in her car by the side of the driver's seat, and then slipping under the wheel herself she stepped on the pedal and they started for Stonington.

"Are you all right?" she anxiously asked, as the flivver gained speed. "Are you comfortable?"

"I—you ——" he said in a sleepy voice.

He was beginning to lurch a little, though, as if he didn't have the strength to sit straight; and after a few moments' hesitation, Miss Abby resolutely put her right arm around his shoulders to hold him steady.

"If Henry only saw me now!" she couldn't help thinking.

And then all at once it came to her—the thrill of the adventure—an adventure which needn't take second place to anything which she had either read or seen on the screen. Midnight and a holdup. A wounded man, and the Pharisees who wouldn't stop. And then she—daring much, perhaps too much, stopping on a lonely road, giving first aid, and now riding through the night with her arm around a romantic-looking man with a keen chin who might have died if it hadn't been for her.

"And the funny part of it is," she thought, "just before I saw him, I was thinking to myself that not once tonight had Henry moved me, not once had he made my breath come faster. And then all at once ——"

The injured man settled his head drowsily against her shoulder, one of his hands unconsciously patting her arm.

"Mamma's li'l' baby," he murmured. "Mamma's li'l' bright-eyed lover ——"

"He's delirious," thought Miss Abby, and perhaps that was why she tightened her arm around him.

"I love you—love you," he murmured. "Nicest—beau'fulest—ever lived ——"

Miss Abby's breath came faster and faster.

"Oh, if I can only get him better!" she thought, with shining eyes.

IV

DOCTOR GRINNELL didn't think much of it—being roused out of his comfortable bed for an accident case, accident cases being proverbially poor pay; the patient, as a rule, being more interested in getting damages than paying for the pleasure of being sewed up in a doctor's chair.

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He Was Standing, Half Leaning, Against One of His Front Fenders, the Light of Miss Abby's Car Falling Well Upon Him

YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

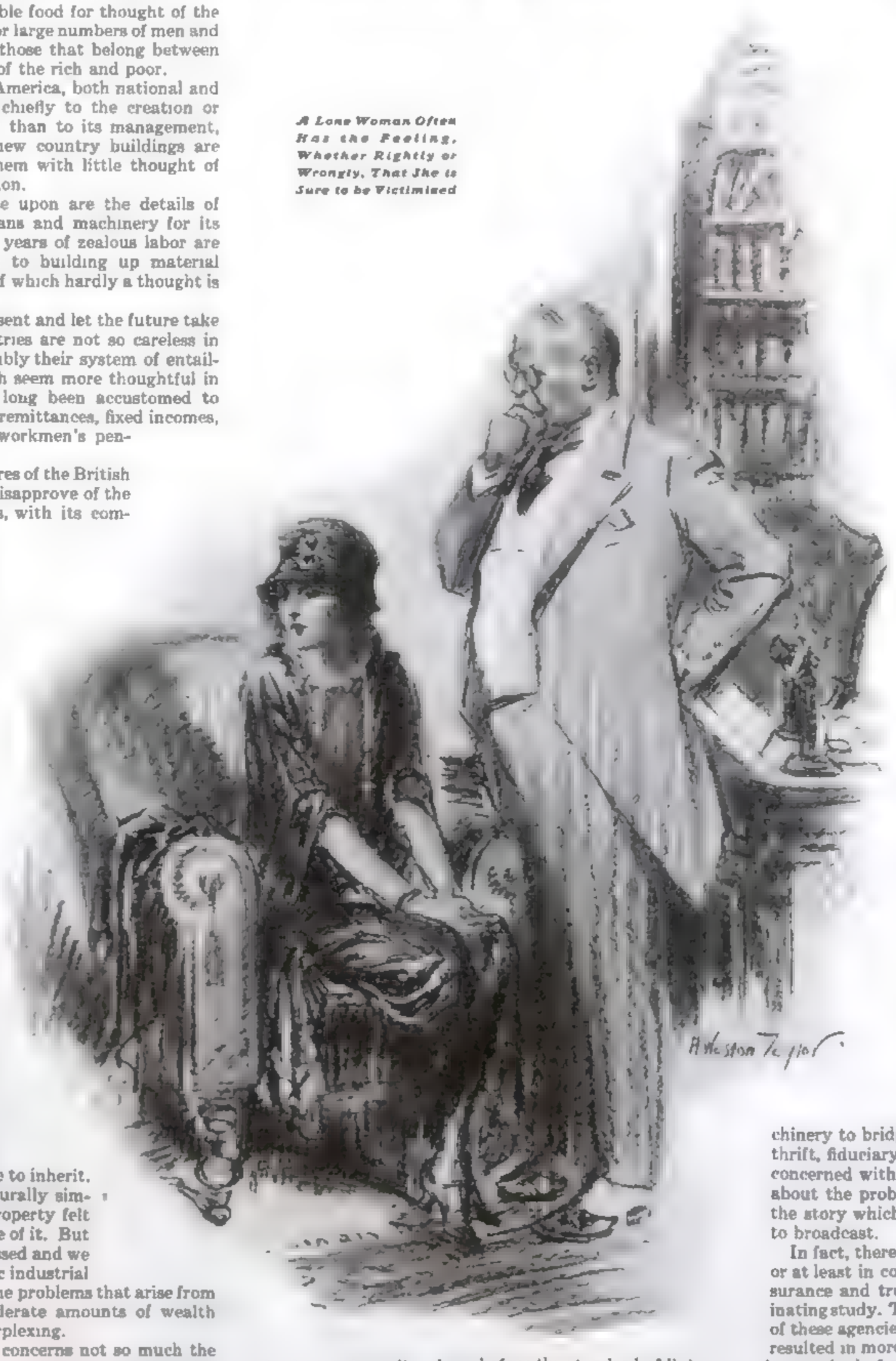
THE dean of a law school recently remarked that economic and social changes have about brought this country to a point where "the stabilization of wealth becomes a matter of equal importance with its acquisition." Behind this rather dry statement lies valuable food for thought of the most directly personal nature for large numbers of men and women; indeed for nearly all those that belong between the upper and lower fractions of the rich and poor.

Up to the present, effort in America, both national and individual, has been devoted chiefly to the creation or accumulation of wealth rather than to its management, conservation and use. In a new country buildings are scarce; men strive to erect them with little thought of subsequent care and preservation.

What most men concentrate upon are the details of money-making rather than plans and machinery for its perpetuation. Thirty or forty years of zealous labor are devoted by the average man to building up material values, to the future direction of which hardly a thought is given.

It is human to live in the present and let the future take care of itself. But older countries are not so careless in providing for later days. Possibly their system of entailing property makes the English seem more thoughtful in this respect. But they have long been accustomed to annuities, dowries, allowances, remittances, fixed incomes, trust funds, old-age pensions, workmen's pensions, and the like.

We may not like all the features of the British system, and may particularly disapprove of the Continental system of dowries, with its commercializing of marriage. But, at least, the Europeans have learned not to concentrate so completely upon the mere acquisition of wealth as to exclude its continuity. We say a man is worth a couple of hundred thousand; the English say he is worth a certain number of pounds a year. We speak so much of capital that we obscure the purchasing power of income; the English method and habit of thought lay emphasis upon the continued benefits that come from wealth.



A Lone Woman Often Has the Feeling, Whether Rightly or Wrongly, That She Is Sure to Be Victimized

The Productive Years

UNTIL comparatively recent years life was very simple for most Americans. The papers told of New York's Four Hundred, of the Vanderbilts and Astors, but most families had little property aside from the home or farm. Only a few owned stocks and bonds; wages and salaries were small and there was little occasion for family or other settlements. There were no inheritance taxes, and, aside from land, not much for anyone to inherit.

Wills and bequests were naturally simple, and men who had much property felt perfectly competent to take care of it. But now that frontier days have passed and we have come into an era of gigantic industrial and commercial development, the problems that arise from the accumulation of even moderate amounts of wealth have become numerous and perplexing.

The change that is going on concerns not so much the rich as the great middle classes. People no longer live simply. Millions upon millions demand houses, clothes and automobiles as good for all practical purposes as anyone else possesses. There is widespread investment and speculation in securities. Comparatively young men earn large incomes and build up profitable business enterprises.

The expansion of wealth has resulted in a flood of comforts and luxuries. There is an incessant demand for the best of everything. No one wants to return to the hardships and discomforts of pioneer days. The prevailing standard of living is higher than the world has ever known before, and it seems to be rising by leaps and bounds.

There emerges, if we only stop to think about it, a personal human problem, acute and fundamental. I refer to the financial future of the individual and his dependents, to the ability, under these conditions, of maintaining high living standards throughout the lives concerned.

For just as in earlier times before the standard of living had risen, earning power declines rapidly with old age and naturally ceases at death. In their productive years a great and rapidly increasing number of men earn so much that they accustom themselves to a scale of spending the continuance of which can be assured only by a more permanent system of incomes, such as prevails in England. Thus the inevitable sorrow and poignancy of old age and bereavement are unnecessarily exaggerated. Going up is so much easier than going down; yet there is much in the tendencies of modern life to accentuate the latter painful process.

We are fast developing a large class of high income receivers who have no commensurate property accumulation. Federal income-tax figures show that in the very high brackets property is the great source of income. But in the middle brackets quite the reverse is true. There are hundreds of thousands of relatively large incomes not more than one-fifth of which are derived from property, such as rents, interest, dividends, and the like.

Yet the whole tendency is for these middle classes, financially speaking, as well as for many of those with smaller incomes, to demand a scale of living that only large and well-conserved property accumulation warrants. To take but one illustration, consider the rapidly growing popularity of a college education. It is demanded by those in all classes today, pretty much regardless of the parent's ability to accumulate property by the time his children are ready for college, or the very real likelihood that his earnings will begin to fall off by that time.

Nothing for the Rainy Day

IT MAY be said that most men in the prime of life are strong on temporary income and weak on permanent income or the property to produce it. Formerly saving was done for a rainy day, for an emergency; now the idea is more along the line of maintaining a standard of living. The drains upon such small accumulated resources as the average fairly successful man may boast of are so heavy that all his possessions, his capital and income, must be put in the best possible order and pointed as accurately as possible toward a definite goal.

But this is difficult of accomplishment for two reasons. In the first place, as already stated, peculiar American conditions have placed the emphasis upon accumulation rather than upon conservation. In the second place, many people dislike to think of old age and death. They are careless of the future. They accumulate money with great enthusiasm but weary of the continued forethought and pains required to manage and conserve it. They are often diligent in business and heedless of their personal affairs. Even the presidents of trust companies have died intestate.

This is not an article on will making or life insurance or trust companies. I am not writing about savings banks or investment securities. It is obvious, of course, that, when practically a whole nation is seeking to accustom itself to a scale of living which vast numbers of individuals cannot maintain beyond the prime of life, a rapid development of machinery to bridge the gap is to be expected. All the thrift, fiduciary and protective agencies are intensely concerned with this problem, but I propose to write about the problem itself, rather than merely repeat the story which any particular agency is attempting to broadcast.

In fact, there are contentions put forth in behalf of or at least in connection with the services of some insurance and trust companies which call for discriminating study. The enormous expansion in the activities of these agencies to meet new conditions has naturally resulted in more or less exaggeration of benefits of this or that method of arranging one's financial affairs. With the loud din of counsel, the individual must by now be thoroughly confused.

How the man who is doing well but has not yet accumulated a large property can be aided to make provision for the future of himself and dependents is one of the major human problems of the day. Its discussion has only begun. Nor can any real headway be made in understanding the subject unless it is approached in a spirit of honest truth searching and fair criticism.

First, then, let us state the case of the protective and fiduciary agencies and call attention to the possible exaggerations involved. After examining these it will be feasible to sum up the facts and reach an unbiased conclusion.

No one will question that life insurance, especially in its after-war expansion, furnishes the chief form of what might be called future financial protection or provision,

The arguments presented by life underwriters to their prospects are far too well known to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to require any repetition here. It is necessary, however, to call attention to the increasing resort which is had to what is known as the theory of human-life values as contrasted with property values.

Never in history has life insurance been so popular as it is in this country today. It was given a huge impetus by the War Risk Insurance, which placed a value of $10,000 upon the life of even an untrained stripling. The companies themselves came through the war free from injury. Some years earlier they had been able to live down the scandals of twenty years ago, unknown to the rising generation, but serious enough at the time, and were in a position to take full advantage of the increasing need for indemnity which the higher living standards that followed the war made so imperative.

In addition, the companies had greatly added to the attractiveness of many of their policies, and had trained their salesmen to take a more professional attitude. Today the old crudities of life-insurance salesmanship are fast disappearing.

But the increasing emphasis upon the theory of human-life values cannot fail to be one of the main causes of the recent enormous expansion in this form of financial protection. Briefly stated, the theory holds that it is ridiculous for a man to become more and more valuable year after year, and then suddenly disappear as a producer. In economic life there are only two values, property and life, and rightly considered the life values greatly exceed the property values.

Leaving Income to Chance

THERE are many cases where the life value of a practitioner necessarily constitutes nearly all of his business worth. This is particularly true of actors, singers, doctors and many other professional men.

The family entity, which conception, of course, includes the husband and father, should be every man's first business, and should be safeguarded like any other business. The prudent business man commonly insures his business for practically its full value, but the family entity is rarely insured for more than a few years' income, hardly ever for its life value.

Indeed the family may not be insured against even old age or total disability of its chief provider, much less, of course, against the complete extinction of his value. A factory is almost certain to be insured against partial loss, often against total loss. Yet is not the family integrity far more important than any business enterprise?

What we have here in substance is an argument for the capitalization, by means of insurance, of the total earning capacity of the individual. Nearly all other values are capitalized under modern conditions. Why not the most essential of all values?

If we capitalize that portion of the national income which is ascribable to human effort it is found to be from six to eight times all property values. The total amount of life insurance in force is only a fraction of this capitalized value; in fact only about the same as one year's national income. Various deductions must be made, for not all income is due to human effort. In any case such figures lead to the conclusion that the people of this country carry only 10 per cent or 12 per cent as much insurance as should be carried.

Fire loss is indemnified through insurance to the extent of 90 per cent or more, but life-value losses are provided for, so it is contended, by not more than 12 per cent.

Whatever defects in this line of reasoning may subsequently appear, it is rendered most cogent by other and wholly different considerations; by a set of facts which cannot fail to challenge and hold attention. It would seem, superficially at least, that we are on the crest of a life-insurance wave. Even if the nation is only insured for 10 to 12 per cent of its life values, men are buying not only more insurance relatively than ever before but as much in many cases as they can get.

Yet according to the most recent available statistics, those of 1922, total life-insurance death claims paid in that year fell short by $187,747,535 of enough to pay the taxes, debts, administration, funeral and other expenses which accrued to all the estates left in the United States in that year. Vast as the amount of life insurance is, it not only fails to protect the capitalized life values or incomes of the country; it even falls short by a great sum of caring for what might be called the actual shrinkage in property left by death.

Here we are dealing with a set of facts that most people do not like to think about. Yet they are of vital financial consequence. Death not only puts an end to the family income in literally millions of cases; it creates a whole array of debts and obligations which did not exist an hour before.

Just when the widow or other dependents are faced with the difficulty of living at all, now that the income which supported them has stopped, they are obliged by law to pay taxes, debts and expenses which are entirely new. Strictly speaking, it should not be said that these obligations when paid constitute an actual shrinkage in the estate. They are deductions from the gross worth of the man which come into being by virtue of his last illness and death, and cause his net worth to emerge. The sheet starts clean after they are paid.

But unfortunately, as is so well pointed out by one of the life underwriters, most men like to think of their property as gross. They rarely speak of their net worth and usually plan to pay off at some future time such debts as encumber them. But the moment they die it is the net estate which emerges, not the gross. Death is official, formal notice that the man's affairs are to be settled, liquidated, balanced. Creditors that he might have disputed or at least held off rush in with their claims.

The man who seemed solvent when living may easily leave an insolvent estate. He fails to die at par. Says an insurance man:

"When settling a $25,000 policy with a widow, who was subconsciously trying to figure how in the world she could live on the income from that money, she felt very much hurt to find that out of this money had to come enough to settle an unpaid coal bill of $862, and a tailor bill of her husband's for some $200. If her husband's spirit could have hovered around her as she learned of these—and other—bills and seen her anxiety as she tried to figure out her status, I am sure he would not have liked it."

Shrinkage in Settling Estates

WHEN an estate is settled, not only must the coal and tailor bills be paid, but there are the expenses of the last illness, such as doctors and nurses, funeral bills, administration costs, current income taxes and inheritance taxes. The income has stopped, but current expenses keyed to the scale of living while the income was intact cannot be checked all at once, and many additional costs are added thereto.

The man may have taken out considerable insurance to care for his wife and children, but they are frequently forced to use it to pay the expenses and debts for which he is liable or which follow inevitably upon his death.

This is not the place to discuss in detail inheritance taxes, more properly known as death or post-mortem taxes. The subject has been treated in a number of articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by this and other writers, and has been as widely debated in the past two or three years as any current economic subject.

The weight with which inheritance taxes fall vary in almost every case. The burden of the tax depends upon a thousand relevant and irrelevant details; domicile, character and distribution of securities held, nature and number of heirs, nature of business engaged in, and many other factors.

Where property holdings are large or widely diffused, the effect of the inheritance tax may prove not only very burdensome, but extremely complex, annoying and confusing. But it is a highly varying quantity, and each man's affairs must be analyzed in detail before it is

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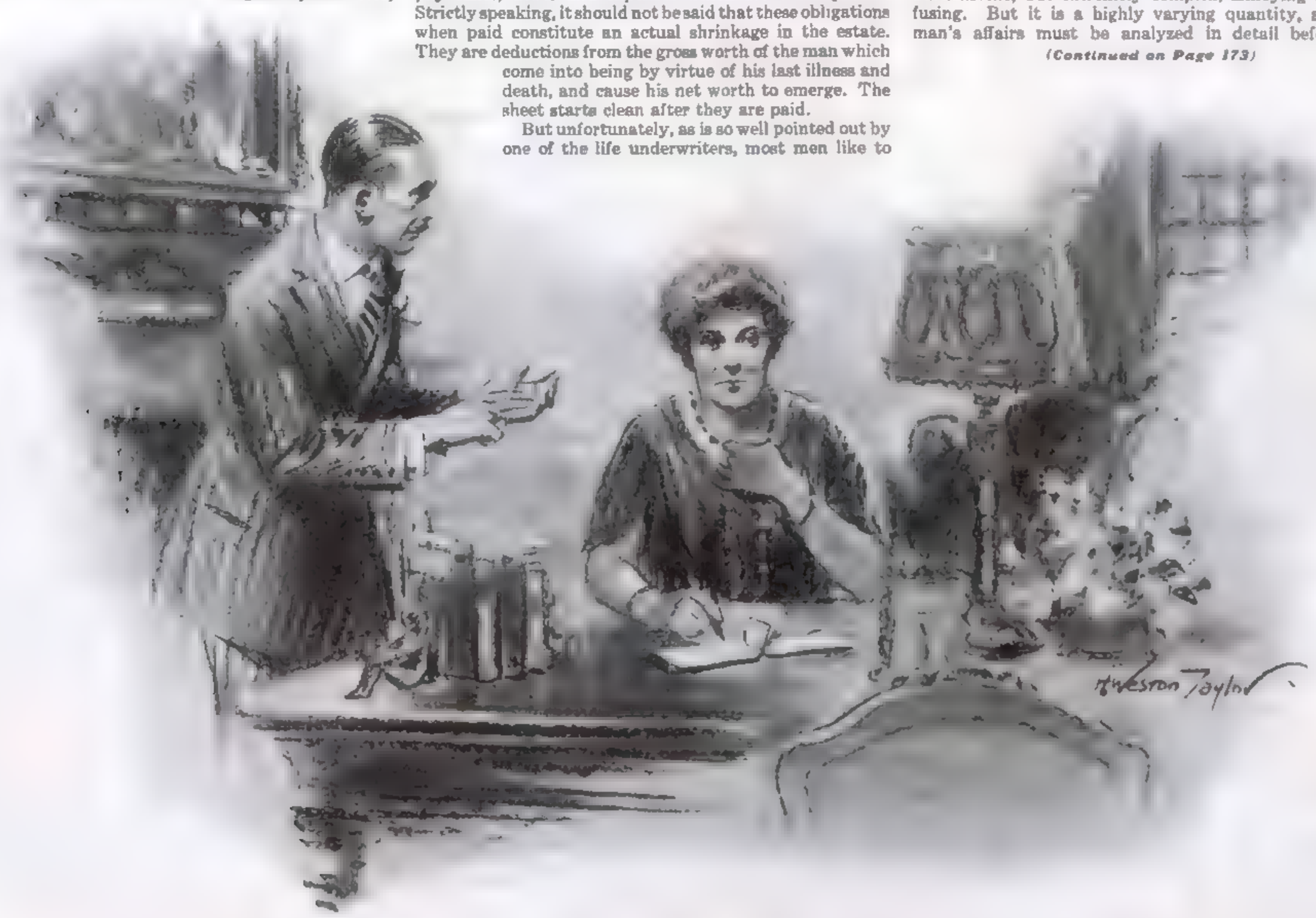

Relatives and Neighbors are Always in Need of Money for Their Business Ventures, and Ties of Kin and Friendship are Very Strong

CLEANING THE CRAIG CLAN

Murray Was Two Lengths Ahead and Eddie Was Riding at the Mare's Flank

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

MURRAY CRAIG was riding the Maisie mare in that race. A right good cow pony, the Maisie mare, either in a corral or on the open range; and a marvel of endurance and speed over a long route. But this was a mile event, and some of the Craigs feared she might not get into the running soon enough to make a showing in so short a distance. The eight male members of the clan who were not riding stood in a solemn row along the fence near the judges' stand and watched as the horses came cantering up to the barrier. They were not concerned with the Maisie mare at that particular moment. They were watching a sleek bay gelding that came dancing, whirling, fighting for his head; and they seemed as much interested in the rider as in the horse.

"Did you ever see a buckaroo riding on his horse's neck before?" one of them asked scornfully

"And will you look at his stirrups!" another exclaimed. "Short? I'll say so! Why, that fellow couldn't ride anywhere else but on his horse's neck."

Then Wallace Craig—christened Wallace Roderick—the acknowledged leader of the clan, spoke.

"He rides thataway," Wallace said, "so he can whisper in the bay gelding's ear and tell him how to take our money away from us."

The rider was directly in front of them by that time, and Wallace called to him, deliberately trying to anger the little fellow.

"Hey, boy," he shouted, "do they call you Monk or Jocko?"

His taunt failed of its purpose, although the rider heard and whirled his mount toward the fence. The youngster's lips smiled; but a suggestion of contempt was revealed in the calculating gray eyes that appraised the row of clansmen.

"Call me either name if it will ease your feelings," he jested. "But my right name is Eddie Greig—known as the boy rider, the demon buckaroo."

Greig—Craig. Pronounce the names aloud and note the similarity of sound. No wonder the clan misunderstood him.

"Who named you?" Wallace asked. "There was never anyone named Craig in the tribe you come from."

"Not a tribe," the jockey corrected—"not a tribe; it's a clan."

"A clan it is," Wallace agreed, suddenly serious, still thinking the lad had called himself by the clan name; "and we clansmen always stick together. So make your ride, lad, and ride to win. You are a professional jockey, not a buckaroo; and the horse you are riding is a racer, not a range horse—that brand on his shoulder was put on with acid, not with an iron. But if you are a Craig, you'll ride to win; and if you win, we Craigs will see that no harm comes to you."

A perspiring starter was bawling at the jockey, threatening to penalize him for delaying the race; but apparently the little fellow was paying no attention to the official's threat. A suggestion of amused contempt was still evident as his glance roved along the row of men in front of him.

"So you are the guys we are out to clean ——"

His sentence was never finished. The barrier was lifting, and with the ease of a professional among amateurs he found an opening where none had been an instant before—was off for a flying start with but two horses between him and the rail, and those two running nose and nose with the bay.

This race was an annual event at the Prineville Fair, and the entries were supposed to be limited to range-bred horses. Stock saddles were required, and the riders were supposed to be range riders, not jockeys. Among the stockmen of that Central Oregon country, the race was spoken of as the Craig Sweepstakes, because the clansmen—their ranches on the Deschutes, on Crooked River, on Bear Creek and Beaver Creek and the Ochoco; their range the high desert to the south; a thousand range horses to select from—usually came down to the fair with four or five of their fleetest animals, and usually a member of the clan returned home with the winner's purse.

On this occasion there was but one Craig entry. That was the Maisie mare belonging to Murray Craig, who was a brother of Wallace and the youngest active member of the clan. The mare was a bit too sturdy, a bit too heavily boned and heavily muscled, the average horseman would have said, to possess the speed required for a mile event. Nevertheless the Craigs were all betting on her. Even when they learned that Luke Ronnal, a newcomer in the irrigated district near the town, had entered the bay gelding with a professional rider up, they had not thought of hedging.

Good sportsmen, the Craigs! But when anyone tried to crook them they invariably retaliated, within the law, according to their own lights. Old-timers who knew the clan, when they heard there was plenty of Ronnal's money available to cover the clan bets, concluded the newcomer was a fool or else mighty hard-boiled.

When the race started, Ronnal, with his foreman, a local man named Elmer Smead, watched from one side of the judges' stand. Eight horses had gone to the barrier. Murray Craig, on the Maisie mare, took the rail from the start. At the first quarter the mare was still holding her position and running easily. Nose to nose with her a big sorrel galloped, and beside the sorrel the bay gelding ran, still fighting for his head, still hard held by his little rider. Behind them trailed the field.

Seven riders sat erect, eyes front, right hands beside the cantles. To these seven riders this was a horse race, a matter to be determined by the speed and courage of the horses—the riders of secondary importance, being present, as it were, merely in case of emergency. As they swept into the back stretch the mare gained a little and for an instant the bay seemed to fall behind. In that interval the jockey, hunched high over his saddle horn, was plainly visible from the stands.

An announcer raised his megaphone.

"Hey, Ronnal," he bawled, "have a heart next time and saw off the saddle horn. Can't you see how it is poking into your boy's tummy?"

The stands took up the jest, calling all sorts of advice to the owner of the bay gelding, making loud and raucous remarks regarding the jockey's mode of riding. Ronnal, a stout, red-faced man whose hair showed in a fringe of damp yellow ringlets below his hat brim, forced a pained smile, then spoke in an undertone to his foreman.

"Once a jockey always a jockey," he said with an oath. "Three months we've been trying to teach him to ride like a human being, and now look at him."

Smead's reply was drowned by a shout that went up from the stands just then. Two horses had come out from the ruck and were making a bid for place and fame. But the mare and the big sorrel and the bay gelding, still running nose to nose, as if actuated by the same power and the same impulse, held their places and were not to be passed. The mare was setting the pace—a terrific, heart-breaking pace that seemed too fast to last. Near the third quarter post the sorrel faltered, and for him the race was

ended. After that it was between the mare and the bay. Murray Craig, erect as a young centaur, scornful of quirt and spurs, loosened his reins and spoke to the mare. Without apparent effort she lengthened her stride amazingly. At the same moment the jockey went to bat. Ronnal, looking straight up the track, saw the whip rising and falling.

"Watch the boy come home!" he said to Smead.

Because of his position, Ronnal failed to see that the jockey, inconvenienced by the high, unaccustomed saddle horn, had unintentionally shifted his seat as he lifted his whip the first time and had thrown the gelding out of its stride. Instantly the mare began to draw away. The bay had been running nose to nose with her; now he was at her shoulder, at her flank, then daylight showed between them. Recovering almost immediately, the great-hearted gelding gave everything he had in a final mighty effort. As they raced down to the stands he blotted out the daylight between him and the mare, won past her flank, was running at her shoulder as they came under the wire.

"Craig! Craig! Craig!"

The cry had been a chant, a prayer; now it rose as a pæan of triumph, shrill and gloating. Another free-for-all was ended. Another Craig had taken the winner's purse The crowd was well pleased. Ronnal, making no comment, took off his hat and patted his damp yellow hair with a damp silk handkerchief. He was no man to vocalize his emotions. But his foreman cursed viciously.

"Boss, he threw the race," Smead said. "The dirty little bum –him a-talking to the Craigs, with the bay flat-footed right at the start. When we get back to the ranch I'm going to beat him half to death."

"Lay off of him," Ronnal answered curtly. "Next year there'll be another race and we'll need him again. Besides, it won't do to get him sore at us. He knows too much already. And I think he's wise to that spotted pony of yours."

Smead, a thin, thin-lipped, undersized youth of twenty-three or four, shook his head.

"Nobody is wise to that little horse," he said, sulky now because his employer had told him to leave the jockey alone

"Well, I'm telling you to lay off the kid," Ronnal repeated. "And here come the Craigs. Try to act human when you speak to them. And remember, our play is the bay gelding against the mare again next year."

A moment later he addressed the Craigs, congratulating them on their success and adding a word of praise for the mare and her rider.

"But I still believe the bay is faster than the mare," he said. "If you fellows hadn't tricked my rider into an argument when he should have been watching the barrier—not that I blame you; I'd have done the same thing myself—but if the bay had got away with the bunch ——"

"Now what are you talking like that for?" Wallace interrupted. "You know darned well that if your jockey had started a second sooner he would have been called back. Give him some credit. Even if he is a professional, I'll say this for him: He's the smartest rider we've ever seen on this track."

It wasn't customary, out in that cattle country, openly to suggest another's conduct had been unethical—such as employing a jockey to ride in a cow-punchers' race. But Ronnal let the affront pass.

"I'm saying if the bay had got a fair break he would have won," he bluffed. "If you don't think so, let's arrange a matched race—the bay against the mare. And I'll put a good rider on the gelding this time—Smead, here."

"Aw, keep it until next year," Wallace gibed, amused by the talk. "Keep it until next year, and then take the clan to a regular cleaning."

The horses were returning, and he signaled for his brother not to stop, so Murray rode on back to the judges' stand. When the jockey pulled up in front of them, Wallace reached up and petted the bay's lathered neck

"A great horse," he said, speaking to the jockey. "And you made a great ride. If ever you decide to leave your present employer, I have some colts I'd like you to train for me."

"You've hired a trainer," the lad decided promptly, and slid down off the horse. Wallace grinned.

"Perhaps you have some back pay coming," he suggested.

He was baiting Ronnal now, trying to precipitate a quarrel between him and the jockey. He had assumed the rider had been promised his pay contingent upon winning the race, and he knew Ronnal would not want to admit the fact publicly. The jockey played up to Wallace's lead.

"Sure, I have some pay coming," he said evenly. "Three months at the going wage."

Wallace noticed that the lad's hands were trembling, and that his steady, calculating gray eyes were watching Smead instead of Ronnal. And it was Smead who answered.

"You'll get what you have coming out at the ranch," he said, stepping forward as if to strike the lad. Wallace also moved forward.

"I wouldn't start anything if I were you," he said mildly. Then to Ronnal: "The lad is riding for me now. So don't try to interfere with him. And see to it that your man Friday leaves him alone."

With a nod to the jockey, he turned, and together they started back to join the rest of the clan.

"What are you trembling for?" he asked "Not scared, are you?"

"Not of Ronnal," the jockey answered. "Not of Smead, either. But Smead," he admitted in a matter-of-fact way, "has my goat. We had a run-in at the ranch a while ago and he beat-up on me. The first time he used his fists. Then a couple of days later we went to it again and that time he used a quirt. Yes, he did; quirted me until I couldn't stand on my feet; quirted me until I had to stay in the bunk house for a couple of days until I could walk again. It got my goat, that quirting did. Every time I see Smead now my hands begin to tremble. At that, I'm not afraid of him. The next time he starts to work on me I'm going to kill him."

There was an unemotional finality about the lad's statement that caused Wallace to stop right where they were.

"Listen!" he said earnestly. "You mustn't do anything like that. I know Smead is a dirty, ornery pup; and if he quirted you like that he ought to be killed. But you are a stranger on this range, and Smead isn't. Ornery as he is, he is related by blood and by marriage to half the old-timers hereabouts. If you should kill him they would consider it a matter of principle to see that you were hanged or sent over for life, just because you are an outsider.

"I'll tell you what to do," he continued, making a jest of the matter. "Take a nickel away from him some day. That would be the most brutal thing you could do to him."

The jockey looked up suspiciously.

"What do you mean—take a nickel away from him?" Then recalling that Smead's habits of penurious, niggardly economy were the joke of the range, he nodded and began to smile coldly. "Oh-h-h, I get you," he said. "A nickel! Say, Mr. Craig, we can do lots better than that. He has a spotted pony ——"

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For a Hundred Yards Down the Track They Rode, Knees Locked, Quirts Flying

FARMING IN FRANCE

By WILL PAYNE

The Main Street in a French Village, and at Right a Typical French Farmer

THEY told me that Chartres with its celebrated cathedral would be a good place to begin observations of French farming. It is one of their most important wheat markets, surrounded by farming country where conditions are substantially the same as those found in the greater part of France.

Under the mismated spires of the cathedral I made the agreeablediscovery that a tiptop automobile, with an intelligent and obliging chauffeur, could be hired at a rate that worked out to about a dollar and a quarter an hour in our money.

At first sight you wonder how they can do it, when cars cost more in France than at home, and gasoline is higher. But even in Paris, which the remainder of the country regards as a shocking stronghold of high prices, a taxicab will wheel you around an hour for rather less than a dollar, including a handsome tip for the driver. How can they make a living at it?

The European Wage Scale

YOU get the answer to that conundrum when you learn that in high-priced Paris at the present time the union scale of wages for stonecutters and masons is nineteen cents an hour. For carpenters, plumbers, roofers and house painters it is eighteen cents an hour. A carpenter's eight hours of labor a day brings him in $1.44, or nineteen cents more than the last American carpenter whom I hired got for one hour. An official report states current wages for carpenters, plumbers and house painters "in certain cities other than Paris" at 13½ cents an hour.

Cars and gasoline are dear; but men are cheap. The first key to conditions anywhere on the Continent of Europe, as they affect the great mass of the people, is cheap labor. Without keeping that in mind, farming or any other mass occupation will not be understood by an American. American wages and the American scale of living for everyday people are things that Europe knows nothing about except by incredible reports.

England regards herself as a land of high wages, and that view is correct when comparison is made with the Continent of Europe. But her wage scale is less than half that of the United States. Some months ago a big American concern that has plants in several foreign countries reported the average daily wage as shown by its pay rolls. The figures were: United States, $5.60 a day; England, $2.28 a day; Paris, $1.35 a day; France, outside of Paris, $1.24 a day; Belgium, $1.14 a day; Italy, 96 cents a day. Certainly it costs a European workman much less to live—not so much because the things he buys are cheaper as because he buys fewer things.

I found that a dollar and a quarter an hour for a fine car and driver was a very good beginning to a casual study of French agriculture. Five minutes driving took us out of Chartres into the country. Anybody could see at a glance that it was excellent farm land and all under cultivation. But some things about it would puzzle an American farmer.

The first thing is that it looks like one endless farm, without a fence or a hedge or a farm dwelling in sight. From many spots on the highway you see tilled fields that reach in gentle undulations to the horizon, broken here and there by a clump of trees; but not a fence or any other artificial boundary to divide one tract of land from the next, and not a habitation. An American might infer that he was looking at the estate of some rich proprietor, who owned the equivalent of an American township or county and compelled his hands to live at a distance so that he might enjoy a view over all his fields uninterrupted by buildings.

A Farmer's Cart and the Dog That Helps to Pull it Into Town

Tiny Farms

THAT is the typical aspect of French agricultural lands. North from Paris to Calais it mostly looks that way. The great basin of the Loire, which comprises a fourth of France and is nearly all fine farm lands, gives mainly the same view of hedgeless, fenceless, houseless tilled fields. But a second look shows that the fields are a mosaic of long narrow patches that are sown to different kinds of grain, or to grass or potatoes, or planted with vines. The patches indeed are of various shapes and all sizes, the long and narrow ones being more numerous than any other sort. Often each patch, only a few acres in extent, is owned by a separate proprietor. Often, again, one proprietor will own several patches, but they may not lie in a body. Other patches, owned by different proprietors, may intervene between his, so that his farm is in scattered pieces. The French farmer, speaking of the great majority of farmers, owns the land that he tills, and again speaking of the great majority, he owns no more land than he can till with his own labor and that of his family. I soon found that country folk, in talking of these small holdings, do not bother much with hectares, which is the official French land measure. They classify the holdings as one-horse farms, two-horse farms and three-horse farms. So, instead of looking at one huge estate you are looking at a great many little estates that are not divided from one another by fences or hedges.

To put it statistically, the French Government reports 5,702,752 farms in the country, of which 4,852,963 are of less than ten hectares or twenty-five acres in extent. Then come 764,461 farms that run from twenty-five to 125 acres. Of big farms, larger than 125 acres, there are only 85,308. The farms of less than twenty-five acres come to 85 per cent of the total.

Close inspection will sometimes show a thin balk line of grass between one patch and the next, but usually, so far as I could see, there was no boundary mark at all and Smith's wheat rubbed whiskers with Robinson's rye. How can a man tell from one season to the next just where his land ends and another man's begins? The answer to that question is to push aside the grain and disclose a corner stone set in the ground.

Sometimes, in the scene there will be a movable circular pen inclosing sheep, and every now and then the French rural view discloses that romantic figure, the shepherd, or shepherdess, in real life, tending an actual flock of sheep. All the shepherdesses in real life whom I saw inclined strongly to the square order of architecture and had safely passed, by a wide margin, the first bloom of youth. The pretty ones in red stockings whom you see in French paintings seem to have moved to Paris. More often than not, the

shepherdess would be placidly knitting in the shade of a tree or of a haycock, and the shepherd, in a similarly favored position, gave every appearance of being asleep, while the dogs did the actual sheep tending.

The sheep, of course, are on grass; usually with flourishing grain on both sides of them and not a sign of hedge or fence to keep them out. The dogs are on the job, but witnesses who appear to be of a sober and respectable character declare that sometimes sheep are left to themselves on their owner's grass plot, and in such cases do not stray into the neighbor's grain. Being French sheep they know exactly what land they belong on. I was not able to verify this phenomenon by direct observation and will not strain the reader's credulity by asking him to accept it as fact. Yet after looking around rural France quite a bit I am inclined to think there may be something in it, for without an inbred respect for boundaries this fenceless, hedgeless, little-field scheme of farming would lead to endless rows.

A few miles out of Chartres we come to the rural village of Chamblay, which is a picturesque huddle of one-story stone buildings with winding streets between high stone walls.

It looks empty. You might drive through it from end to end in an automobile without seeing more than two or three human figures. Here the solid masonry that fronts the street is evidently the gable end of a house with a window in it, but no door. Just beyond the house, the wall is broken by a tall picket gate. Then comes what is evidently the back wall of a longish building. You see the roof of tile or straw thatching, but no door or window. In short, Chamblay mostly presents to you a blank face of masonry with tile or thatched roofs above.

Stables Forming One Side of a Courtyard

Sacrifices to Convenience

BUT if you step through one of the picket gates, you will probably find yourself in a square courtyard. One side of the square consists of a row of small dwellings, the first one presenting its one-windowed gable end to the street, as you observed from the road. The second side of the square will very likely be a most solid-looking stone barn, through whose wide door you can see hay and other objects that properly go with barns. The third side of the square will be, say, a stable. Looking in through the window or door you will see a row of plump cattle munching hay or taking well-earned repose on the straw-covered floor. The building on the fourth side of the square, whose unbroken rear wall you saw from the street, will contain a storehouse for tools and a shop for indoor jobs.

I don't mean to say that the courtyard behind the street wall is by any means always square, or always follows the same order in the arrangement of its buildings. But after looking into a good many of them, the composite impression that I brought away was about like the above.

Almost invariably, I should say, there will be a straw stack over on the barn side of the square; and invariably, so far as I could see, there will be an extensive compost heap on the stable side, in which numerous chickens take a lively interest.

I have met several young Americans who were quartered in country towns in France in 1918 and brought away an unfavorable impression of French culture, based largely on the fact that the farmers always put their manure piles in front of their doors. That is not because the French rural mind regards a compost heap as a necessary feature of decoration. It is only because a situation for the compost heap adjacent to the front door happens to be most convenient. I never saw a screen at door or window and should imagine that in hot weather the flies would be troublesome. But maybe not. The hotel in Tours at which I am writing this is one of the most comfortable places for a traveler to live in that I have ever met with. The weather is fairly warm, but there is no sign of a screen at the broad windows. There are certainly flies in France, for I have seen them. Probably, like the sheep, they know where they belong.

In the courtyard, whatever its exact shape or arrangement may be, you will see people—women and children at least. Here a woman sits in the sort of shop I have mentioned plaiting straw into helmets for the wheat shocks. One who is knitting on the doorstep quickly arranges her skirts when I ask permission to snapshot her. At another house door, a woman is putting round green cheeses on a ladder of small shelves to cure in the sun. It was there, for one place, that I verified the existence of flies in France.

In another courtyard men are putting hay into the barn from the huge two-wheeled cart, with two or three horses hitched tandem, that is the common farm wagon. The horses, by the way, are generally fine animals. So are the big cream-colored oxen that do a good deal of the heavy hauling. They are well cared for. Almost always when the cart is loaded, and very often when it is empty, the teamster walks. French farmers and their wives and children go through life mainly on foot. In using such implements as a hay-rake or cultivator American farmers ride, but French farmers walk. When the implement requires guidance, one man will walk ahead leading the horse while another walks behind steering the machine. They could not reconcile themselves to wearing out the implement and the horse by riding.

Mostly, when in the village, the people of Chamblay stay behind their stone walls in their own courtyards, which, to one dashing through in a car, gives the place its empty look. Dashing through that way you would probably guess its population at a couple of hundred. In fact, the last census gives it 816 inhabitants. Almost all of them live directly from the soil—dirt farmers and their families.

A Scene in the Market at Tours. Above—A Corner House in the Courtyard

Seeing Chamblay

THERE is a post office, with a telephone, and what we would call a general store whose stock of goods, I should judge, might easily be loaded in a truck. That is the only thing in the way of shop or store that I found in the village. Driving into town from any direction, and in town where two roads cross, you will see on the corner of a house, under the eaves, an official French road sign—an extremely neat affair, with plain white letters on a blue metal ground, like the street signs in Paris. This tells you the name of the village and the distance and direction to the next one; also probably the distance and direction to the nearest town of considerable size. There is, too, a very modest sign on the post office. But nowhere else did I see a sign of any sort, which I mention in order to emphasize the exclusively agricultural character of the place. Its inhabitants are farmers, not traders.

From Chamblay to Coudray is four miles and a third; Coudray is another Chamblay, only somewhat smaller, the census giving it but 615 inhabitants. Two and a half miles farther we come to

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SEVEN HEARTS IN SAN SABLO

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JARG

"Huh!" I Gasps, Dropping It Like a Hot Brick. "What's the Matter?"

ANYTHING you know about anything is likely to come in handy in this detective business. Though I've never yet been on any case where a knowledge of the molting habits of the African giffle goose or the growing of Scandinavian scallions would have done me any good, it wouldn't surprise me any to find either or both the ace in the hole some day in pulling a pinch.

Naturally, it didn't jar me an eyelash when the chief springs this easy one on me:

"You play bridge, Bill?"

"Sure," I returns, prompt. "Didn't I have the card-room detail on the Tramonia for a couple of years?"

"That's right," nods Kennedy. "Pretty good at it, eh?"

"Well," I returns, "I got a record of never failing to make a trick with the ace of trumps. I'm anyhow two or three times better at the pastime than my frau thinks I am."

"We're that at everything," growls the boss.

"What's the idea?" I asks, curious. "Getting ready to throw a party?"

"Yeh," comes back Kennedy. "I'm getting ready to throw a party into the hoosegow at Atlanta. I've got Van Tiller spotted."

"Van Tiller!" I exclaims. "Where is he?"

"San Sablo," answers the chief, brief.

"Deal some more cards," I urges. "I haven't got a hand yet."

"San Sablo," goes on Kennedy, "is a banana burg in Central America. It's twenty miles by burro from Carissima, the port where a fruit boat comes once a month. There's a sailing from New Orleans next Tuesday. You'll be on it."

"Right," says I. "Sure Van Tiller'll be there waiting for me?"

"Not a chance of missing him," returns the chief. "If he steps out of that province in any direction he walks into extradition territory."

"No extradition in San Sablo, eh?" I remarks. "How do I get him back—dress him up like a banana and smuggle him out?"

"That," smiles Kennedy, "is where your bridge comes in."

"It's still your deal," I tells him.

"Van Tiller," continues the boss, "is a bug at the game. When he wasn't at the Eighth National making the books misbehave, he was at one of the five or six auction clubs he belonged to passing the pasteboards. If he hadn't been a cuckoo over cards, we maybe never would have got a line on him."

"How's that?" I inquires.

"He wrote a letter," explains Kennedy, "asking a friend of his to let him know the result of some tournament or other."

"I see," says I. "Instead of watching the woman's house, you've been shadowing his bridge playmates."

"Something like that," he admits. "Now here's the program: Between landing at San Sablo and the first chance you have of getting away there's a whole month. In that time, if you do your stuff proper, talking cards and playing along with Van Tiller, you ought to be in good enough either to talk him into a stroll across the boundary or into coming back voluntarily. They've got some grand whist players down in Atlanta."

"And if that stuff doesn't work?" I asks.

"The reward for getting this bird," comes back the chief, "is 10 per cent of the loot, and I don't imagine he's had a chance to spend hardly any of the two hundred and fifty thousand he rolled the bank for. How far would you go for a fifty-fifty split of twenty-five grand—twelve-five for you and twelve-five for me?"

"Much further than that," I assures him. "Get your papers ready and try to fix it up with the United Fruit folks to appoint me an agent or something in San Sablo. I want a good stall for being there."

"Don't forget," suggests Kennedy, "to take a lot of decks of cards along. Van Tiller may be short. I know a guy that once coughed up a murder for a cigarette."

The next Tuesday I sails from New Orleans loaded down with extraditions from every place around San Sablo, a phony job as inspector of branch offices for the United and enough playing cards to stock a gambling dive. I get a kind of silly grin out of the idea of catching an embezzler bird by sprinkling clubs and spades on his tail; but just the same, I've got my mind made up to bring Van Tiller back to America, even if I have to start a revolution in San Sablo on one of its days off and drag him out of town in the excitement and on my back. I'm for justice all the time, but when you add twelve thousand five hundred berries to justice you scratch me where it tickles.

The second day out I'm leaning over the rail watching the ocean go by when I hear the footprints of a lad coming up behind me.

"How," he asks, "would you like to sit in a little sociable game?"

The silky voice sounds familiar and I turns around quick. It's Ladyfingers Cowan, one of the slickest cream separators that ever worked the butter-and-egg men on the big Atlantic liners. He looks surprised at recognizing me, but not much. Ladyfingers' nerves would have jumped through hoops for him. He had 'em that well trained.

"Well, well," says I, "so you're down to poaching pennies on the fruiters. Who's your straight man now—Slick-Digit Taylor?"

"You got me wrong," returns Cowan. "I'm all alone this trip and I'm off the cards."

"Didn't you just ask me to play?" I yelps.

"Yes," comes back Ladyfingers; "but when I said a little sociable game I meant it. There's no harm in killing some time with cards, is there?"

"With you, feller," I assures him, "there isn't anything else but. I'll bet you couldn't play two games of solitaire without trying to work out some scheme for cheating without catching yourself at it. Where you going?"

"Different places," he answers, evasive.

"San Sablo one of them?"

"Maybe," admits Cowan. That gives me pause. It's not going to help my game any in the banana joint to have anybody there who knows that I'm a detective. Once Van Tiller gives me a rap as a broad-toe my cake's pretty nearly dough. All the crook's got to do is sit tight, with a good chance of having Ladyfingers help him play the game against me, fugitives having a habit of sticking together against the dicks; and I've got no doubts that Cowan's running away from something. I decides to take the bull by the antlers.

"Listen here," says I to the gambler, "and get this straight and right: I'm not after you, and ——"

"I haven't done anything," he cuts in.

"Sure you haven't," I tells him. "You just picked July for a trip to Central America because the crowds on the Atlantic this season of the year annoy you with their talk of money. I'm on my way to San Sablo to haul in a big fish and I don't want you to cut in and tear a hole in the net. If you tip anybody down there that I'm a detective, I'll make it a point to find out what you're wanted for and get you good."

"You can't extradite from San Sablo," he mutters.

"Perhaps not," I returns; "but you can ship bodies out of the country. I'm an inspector for the United Fruit Company—understand?"

"Sure," grins Cowan, at ease again. "That's going up the ladder, Bill. Started as an office boy, didn't you?"

"You play ball with me," I goes on, "and maybe help me, if I need you, and as far as I'm concerned you're in London right this minute playing euchre with the groom of the royal stables. I shoot square, don't I?"

"But square," agrees Ladyfingers. "Who you after?"

"Van Tiller," I answers, seeing no reason for holding out the info.

"Van Tiller?" repeats Cowan. "That the bim that made a bum out of the Eighth National?"

"It is," I replies.

"Don't worry any about my crabbing the act with him," snarls Cowan. "There was five grand of my jack in that bank when they slammed the doors shut."

"Good!" says I. "But keep that to yourself when you get to San Sablo. Come on, let's play a little bridge. I want to keep my hand in."

We picks up a couple of other lads in the smoking room and starts a modest rubber for a cent a point, me warning Ladyfingers before the start to deal the cards from the top of the deck exclusive.

"Of course," says Cowan. "I still remember how to deal 'em honest."

Just the same, I watches him closely every time he riffles the papers; but after all, I got to take Ladyfingers' word for it that he's working on the up and up. That baby's hands move so fast you can't tell whether he's pulling 'em out of the middle or the bottom or his rear pants pocket. However, the game goes along pretty even and there's only one mess dealt by Cowan that gets me suspicious.

In my mitt I finds eight spades with the four top honors, but not a trick on the side. While I'm still arranging the

"Redouble," He Shoots Back. "Content," Says I

layout Ladyfingers bids three spades. I looks up quick and stern at him, but he doesn't flicker an eye. One of the other lads goes to four diamonds and I boost her up one on the black shovels, which is plenty for the opposish.

Cowan takes the first lead with a jack spot of hearts in the dummy and leads back an ace of spades to himself, throwing off a club on the trick when it comes to his play. The slicker had bid an original three spades without having a spade in his hand!

"That's all," says I, brusque, when the rubber ends.

"How'd you know I had all of those spades?" I snaps when I gets Ladyfingers alone.

"I just took a chance," he answers.

"A chance, eh?" I sneers. "And you bid three spades right out. As a matter of fact, you knew that you'd dealt 'em to me, didn't you?"

"Me?" protests Cowan. "I never "

"Why," I cuts in, "didn't you let me make the bid? It wouldn't have looked so raw."

"How could you have bid with a spade bust?" asks Ladyfingers. "You didn't have a trick outside of your trumps."

"How'd you know that?" I comes back quickly.

Cowan has nothing to answer to that, but he gives me a dirty look.

II

I PLAY no more bridge with Ladyfingers, doing the rest of my training for Van Tiller with other passengers. Cowan sits in on several games during the remainder of the trip and does pretty well by himself. How much cheating he features I don't know, and I got to admit that I don't care much. Nobody is being nicked enough to hurt and I can't afford to get into a row with Ladyfingers over the fat-headedness of other folks.

There isn't even a dock at Carissima, the Southern Queen anchoring away out in the stream and relaying her stuff in and out on lighters. Cowan and myself are the only ones to go ashore. There's nothing at the port excepting a bunch of fruit aheds and a couple of *cantinas*, a Central American *cantina* being the kind of joint where they ought to serve a whisk broom with each drink so you could brush yourself off after getting up from the ground.

After an hour in Carissima, we stakes ourselves to a guide and a bevy of burros, two of 'em for me and Cowan to ride and the rest for baggage. Just riding these sawed-off jackasses is tough enough, but clucking 'em over mountain trails in the middle of July is not nearly so comfortable as throwing a fit on a hot stove.

"I'm here on business," I pants to Ladyfingers, "but what brings you to San Sablo—a murder?"

"No," says he. "On the last trip out of the Allemania a guy was rolled in his stateroom for twenty grand and they're trying to slap the rap on me."

"I suppose," I remarks, "you weren't even on the boat."

"Oh, yes," admits Cowan, "I was there all right. In fact me and the bird that was reduced were bunkies in the same cabin. I warned the bloke not to flash his roll and ——"

"How much bail you beating it away from?" I cuts in.

"Twenty thousand cash bond," returns Ladyfingers.

"You're lucky," I comments dryly, "that your bunkie had that much for you."

About halfway to San Sablo we stops for some lunch and a rest, and I notices that a suitcase is missing from the back of a burro. With a sort of sinking feeling I realizes it's the one I'd cached all the playing cards in. The guide doesn't remember it falling off and there's no sense in going back to hunt for it, the bush along the trail being so thick you could step on an elephant's tail without seeing the rest of him.

"What'd you have in the keester?" asks Cowan. "Anything valuable?"

"Forty decks of cards, among other things," I tells him.

"Forty!" exclaims Ladyfingers. "What were you going to do with 'em—work the salt racket on San Sablo?"

"What's the salt racket?" I inquires, out of professional curiosity.

"It's an old one the boys used to pull," explains Cowan. "A lad would drift into a sporty town with a flock of cards and peddle them to the drug stores at five cents a deck or even cheaper. Then he'd duck. A couple of weeks later a pair of gamboliers'd arrive and let themselves be talked into a poker game with cards provided by the local talent."

"I see," says I; "every deck in every drug store had been marked."

"Down to the last deuce of clubs," nods Ladyfingers. "What was your idea in dragging that big supply along?" he asks.

"I expect to play a lot of bridge in the next month with Van Tiller," I returns. "You got any decks with you?"

"Not a one," says Cowan; "but I guess you can buy 'em in San Sablo."

With that grain of comfort, I continues on to the banana burg, which we reaches in the evening. It's a joke of a town, being nothing but a mess of thatched huts built on each side of a hog wallow that's all cluttered up with kids, goats and mangy-looking pups.

The guide leads us through this Broadway of the village to the other side of a hill, where there is a two-story wooden house surrounded by smaller ones with corrugated roofs. This, I figures, is the station of the fruit company. It is.

"Listen," I cautions Ladyfingers, "we come by the same boat, but we're not supposed to be friendly. I'm an official of the United and you're just a fugitive like Van Tiller, but don't let that name slip from you. The chances are he's calling himself Dinkelspiel or Buffington."

We stakes ourselves to a guide and a bevy of burros

Cowan nods and we walks up the steps to the larger house. The door's open, and inside I gets a flash of a couple of white men at a table playing cards. Van Tiller's grown a beard, but I give him a tumble right away from the newspaper pictures. There's no going wrong on that short squat figure with the bushy eyebrows and the bald spot in the middle of the dome.

The two are so interested in the game that for a minute or two they don't know me and Ladyfingers has come into the shack. It's two-handed bridge that's being played, which is about the zero in indoor sports; but Van Tiller and his side kicker do their stuff with all the seriousness of a pair of goofs playing the star rôles at a lynching. If the pasteboards had been made of wet tissue paper, they couldn't have been more careful in picking 'em up and laying 'em down.

I coughs to attract attention and Van Tiller looks up. His hands clench and a scared-rabbit look chases across his lamps, but he braces himself quick.

"Just in from Carissima?" he asks.

"Yes," I answers. "Which one of you is the fruit company's man?"

Van Tiller points to the scrawny, stoop-shouldered boy on the opposite side of the table.

"This," says I, drawing a letter from my pocket, "tells you who I am and what I'm in San Sablo for."

"In San Sablo for?" mumbles Van Tiller, and again I sees the hunted flicker in his eyes.

"Inspector of agencies, eh?" scowls the thin lad. "What's the matter? The company afraid I'm holding out banana peels on it?"

"No, no," I assures him. "I'm just supposed to look things over on the coast and ——"

"Bring any playing cards with you?" cuts in Van Tiller hoarsely.

I shakes my head no.

"Maybe your friend did," he goes on, with the hungry eyes of a famished hophead, noticing Ladyfingers apparently for the first time.

"He's no friend of mine," I snaps, curt. "Just happened to come on the same boat with me. I don't know what his game is." And I throws a suspicious look at Cowan.

"I got no cards," says the sharper. "Can't you buy 'em in this joint or down in Carissima?"

"I told you," growls the agent at Van Tiller, "that you should have gone down to the port and bought some off the steward. What were you afraid of?"

"Afraid!" mutters the fugitive. "What should I be afraid of?"

"Only the afraids," bites off the fruit man, sweeping his ugly gaze from Van Tiller to Ladyfingers, "ever come to San Sablo unless they got business here."

"Now, now," says I, soothing, "there's no use getting riled up over a deck of cards. You got one, haven't you?" And stooping over, I picks up a smeary pasteboard.

"Look out!" shrieks Van Tiller.

"Huh!" I gasps, dropping it like a hot brick. "What's the matter?"

Van Tiller doesn't answer, but starts to examine the card I'd lifted, smoothing out the edges and patting it flat on the table. I turns to the agent curiously.

"We got to be careful," he explains. "If we break one of the edges off a card, it's good night games. A lot of 'em are just hanging by a thread now, and there's not a chance of getting another deck for a month. You sure you haven't one in one of those grips?"

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BOTTOM OF THE WELL

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

A Whispered Exclamation Escaped from Barlow and Told Sim Cole What He Needed to Know

BARLOW volunteered to drive over the ridges with Sim Cole and witness the arrest He was in good spirits, and his conversation had put Cole into better humor by the time they reached the end of the crazy lane that led in along the breast of the hill to the Durie clearing, so that he forgot certain uneasy doubts as to the wisdom of his errand and was able to reflect with some contentment on its fee.

After all, it wasn't his business to pass on the justice of what he did in the course of duty, and he knew enough of the law to be satisfied that there was sound basis for his warrant for Fess Durie's arrest.

Nevertheless, as the car skidded and careened in the loose, rutted sand of the lane, he was glad that Barlow had chosen to come along. It would simplify things; by the time Barlow had finished explaining, Fess Durie would probably come along without a fight. Barlow could talk a fox out its burrow; if he hadn't owned a smooth, persuasive tongue he'd never have managed to get those hill-billies to start a bank in Tyre and make him cashier, to run it about as he pleased. Sim's respect was touched with envy; one of these days Barlow would be rich; he wasn't the sort to be satisfied with a cashier's job and pay; not very long, anyhow.

"Right good land," said Barlow. "Look at the dogwood and broad-leaf blackjack in yonder! Make pretty cotton if it was cleared."

Cole shrugged.

"Fess don't need to clear no new land to make him a pretty crop," he said. "He's got a-plenty if he'd work it, 'stead of wasting his time on that fool notion they's gold on the place. Bet you him and Saul'll be working on that there shaft right now—must be most down to Chiney by this time."

"It's a mean world for a fool," said Barlow. "If a man hasn't got any better sense than to believe he can locate gold with a two-dollar dipping rod he buys from a fake mail-order skin, he's headed for trouble. If Durie hadn't got into this fix, he'd have gone busted some other way. He's got himself to thank for his troubles."

"Guess he ain't so much smarter than Saul, after all," said Sim. He turned the car sharply past the angle of the weathered cabin and changed gears to climb a steep grade along a neglected orchard of young peach trees. At the crest, where the land flattened to level clearing in the scrub, he shut off the engine, chuckling, "Yonder's Saul. Reckon Fess is down that there shaft, same as always."

They picked their way over an uneven heap of loose sand and clay toward the square box of pine boards that thrust up from the center of the mound. Saul Durie turned his flat, vacant idiot's face as they approached. He nodded, his long arms straining at the clumsy windlass.

"Gold," he announced in a loud, important whisper. "Gold down yonder." He swung a wooden bucket over the side of the box and made a confidential, stabbing gesture downward. "Gold," he said again. "Gold in the bottom of the well."

Cole leaned over the mouth of the pit. Forty or fifty feet below him he could see the steady heave of Fess Durie's wide shoulders as they swung a pick. The thud of it in the clay sounded far off. Barlow called and Cole saw the whites of Durie's eyes as he raised his head.

"What you want?" The voice was surly. "Ain't got no time to waste on chat, Barlow—gettin' mighty clos't to it now."

"Come on up a minute, Fess. Got to see you. Reckon the gold ain't going to run off."

Cole nodded approvingly as Durie, after a moment's hesitation, dropped his pick and swung himself up to the lowermost of the slats nailed ladderwise between the scantlings that served as corner posts for the wooden lining of the pit. Barlow's voice did it; there hadn't been anything about the words to persuade that sullen fool to leave his work. It would have been a mean place to arrest him, down in the bottom of that hole, if he'd refused to come up of his own accord. He stood aside as Durie clambered over the edge of the box, a short, heavy figure in clay-smeared overalls, his face darkened by the black stubble of a week's beard and wet with sweat.

"Reckon I'll drop this yere casin' another notch, now I'm up," said Durie. "You c'n talk while I'm a-workin', Barlow."

He lifted a board from the pile beside the windlass and nailed it against the protruding scantlings while Barlow's voice recited the complaint against him. Without looking up, he interrupted the smooth flow of the cashier's talk.

"Done told you four-five times how it was, Barlow. Joe Campbell he taken an' offered me two hundred dollars f'r them there mules. Couldn't go wastin' no sech chance to sell 'em, long as I wasn't workin' the place this summer."

"But they weren't your mules any more," said Barlow patiently. "You gave me a chattel mortgage on them and when you sold them you kept the money instead of paying me."

"Didn't neither." Durie nailed on another board, a longer one this time, the ends of which projected a foot or two beyond the casing. He went to the opposite side and repeated the operation before enlarging on his denial. "Didn't keep a cent of it. Paid up the store and bought me some lumber for this yere casin' and ——"

"I mean you didn't pay me," said Barlow. "You didn't even tell me about it, and Campbell sold the mules down at Dundee before I found it out."

"It don't matter. Be down to the gold any minute now. Pay you up soon as I hit it." Durie sawed off an end of the board that projected from the casing at the level of the ground. "Tell you it's all right. Bound to git to that there gold."

"Gold in the bottom of the well," said Saul Durie in his idiot's whisper. "H'ist it up in a bucket."

"You hesh your chat, Saul."

The elder Durie spoke gently enough, but his brother obeyed like a biddable child. Fess listened to Barlow's fluent explanations as he sawed off the ends of the other boards at the ground level and let the casing settle down in the pit until it rested on those that he had just nailed at its top. Cole's patience wore thin.

"Long and short of it is 't you jest as good as stole that there money offen the bank," he snapped. "Law says it was stealing, anyhow." He jerked his gun from his pocket as Durie's hand darted toward the ax that leaned against the lumber pile. "Drop it, Fess! Drop it!"

He saw the gleaming arc of the swing as he leaped back; there was a crashing roar in his ears and he stared stupidly at a figure that sagged down to a huddle in the trodden clay at his feet. He stood still while Barlow stooped and fumbled; the businesslike voice seemed to come from far away.

"Right through the heart, Sim. Good thing I came along. I can swear you had to shoot. Mighty near brained you with that ax."

It was Barlow who took charge of everything. Cole's brain was numb, as if that whirling ax had struck his head instead of missing it, as Barlow kept telling him, by less than an inch. It was Barlow's notion to take the half-witted brother with them; it was Barlow who explained how it happened when they reached the dingy jail at Tyre, where old Dan Mackenzie listened soberly to the story. Cole was glad of this; Mackenzie had somehow become curiously formidable: Sim was vaguely afraid of him, for

all the gentleness of his voice as he put an occasional question.

"Reckon you couldn't do nothin' else, Sim," he said at last. He nodded to Barlow. "Right obliged to you f'r he'ping Sim manage. Reckon he was bound to be kind of upset. Ain't had much practice killing folks, Sim ain't. Lucky they was someone else along."

Barlow spread his hands

"Least I could do," he said. "I feel like it was partly my fault it happened. Wish I'd never lent Fess that money in the first place."

"Wish you hadn't," said Mackenzie. He glanced at the car, where Saul Durie sat importantly erect in the back seat. "Don't know what to do about Saul. Ain't fit to be left alone out yonder."

"I thought he'd be better off at the County Farm," said Barlow. "There's no harm in him, and he'll work about as well as the next man if he's handled right. I'll drive him over there for you if you want I should, sheriff."

"Reckon I better tend to it myself," Mackenzie answered. "Obliged to you, all the same." He turned to Cole. "Better go lay down a spell, Sim. I'll take care of Saul."

He moved toward the car. Saul Durie beckoned to him and Cole caught the loud whisper:

"Gold in the bottom of the well! Yes, sir! Dig it out and h'ist it in a bucket! Gold in the bottom of the well!"

II

THE sight of Barlow's car, standing in the stripe of shadow beside the little brick bank, drew Sim Cole across the sun-drenched street. It was after banking hours, but the car told him that Barlow and Murchison were still at work behind the drawn shades, clearing up after one busy day and getting ready for another. The tobacco markets had just opened and Cole knew that Barlow would have no time for idle talk, even at four o'clock in the afternoon, but he went in nevertheless.

The three drowsy months of midsummer had drawn him steadily closer to Barlow. There were still moments when he thought of what had happened at Fess Durie's dry well with a stupid, unreasonable self-reproach; but for the most part he had come to accept Barlow's version of that adventure as the rest of the community accepted it, to believe that he had behaved with courage and discretion under peculiarly trying circumstances. It was always a little easier to feel sure of this after seeing Barlow, however; Cole had formed the habit of dropping in at the bank whenever he saw that car outside of it.

Barlow was at the wall telephone when Cole entered, his voice lifted in a cheerful shout against the imperfections of the crude apparatus.

Murchison, the only other employe, looked up from his work and resumed it with a curt nod. Cole disliked him, disapproved of him, interpreting his tight-lipped silences as hostile.

"All right. Number Six sure. We'll count on you."

Barlow hung up the receiver and twisted the crank to ring off. He greeted Cole with a nod and grin and addressed his subordinate.

"They'll ship us twenty thousand on Number Six, Murchison. You better take the shoofly down to the Junction tonight and get it. I'd attend to it myself if I didn't have to run over to Dundee. Ranny Cooper'll drive you back, so you won't have to wait over for the morning train. Liable to need some of that cash by the time it would get you home."

Murchison nodded without looking up. Barlow unlocked the gate in the counter and came out, clapping a friendly hand on Cole's shoulder.

"Sorry I've got to beat it. Keeps us on the jump, handling these tobacco sales on top of all our regular work." He drew Cole with him to the door, and with a foot on the running board of his car, turned sharply back. "Forgot something," he said. "Wait a second." He ran into the bank and came back, slipping a sheaf of papers into his pocket. "Pretty near wasted my trip to Dundee," he chuckled. "See you in the morning, Sim."

He waved his hand as the car took the corner. A cloud of dust lifted and thinned behind it. Cole moved on, pausing to exchange greetings with the groups of tobacco growers and buyers who lounged in the doorways, discussing the inevitable topic of the day's sales and prices. Cole's interest was easily satisfied. He drifted across the square to join old Dan Mackenzie on the jail steps, but the universal subject greeted him even here.

"Seems like they had a big day down to the warehouse," said the sheriff. "Big sales and low prices. Reckon they won't be much of a market tomorrow."

Cole's distaste for the topic prompted him to disagree for the mere dispute's sake.

"That ain't how Barlow figures," he said. "Looking for another big day, he is."

"Only talking with his mouth, I reckon." The sheriff's voice hardened a little. "Barlow he's bound to know better."

"Backing up his chat anyhow," said Cole. "Stopped in to the bank a minute and heard him telephone some Raleigh bank to ship down some extry cash on Number Six. Maybe he ain't looking for another big day, but he's fixed for it anyhow. Ain't apt to ketch Barlow asleep, whichever way the cat jumps."

"Reckon that's so, sure enough," said Mackenzie. "Smart, Barlow is."

He smoked in placid silence and Cole let the talk die. The shadows reached out across the streets; the groups in the doorways dissolved, the farmers driving off in their battered tin cars and creaking buggies and wagons, the buyers gathering on the hotel porch. Cole's lips twisted downward as he saw Murchison emerge from the door of the bank and plod across the road to the grocery, returning, after a little, with a paper parcel under his arm. Murchison saved room rent by sleeping in the back room at the bank and lived stingily on crackers and cheese and such stuff instead of taking his meals at the hotel.

Cole knew from Barlow that this was from choice; the fellow could afford to live at the hotel on what the bank paid him, to wear a decent suit to church on Sundays, instead of the same cheap shiny serge that he wore at his work.

"Skinflint," he said under his breath. Mackenzie took the pipestem from his lips.

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He Stood Aside as Durie Clambered Over the Edge of the Box, a Short, Heavy Figure in Clay-Smeared Overalls

Housebuilding for Housewives

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

IMAGINE, as the chief dramatis personæ of the scenario, a tawny-haired, green-eyed young woman of thirty-odd vital summers. Equipped, moreover, with a successful and indulgent husband, who, running true to American form, gives her a perfectly free hand; a trio of lusty children, a delightful home and a host of pleasant friends. And still, despite all these warm human relationships with their concomitant responsibilities, with a certain fund of surplus time and energy at her disposal and the will to turn it into some channel of useful activity instead of letting it run idly to waste.

This description, in the rough, fits thousands of prosperously placed young matrons in America today. Married, let us say, ten or twelve years. Husband, children, finances, friends—all in satisfactory shape. And yet with that block of surplus time and energy lying heavy upon their hands. What to do with it? The time, of course, could be killed in short order were it not for the pent-up nervous energy which, for safety's sake, has to be transmuted into action at the same time. And so outlet of some description is necessary—but what? Politics? The bald fact, which is just beginning to peep above the horizon, is that politics, as a permanent, part-time occupation, appeals to a limited number of women. From the feminine point of view, for some profound, inscrutable reason, it seems painfully lacking in allure. Women walk around it, try a shot at it—and turn it down. Perhaps with the oncoming generation the case will be different. The chances are that it will. But just now, for the general rank and file of women, politics, save for the exceptions noted above, is temporarily out of the ring.

What, then? Art, in its various, ramified forms? Uplift movements? Tennis or golf championships? Consolidating the social aspirations of the family? The most ancient avocation of all, the man hunt? Clothes? Dancing? Bridge? Each of these classical, time-killing avocations has its little coterie of ardent disciples; but to a large group of women just entering the broad, sunlit, middle uplands of life, these diversions are not gripping enough. They look forth from the comfortable seclusion of their paddocks—so pleasant, so safe, so inclosed!—and their hearts are filled with vague longings—for what? For something to bite their teeth into; something comparable to business which absorbs their husbands; something strong and solid and sufficient to occupy their energies and give their souls repose. How one woman solved the problem is set forth here below.

This More Expensive Type of House Is Built on a Percentage Basis

A Builder of Homes Instead of Houses

WHAT struck me first, as perhaps the dominant note of her nature, was her superb vitality. It rayed out of her, a kind of natural ruddy health, a poise, a confidence, an easy effortless strength; it expressed itself in her quick purposeful movements, in the way she walked and talked; in the deft plastic ease with which she handled her car, her household, her young cyclones of children, her husband, her self-discovered job. It was not, however, the restless ravaging vitality of some of our modern egotists which sears itself and everything it touches like a dry licking flame, but rather the diffused radiant warmth of a genial fire upon a friendly hearth. She was what the ancients termed an earth woman, with the healing constructive forces of Nature strong in her. Possessed of intelligence, executive power and a practical common sense as rare as radium, it was a foregone conclusion that the type of work which would naturally attract her would be constructive in character, practical, concrete, creative and close to the needs of everyday life.

And so she began to build houses. Not palaces or near-Renaissance châteaux, pretentious piles of stone and pressed brick, demanding large staffs of servants and incomes in the upper brackets. Not cheap little gimcrack villas, flimsy as pasteboard boxes, slung hastily together by get-rich-quick contractors and designed not to live in but to sell. Not row upon row of workmen's houses, repeating themselves monotonously like circulating decimals, which prevail in certain neighborhoods of our big industrial centers. At the bottom of all these structures is one idea—money. But at the bottom of her idea was—homes. Good, solid, tasteful, comfortable homes. Not for the poor little rich man, but for the rich little poor workingman.

"Of course," she began, as we drove about the newly opened suburban districts of Detroit which she had chosen as the scene of her experiment, "the idea of building houses of this type didn't strike me all at once like a bolt out of the blue. It grew. It grew out of the industrial conditions in this city, its tremendous expansion, the prosperity of the workers, their eagerness to own their own homes, the housing shortage, the rapid development of real-estate values, and the opportunity I saw to capitalize the situation and achieve a business success.

"In order to understand the elements of my problem I must tell you a few facts about Detroit. Landlords here can't rent their apartments because the people don't want to rent. They all want to buy. They want to own their homes. Detroit is a city of homes. Everybody is in one of three categories: He has already bought, is buying, or is saving up to buy a home. And there's a dearth of houses. We can't build them fast enough. The city is growing by leaps and bounds, with all this great flat country about us in which to expand; industry is flourishing; skyscrapers are springing up; ancient landmarks are disappearing beneath the flood of new building which is spreading out in every direction, mile upon mile.

"Detroit has always been a beautiful city, of great culture, wealth and distinguished French background. The architect who designed the city was the famous Frenchman who planned Paris and Washington—which accounts for our circular boulevards and the streets raying out from a central *place* like the spokes of a wheel from its hub. The early founders, of French descent, were wealthy manufacturers, intensely conservative, intensely proud of their Old World pedigrees, fine art collections and close affiliations with European culture and art. Their magnificent residences extended mile upon mile. It was essentially an aristocratic régime, touched with formality and an Old World grace and charm. And then into that tranquil backwater of highbred exclusiveness came ——"

"The automobile!"

The Front Door of the Builder's Own Home

Detroit in Its Blue-Print Stage

"JUST so. And the metamorphosis began which is still far from complete. The old Detroit, with its distinction and charm, is gone; and we're still in the act of creating another new, fabulous Detroit, young, plastic and powerfully alive. We think nothing of wiping out whole blocks to put through improvements, new streets. The city, really, is still in its blue-print stage and changing day by day. In order to promote housebuilding and give the people an opportunity to buy their own homes, we have opened up new boulevards extending miles into the open country. As a result whole subdivisions, formerly farms or second-growth wilderness, have been broken up into town lots which sell like hot cakes. Real-estate chalets have suddenly sprouted all over the suburban landscape like mushrooms after a rain; construction gangs are busy chopping down trees and putting through thoroughfares; and somewhat back from the big main boulevard, set down in the raw, unfinished fretwork of new, unpaved streets, you can see dotted here and there little temporary structures, garages and shacks, with a washing in the back yard, a baby buggy in the front yard and a flivver hard by. Some up-and-coming family has already dug in!

"What I'm describing, of course, is a real-estate boom; and we've got it in a virulent form. The reason they build the garage first is this: Practically everybody here owns a car. According to statistics, we have more automobile owners in this city than telephone subscribers. The worker

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WOMEN IN POLITICS

By Elisabeth Marbury

HOW often is the question asked, What effect, if any, has the woman's vote had upon politics? A question not so easy to answer as might at first be supposed, as so much that is extraneous to the fact of the Nineteenth Amendment must be taken into consideration. Five years have passed since the influence of the ballot was put into our hands; five years since the struggle of more than half a century ended in our victory; five years since we had conveyed to us the power of breaking and of making laws.

And yet when one looks at effort and effect, at opportunity and at result, there are moments of discouragement and of doubt as to whether the dent we have made upon the public conscience and upon the public welfare has been quite as deep as we had hoped. If there is any actual ground for such skepticism, wherein lies the fault?

In my opinion, just as equal franchise is a fifty-fifty proposition, so are the causes leading to the present uncertainty. This is not a one-sided proposition. The blame of any failure rests upon the women and the men alike. The women have been discounting too much the value of experience. They have been too sure of themselves and too unwilling to admit their ignorance. They have imagined that the game of politics could be learned after playing a few hands. They have brought to the equation all the buoyancy and foolhardiness of youth. They have not sufficiently realized that, so far as technical knowledge is concerned, so far as traditional data are involved, likealotof youngsters thrown suddenly into the arena, they are obliged to cope with their gray-bearded predecessors, who thus at times hold them at a disadvantage.

The Women's Committee of Nine at the Democratic National Convention, 1924. Left to Right—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. William H. Good, Mrs. Daniel O'Day, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Miss Annie Matthews and Mrs. John Quinn

Instead of being willing to content their souls in patience while progressing normally, the women too frequently plunge into the fray with knowledge undigested, with policies confused and with ambitions that are carelessly defined. Too often they insist upon recognition on grounds of sex at the same time that they glory in the recognition of sex equality. At one moment they are proclaiming their independence, while at the next they raise the issue of what is due them because of their fragile dependence. They wish to serve on juries, but they are unwilling to be policemen or firemen. They stand ready to be drawers of water, while refusing to be hewers of wood.

Some Things That Women Overlook

THE motive in seeking public office does not always seem to be because of any peculiar fitness for it, but because they are entitled to it on account of their sex. Something most certainly is coming to them; but just what or how is of secondary consideration.

Women seem to forget in their mad rush to arrive that no horse is ever entered in a race without training; that there would be no senior classes unless preceded by those of a lower grade; that high schools are developed from the primary schools; that first, last and always women as well as men must be educated in the body politic just as they have been educated in the body domestic.

Another difficulty seems to be that our sex grasps units better than entities. Convinced that a cause in itself is righteous, women as a rule are incapable of realizing that at times it is better to sacrifice a cause than to weaken a principle. They crusade to sustain a legislative bill when this very bill may be one tending to destroy a basic truth in which they themselves believe. They go forth to break a lance in the defense of some reform without studying the ways and means as to how such reform may be executed. They are so eager to press the button that they ignore the condition of the batteries.

The necessity of trading is rarely recognized, nor is the advisability of concession ever admitted. The women do not quite understand that 75 per cent of accomplishment is better than 100 per cent of failure, and that often to yield something is far wiser than to lose everything. Thus years of even close observance will not entirely replace the lack of actual experience, although the value of this experience is grossly exaggerated at times by the men, who proclaim it as their invulnerable asset.

Women should advisedly fill small local offices before aspiring to larger leadership. Take the record of the majority of men who have reached conspicuous political positions; trace their slow progress and laborious ascent. Beginning, as a rule, as active members of assembly groups, they have gone on working harder and harder to impress themselves upon their organization. They have served year after year without recognition or compensation. They have sat at the feet of those who are their political superiors. They have accepted thankless tasks, hoping that these might open the door of greater opportunity. They have filled humble and low-salaried positions, awaiting that happy moment when, having been last, they are asked to become first. They have drudged; they have not demanded.

Another question to be answered by women who hold political jobs is, how conscientiously are they filling them? Are they in the offices where they are employed during all the working hours? Are they always on time? Are they giving the same service when paid with public money as they would were they being paid by private employers?

Admitting that the only time clock which they are expected to punch is a moral one, how are they punching it? Are they conducting themselves with such dignity and with such a sense of responsibility of the task they have assumed that the men are edified thereby, or are they missing the opportunity of proving themselves as entitled to the men's respect and confidence? If the latter are too often idle and indifferent, the women should take precious care not to gravitate to the same unworthy standard, but through their own splendid example they should lift the slackers up to theirs.

In politics as in private life, women set the rate of their own exchange. It is they and not the men who fix the integrity of their values.

Each day I become impressed with the fact that we women lack the ability of even concealing the ignorance from which we are suffering; and while eager to coerce party recognition, we are apt to pull down the very walls upon our heads. Only recently, when it was a question of nominating a woman for reelection, to continue in a very important and remunerative office which one of our sex had filled for the first time, opposition became apparent, not from the men, but from other women who coveted the job.

Jealousies

WHILE admitting that this lady had proved herself efficient and earnest; while recognizing that her qualifications far more than balanced her limitations, they, nevertheless, insisted that they should be given her head on a platter, the only reason advanced being that, as this public official had drawn a large salary for four years, it was due to other women to have this lady's bank account depleted in order that another's should be increased. Is it any wonder that men lack confidence in woman's sense of justice? Another deplorable thing is the spirit of petty jealousy with which many women seem to be imbued. Not that this is peculiar alone to our sex, but it is rare to find it such a swaying influence with men as it is with women. Instead of supporting our feminist cause by proudly flocking to the support of a woman who gives evidence of real leadership, we are pretty certain to hear the knocking begin from her own sex. It is from within that she discovers her enemies, who seem eager to demolish the structure which she has raised.

An anecdote here may be pertinent. Not so long ago, when a well-known county leader wished to prove his honest desire to give his women assembly leaders an opportunity of choice, as the term of a certain salaried position was about to expire, he asked these ladies to get together and unite upon a candidate to fill the vacancy.

For two hours the discussion went on without result, until the gentleman was sent for and asked to decide the momentous question, as it was impossible for the women to agree. They insisted that he must come to the rescue. Again he refused, but advised the expediency of putting a dozen names in a hat and drawing one therefrom. To this the women consented, provided, however, that he, their leader, should lend them his masculine hat.

Politics at best is a thankless task and a great absorber of time, yet to many of us it provides excitement, especially at the time of election. We get "the goes" as we rush from one meeting to another. To acquire the campaign habit is an easy matter. When our favorite candidates are

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PRINCE SARRAZIN'S FROGS

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

With an Air of Immense Triumph, and Holding It Out for Her to See, He Said, "I've Got the Brown Frog"

THE frogs were uncommonly attractive; and as Miss Timmins studied them one by one sheer delight made her beautiful blue eyes shine brighter and deepened the delicate color in her cheeks. It was plain to her trained eye that the frogs were the work of three carvers; the three of crystal were the work of one man, the three of blush agate of a second, the brown agate and the green moss agate frogs of a third. All three of these carvers were artists; they had the right feeling; but the carver of the brown frog and the green was a genius. Miss Timmins wanted that green frog, and she wanted it badly. It was not so realistic as the others. The artist, abstracting, had given it simpler, more austere lines; it was the essential frog. But it was not for her. This lot would bring the collectors of Chinese hard stones in a body to the sale next day, and their bids would soar to a height which would make it impossible to make a pleasing profit on it.

With a sigh she turned to the consideration of the other lots, to find that there was one which would suit her very well—three jade amulets. She had a customer for jade amulets, a very modern and superstitious lady of forty who wore a green hat and wanted only to be loved. That and two other lots she would buy if they went cheap. She marked her catalogue with the prices to which she would go for them, then returned to the frogs and again studied the green frog, at length, with a loving eye. She left it with a sigh.

She kept seeing it with the eyes of her mind during the afternoon and evening. She might very well have dreamed of it. She often wanted badly a beautiful thing she saw in a salesroom; she had rarely wanted one as badly as she wanted that frog.

At one o'clock next day the sale began with forty lots of Japanese netsuke. Miss Timmins was not interested. She was chiefly concerned about the behavior of her eyes; they kept turning to the door. She knew really that they were looking for the entry of that good but exasperating customer, Lord Scredington; but not for a moment would she admit this to herself. Indeed, the conscious and correct Miss Timmins was annoyed by this behavior of her eyes; but she could not stop it. Something in her subconsciousness was the cause of it, something in the nature of a Scredington complex perhaps.

She reacted to that cheerful and wicked young peer in two very different ways; sometimes he seemed a veritable familiar spirit, sometimes he was her detestable *bête noire*. Always that was after he had given her some of his cheek, as she phrased it—called her "Beulah darling," or caught her unaware and snatched a kiss.

Lord Scredington did not come through the door; Bouncer Bosanquet did. A paunchy man of forty with a roving black eye, wavy black hair and a large black mustache which he was wont to twirl with an air of irresistibility, he was always a bugbear to her. Three years before, when she was sixteen and beginning to take the active part in her father's business, he had taken her under his wing at the salesrooms, advising her what to buy and what not to buy. At first friendly, he had presently become gallant. An astonishingly accomplished teller of the tale, he had filled her girlish mind to the brim with stories about his romantic origin and romantic life, and gone a long way toward taking her girlish fancy. Then, fortunately, he had shamelessly tricked her out of a score of fine Japanese sword guards she had bought very cheaply, just because they had appealed to her and without knowing anything about them, at a suburban sale. On the top of this shock had come the information that he was a married man with six children. How she had hated him!

The netsuke came to an end and the sale of the lots of hard stones began. Miss Timmins was grieved to observe that prices were running high. But presently she was comforted, for the three jade amulets were knocked down to her for a sum on which she would make a very pleasing profit indeed. She was examining them, wondering whether the queer-looking one would not actually bring good luck, when the eight frogs were put up for sale. She watched the bidding.

Of a sudden she awoke to the fact that not a single collector of hard stones was present. She jerked upright on her chair, thrilling with sudden hope. If a dealer bought the lot, she might yet get the green frog. Few dealers would recognize how much finer it was than the others.

The bids ran slowly up to thirty pounds. Then only Bouncer Bosanquet and Huggins—Red Huggins—went on bidding. Miss Timmins thought that Huggins was not really keen on the frogs, but only bidding Bouncer up. He disliked Bouncer, who had tricked him out of a fine collection of amber, heartily; indeed, it was he who had, in his bitterness, conferred the title of Bouncer on him.

At Bouncer's bid of thirty-four pounds Huggins shrugged his shoulders and turned away; Bouncer twirled his mustache with a triumphant air and waited for the sound of the hammer.

Miss Timmins had never meant to spend forty pounds at this sale; she had about as much stock as she wanted. But thirty-four pounds for those frogs? No!

She bid thirty-five pounds. Bouncer came down from his height of satisfaction with a jolt. He scowled at her and bid thirty-six pounds. Miss Timmins nodded.

Farringdon said, "Thirty-seven."

Bouncer drew himself up with an air and in commanding accents bid thirty-eight pounds. Miss Timmins nodded.

"Thirty-nine," said Farringdon.

"Forty!" said Bouncer quickly.

Miss Timmins' heart leaped in her bosom; from his tone and from his quickness she guessed that that was his limit; indeed, she was sure of it. Farringdon would not give him credit to the amount of sixpence; he had come to the sale with only forty pounds in cash in his pocket. Confidently, she bid forty-one pounds. Farringdon knocked the lot down to her.

In her delight, her fingers trembled a little as she took the frogs from the tray the commissionaire set before her. She wrapped them and the jade amulets up, each in a sheet of tissue paper, and put them into her attaché case. Tingling with a pleasing sensation of victory, she left the salesroom. When she reached home she had to wash and polish the green frog before she took her hat off. She found that the fact that it was now her own had destroyed none of its charm for her.

She washed and polished the other frogs, but did not set them in the window. She put them away in a cabinet against the next visit of Lord Scredington, not only because he would give her a better price for them than any other of her customers but because they would please him very much indeed—always supposing he gave her none of his cheek. If he did she would tell him at length how beautiful they were and how he would love them, and then sell them to someone else. She had a heart of gold.

The green frog she slipped into the silk pocket in her skirt in which she was wont to carry a new treasure. She kept putting her hand into that pocket and fondling it.

Late in the afternoon there came into the shop a slim, frail-looking woman of thirty-five, of a pale complexion, with a thin sharpish nose, a rather prim mouth, but very pleasant blue eyes. From her clothes Miss Timmins perceived that she was an American on her travels; from her accent, that she came from a Southern state.

She moved quietly about the shop, examining the objects of art and asking questions about them. She had a precise manner of speech and an uncommonly clear enunciation. Miss Timmins did not think that she would buy anything; she took it that she was picking her brains with a view to improving her own mind. As a rule Miss Timmins was brusque with such customers. But no one with that beautiful green frog in her pocket could be brusque with anyone; she was cool but courteous.

The lady took to her. Indeed, it looked as if she had not found other dealers so civil, and was grateful. Presently, apropos of a Ming bronze, she told Miss Timmins the history of her life. Her name was Calhoun—Anne Calhoun; she had been a school-teacher and had expected to remain a school-teacher till she could work no more; but in the previous year her brother John, who had gone No'th in 1899, had died and left her fifty thousand dollars. Some of her dearest dreams were coming true.

The story woke in Miss Timmins the keenest sympathy. She, too, had her dear dreams. Had she fifty thousand dollars, most of them would come true.

Anne Calhoun went on to tell her that she had a great ambition. She was resolved to take home with her a really great work of art, to be, apparently, a nucleus of culture in her home town, and on it she proposed to spend five thousand dollars. On the voyage over she had learned from a fellow passenger, by whose cultured outlook she had been vastly impressed, that if she desired to buy a really great work of art it would have to be Eastern and old; that modern artists, whether of the East or the West, had lost the secret of beauty; that five thousand dollars would go a very little way toward buying the beautiful things made in Europe before that secret was lost—about the end of the fifteenth century; but that great masterpieces of the East were still to be found and bought by those who searched for them. Evidently her informant had been a purist and a modern of moderns—a most unfortunate adviser for the poor lady to have chanced on.

But Miss Timmins was wholly of his way of thinking; she said firmly, "He was quite right."

"I'm so glad you think so," said Anne Calhoun thankfully.

"But such a piece as you want, a really fine big piece, will take a lot of finding," said Miss Timmins. "They don't come over by every steamer."

"I believe I'm on the track of it," said Anne Calhoun with a note of triumph in her voice. "Yesterday I was at a sale at Christie's and I happened to be sitting next to a gentleman who was very kind about telling me about the things that were being sold. And after the sale I told him what I have told you; and he told me that he believed he knew of the very thing I wanted."

"He would," said Miss Timmins with conviction.

"Yes; but it isn't one thing; it's eight things—a collection. And they're not in England; they're in Italy—eight frogs carved in agate and crystal and collected by Prince Sarrazin of Siena. Each frog is the absolute masterpiece of a different artist. The prince hunted China from end to end for them. Out of the hundreds of frogs of jade and chalcedony and agate and crystal offered to him, he brought back just these eight wonderful masterpieces. It isn't only the frogs themselves; it's the romance of it—the wonderful romance!" She clasped her hands with an air of gentle enthusiasm. "And my friend—I think I may call him my friend—thinks that he could get them for me for five thousand dollars."

"Just five thousand dollars?" said Miss Timmins.

"Yes; and he's actually trying to get them. He cabled to the prince last night. I had a letter from him this morning saying that he'd done so."

"M'm—what's his name?" said Miss Timmins, who was thinking and thinking hard.

"I mustn't tell you that," said Anne Calhoun. "The whole matter has to be kept a profound secret."

"It would be," said Miss Timmins with conviction.

"I oughtn't really to have told you anything about it. But I'm sure the secret is safe with you. The Italian Government won't allow works of art to leave the country, you know," Anne Calhoun added gravely.

"His initials aren't A. B. by any chance?" said Miss Timmins.

Anne Calhoun's eyes opened wide; and in the hushed voice of immense astonishment she said, "Why, you extraordinary girl! How ever did you guess?"

"I know his style," said Miss Timmins.

An expression of uneasy dismay slowly spread over Anne Calhoun's face.

She began, "Why, you don't mean ——"

But Miss Timmins had finished her thinking. There would be developments; Albert Bosanquet was not going to lose five thousand dollars without a splendid effort. She was not going to nip that effort in the bud by saying too much.

She broke in:

"I don't mean anything at all. But I tell you what: I'll show you some crystal and agate frogs—quite good ones. You ought to know something about what you're going to buy."

So saying, she went to the cabinet, took out the seven frogs and set them on the counter. Anne Calhoun, relieved, came to it eagerly; and they went over them one by one, at length, Miss Timmins explaining the quality of each and doing her best to make clear the differences in the work of the three artists.

Then she said carelessly, "Do you think you'd know these frogs again if you saw them?"

"I'm certain. I should know every one of them," said Anne Calhoun with immense decision. "They're the sweetest and cutest things I ever saw; and now that you've told me about them so kindly and patiently, I see how beautiful they are. It's hard to believe that Prince Sarrazin's can be finer than these."

"They certainly won't be much finer," said Miss Timmins with dry certainty.

Then she took the green frog from her pocket and set it beside the brown one and added, "These two are the real masterpieces and by the same man. You can hunt through China from end to end, as Prince Sarrazin did, without finding anything better. And I bought these eight frogs at Farringdon's salesrooms this morning for forty-one pounds—a little less than two hundred dollars. So you know where you are."

"Only two hundred dollars!" cried Anne Calhoun. "Why—why—I'll buy them from you, just for myself."

Miss Timmins shook her head.

"No; I have a customer for them. And I don't think, if I were you, I should say anything to Mr. Bosanquet about having seen them. It would look a little distrustful, you know."

"I certainly shan't," said Anne Calhoun quickly. "And I'm so glad you didn't mean anything when you said you knew his style." She paused, then added slowly, "I think he has quite a romantic air. And his eyes and that curving mustache and his beautiful manners remind me of the gentlemen I used to know when I was a little girl."

"M'm—did you notice his hands?" said Miss Timmins; and she made a face at the thought of those pudgy paws and dirty nails.

"Yes; I noticed that they weren't very well kept," said Anne Calhoun a little unhappily. "But then, English gentlemen are not so careful about having their hands manicured as American gentlemen." She looked again at the frogs, then added wistfully, "Perhaps that customer won't buy these frogs after all and you can sell them to me."

"I think he will," said Miss Timmins.

Presently Anne Calhoun departed, after thanking Miss Timmins warmly for her kindness and saying that she would come again.

At the shop door Miss Timmins said casually, "I should like to know how you get on about Prince Sarrazin's frogs."

"You shall. I'll come round and tell you," said Anne Calhoun gratefully.

"And if you should ever see these frogs of mine again, don't say you saw them here. Just say they were in Farringdon's sale this morning, Tuesday the twenty-second, and fetched forty-one pounds."

"I will—I will," said Anne Calhoun, and walked down the street.

Miss Timmins looked after her and liked her. Anne was a gentle, simple creature; and under Miss Timmins' sophistication her heart was simple as well as of gold. She was pleased to be helping her.

She was also going to enjoy the procedure of Mr. Bosanquet. Anne Calhoun was going to be the subject of an intensive campaign. The business of getting those frogs from Italy and their romantic owner would be worked up till he had got her half crazy about them. But for the luck of her chancing on Miss Timmins in an amiable mood he would have swindled her with ease.

But what a fool the man was! The frogs he had seen on view at Farringdon's the morning before had suggested this ingenious swindle; he must have them; yet he had gone to the sale with only forty pounds in his pocket, when there hadn't been one chance in a hundred of getting them for that sum. He had not got them; he had yet to get them.

At ten o'clock next morning he came into the shop with a lordly air, and though unshaven, diffused about it an agreeable odor of beer. He twirled his mustache as he came.

He said in a lordly voice, "Ah, Miss Timmins, good morning. I've come on a little matter of business—those—ah—frogs you bought at Farringdon's. Do you care to part with them—at a reasonable profit?"

"Not particularly," said Miss Timmins in about the least enthusiastic voice that ever issued from human lips.

Mr. Bosanquet gave his mustache another twirl and in an even more lordly voice said, "Ah—I'll give you five pounds for your bargain."

"You won't," said Miss Timmins with gentle decision.

A slight, rather surprised frown furrowed Mr. Bosanquet's narrow brow, and he said, "Well, seven pounds ten then."

"Nor seven pounds ten," said Miss Timmins in the same gentle voice.

The frown furrowed Mr. Bosanquet's brow more deeply. He raised his offer only to have it refused. He raised it again and yet again with the same result. Then with a rather excessive bitterness he asked Miss Timmins what she did want for the frogs.

In accents both dulcet and honeyed Miss Timmins said: "Well, you know very well, Mr. Bosanquet, that that was the finest lot of hardstone frogs ever came into an

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"Now I Know Where I Am! A Conspiracy! You Two Women Have Conspired Together to Get Two Hundred Pounds From Me by a Trick"

The Fascinating Fiddle and the Bow—By Earl Chapin May

Efrem Zimbalist, Holding the Famous "Titian," Which He Has Just Added to His Collection of Old Masters. Made by Antonius Stradivarius in 1715, This Is Ranked by Experts as [redacted] of the Four Greatest Violins in the World

TAKE fourteen ounces of wood, fish glue, varnish, catgut and horsehair. Select, model and coordinate these materials with sufficient skill, and you have the combination that has directed the musical destiny of civilization for 400 years. In polite circles this combination is known as the violin and the bow, although among the masses "fiddle," rather than "violin," is the favorite word. The bow is essential to the success of the combination, but it is the fiddle that turns out the tunes.

The fiddle, fragile king of musical instruments, with back and sides of maple and belly of spruce, is less than two feet long from tail button to scrolled head. It is less than ten inches wide, and not quite two inches thick. It has less than seventy parts. Yet it supports a longitudinal string tension of eighty-eight pounds and a vertical pressure of twenty-six pounds, a total weight of more than 100 pounds. But it is not its physical endurance that makes the fiddle great. It comes nearer interpreting the human soul than any other instrument yet devised.

In one form or other the fiddle, or violin, has been played for 5000 years. The first true violin came into existence about 1550. There has been no appreciable improvement in violin manufacture since Antonius Stradivarius died in 1737. The violin bow, evolution of the archer's bow, has not been materially changed since François Tourte finished his last bow and his life's work in 1835. But the fiddle and the bow have more fascination for the human race today than during any other year of recorded history. You will find this fascination evinced on every side.

On a May evening this year 5000 distinguished musicians and lovers of music and five of the world's greatest instrumentalists assembled in Carnegie Hall, New York, to honor a world-famous master of the violin—Leopold Auer. The assemblage was celebrating the eightieth anniversary of Auer's birth. Two of the five stars who participated in the program were Jascha Heifetz and Efrem Zimbalist, former pupils of Auer. The others were Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Josef Hofmann and Sergei Rachmaninoff, renowned pianists, composers and conductors.

Court Violinist and Farm Fiddler

THE octogenarian guest of the evening played a classical violin solo with the same impeccable intonation and brilliancy that won the admiration and friendship of Liszt, Rubinstein, Tschaikovsky, Brahms, Napoleon III, Rossini, Abdul-Hamid II, Henri Vieuxtemps, Johann and Richard Strauss, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Gladstone, Disraeli, Turgenieff and scores of others who have made artistic and political history. Auer is still a shining light in music and he has made more violinists great than any other man of his time. Leopold Auer and Lem Tilton have much in common.

One night last June I heard my old friend Lem play the Money Musk and Virginia Reel. Lem had to hug his fiddle with his chin a little firmer than when his world was young. His good right hand, stiffened from much clinging to a plow handle, did not wield his trusty bow with the vigor of the olden days. But as he sat in a kitchen chair on his back porch, one knee over the other and one booted foot tapping time on the rough pine floor, Lem tore into the old quadrilles just as he used to at many a barn dance when I was a kid. Now and then his voice, not quite so good as forty years ago, was raised in his old-time admonition: "Hi! Jim Along, Jim Along, Josie! Hi! Jim Along, Jim Along, Joe!" while he scraped his weather-worn fiddle. Those of us who know him, in our native Illinois, cannot think of Lem without thinking of his fiddle.

That's a long jump, from the aging but dynamic master who has been court violinist for Russian czars, to the aged but enthusiastic man who plowed by day and played for dancing farmers by night until the years got the better of him. There's a good deal of distance, artistically as well as socially and geographically, between the Hungarian-born virtuoso-composer who toured with Patti and conducted the St. Petersburg Conservatory, and the Illinois farmer-fiddler who cannot read a note. But Leopold and Lem are brothers under the skin, because they are, after all, fellow fiddlers. The great gap between them is filled with millions of the musically minded who love, above all instruments, the fiddle and the bow.

Why does the violin have such a hold on all sorts of people? Because no other musical instrument provides such an effective vehicle for the emotions. In staccato passages it has the accent of an instrument of percussion. It can sustain a sound much longer than the human voice. It can modify a tone in such refinement of gradation that only the melting lines of the spectrum can be compared with it.

The affection we feel for the fiddle is best illustrated when the amateur or artist lays its beautifully curved body on his shoulder, tucks its chin rest under his chin, fondles the finger board with his eloquent left hand and sways with the rhythmic sweep of the long, bent bow. That's the moment to shut one's eyes and let one's soul soar in ecstasy. The dynamic Leopold Auer does it before multitudes of skilled musicians and erudite music critics. The diffident Lem Tilton does it on his back-country kitchen porch. It gets you, the fiddle does—gets you and holds you and always will. That's why it is the king of instruments.

Eugene Ysaye, Greatest Living Exponent of Brahms, Making a Phonographic Record of His Wonderful Art

The Father of All Fiddles

ASK any dozen of these fiddle fans what makes the fiddle preëminent among musical instruments and you may get a dozen different answers. But all will agree that there is a mystery about the source of its compelling sound that gives the time-honored fiddle its peculiar almost universal appeal.

Tradition says that King Ravanon of Ceylon started this fiddle business by inventing the *ravanastron* 5000 years ago. You'll find it in India and in use today. It is a cylinder of sycamore, open at one side. Across the opening a taut piece of dried snake skin forms a sounding board, along which two strings are stretched over a bridge and played with a bamboo bow. The *ravanastron* is the father of fiddles.

In the cafés of Cairo, where Egyptian, Turk, Greek and Arab rub elbows, the native poet, with *rabab* in hand, sings or dramatically chants historic poems while his auditors sit at ease on palm-stick stools, sip their coffee and smoke their pipes. The *rabab* is the fiddle of the Mohammedan world—a one-stringed fiddle, with a box-shaped body, fingered with one hand and bowed with the other. The *rabab* is another ancestor of the violin. The Arabs brought it into Spain during the eighth century, but it originated long before that.

An even older ancestor, although not so old as the *ravanastron*, is the Persian *kemangeh a'gouze*, a three-stringed fiddle, played cello fashion, but with a globular sound body made of mulberry wood and parchment, or occasionally a hollow gourd. From this crude instrument Mohammed Carabagh extracts mournful music while he

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BABES IN HOLLYWOOD

By CATHARINE BRODY

James W. Horne, Director, Trying to Intrigue "Husky" Hanes, the Youngest Baby Actually Under a Movie Contract, Into Laughing in a Scene

LITTLE Billy Whoozis, one of the six-year-old-child-wonder babes of Hollywood, was presiding at a garden party. Little Billy Whoozis stood up on a chair—he wore the cutest little long black trousers and the cutest little top hat and waved a little cane, just like a little man. Little Billy Whoozis made a speech to us, addressing us as "folks" and telling us all about the wonders of God's country. When Little Billy Whoozis sat down everybody applauded generously and said "How cute," and waited for the personal introduction which we were each to get.

When Little Billy Whoozis appeared in front of me he had by the arm little Emmeline Love, aged five, attired, true to movie traditions, in a small white ermine coat, white ermine cap, and also waving a little white swagger stick.

Little Billy Whoozis acknowledged his introduction with poise and added, "I want you to meet my friend, Miss Emmeline Love, who is also in pictures. This is Miss ——" And he turned to me with the gentlest condescension imaginable. "What did you say your name was, honey?"

I told him. Miss Emmeline Love tossed her curls and smiled by way of acknowledgment, and Little Billy Whoozis steered her away through the crowd—just two little babes in Hollywood, abandoned by their fond parents in the jungles of the studios in the hope that a grateful public would cover them with a shower of contracts and hundred-dollar bills.

As strange things happen in Hollywood as in any of the old fairy tales. Here Cinderella from the Chicago slums marries her lord, and a Jackie Coogan climbs the bean stalk, routs the ogre of a casting director and can afford to retire, if he will, a millionaire at the age of ten—the owner of two apartment houses, much real estate, many securities. Here a sixteen-month-old blond baby is valued at $150 a week, a four-year-old negro child makes his $300 weekly, and a three-and-a-half-year-old kid with curls has a pay check of $500. But strangest of all the very strange things are still the things the parents of some little Billy Whoozises and Emmeline Loves encourage their children to do, in order to fulfill vicariously an exhibition complex of their own.

A Wide Choice

IT WAS no wicked uncle who lost the babes in the wood. Some reporter mixed his facts. It was a loving mother who was just too sure no danger could come to her youngsters anywhere and no robins could resist them.

A hundred thousand parents make the rounds of the studios with offspring every year. Twenty thousand have actually managed to register, photograph and file their young at the central screen-service bureau and with the various casting directors, until in desperate self-defense signs have been affixed in the outer offices, Registration Closed to Children. Even the Los Angeles school authorities have been appealed to, and are now planning to rule that no child of school age not employed more or less regularly in motion-picture work may get leaves of absence to be dragged around the studios by his mother. Whether that will stop the procession remains to be seen. The chances are that it won't, because most movie-mad mothers start long before school days and the average age of children offered to the casting director is under five.

Choose a hard studio bench on any day of the year in Hollywood. You won't have to wait long before there will come, led by the hand, little Evelyn, aged two, a mass of ruffles and laces and painstaking curls and carmined lips and the smooth, white, movie-made-up cheeks. Her mother either doesn't know or doesn't care that children are not usually permitted to wear make-up before the camera. Flop goes little Evelyn on the counter.

Never Too Young

"LITTLE EVELYN," comes the plaintive song and dance of a mother calling to fate, "has just decided to go into the movies. You can see what a lovely child she is; natural blonde—her own hair. She can sing, dance and is a trained acrobat. She just knows you're going to give her a chance, because it isn't the money little Evelyn wants, it's just a chance. She will work for—nothing!"

Little Evelyn is finally displaced by little Virginia, aged four. Her parents wait outside in their car, because Virginia has worked in pictures before and knows the approach. The theatrical sweetness, the hint of a California-British accent, the be-of-cheer smile in use around a studio, sit strangely on a child.

"Now I do hope you'll call me soon, Miss Blank," says Virginia to the casting director, who in this studio is a woman—"as soon as you can; I don't care what it is; I'll take anything. You won't forget me, will you, honey?"

Miss Blank is impressed with Virginia, in spite of the "honey," until Virginia, evidently coached, makes a reappearance. Her parents, apparently under the impression that it will be cute, have told her to ask to use the telephone. When she is kindly lifted into the sanctum she upsets a bottle of ink, scatters a pile of paper, and pipes into the phone, "Give me the general manager, honey!"

After Virginia has been firmly lifted out, and Miss Blank has used language strong for a woman but not too strong for a casting director, there appears a lady with a year-old child—a girl—in her arms. She talks and talks and talks in a semihysterical fashion, and the substance of her wail is that she has been making the rounds with this child for six months, has advertised her in every screen publication in the city and has never yet got even a day's work. Afterward, Miss Blank says reflectively:

"That woman has a funny story. She told me that she had come to visit relatives, from a small town in the South, and had decided to stay on in California. Her husband

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A Drama of Eastern Passion and Deceit as Acted by the Children of "Our Gang" Comedies

MUD

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

THERE was, in the early days of the Gil-and-Shorty two-reel comedies, a time when those masterly bits of film achievement were turned over to a cutting-room girl named Berna. She was a blond and clear-eyed creature from the land of the fur-bearing vikings, and her complete name was Berna Horowitz.

Tall she was, and lovely in a cold statuesque way, though inclined to thinness. Her eyes were light blue and her hair was the color of ashes. Because her complexion was creamy and transparent she blushed when spoken to, or when not spoken to, and this marked her as a strange soul, for in Hollywood less than 4 per cent of the population know the first thing about blushing.

For reasons beyond the ken of any man Berna was in love with Walter Wesley Gilfillan, star of the comedy company, and remained in love with him over a period of years, without ill or serious effects. When a cutting-room girl is in love with a motion-picture star, anything can happen to his future. She is to the movies what the diamond cutter is to the jewelry trade; if he is a second-class workman he can do considerable damage, but if he is touched by the fires of genius he can take a poor stone and give it the best of the breaks.

So with the cutter of film in the movie laboratories. Much is in her hands and much depends upon her intelligence, and usually her weekly wage is the same as that of a man who drives the company trucks.

"You Got to Have Menace in a Movie, or Your Audience Will Walk Out on You. This Has Been Proved Time and Again by the Census of Opinion"

Berna Horowitz worked for O'Day and Grogan, but she never thought of her job as work, because she was content to follow Walter Wesley Gilfillan with her eyes and to love him desperately, continuously and distantly. In time everybody in the studio knew it, except Gilfillan. That obtuse comedian had his mind upon other things, and when he did glance at Berna it was without sentiment. He beheld only a cutting-room girl with yellow hair, a blue-eyed blonde with the manner of an outdoor girl, and a strange directness about her speech, when she spoke, that dumfounded people.

Berna was no doubt a viking, and in addition to lavishing her love upon the unappreciative Gilfillan she imagined him to be a greater actor than he was. Love always gives a person an inaccurate appreciation of the loved one, which is an excellent thing for humanity.

It was a time of troubled affairs in the studios of O'Day and Grogan. There were several reasons for the turmoil, and among them was the growing dissatisfaction of the comedian and his running mate, Shorty Hamp; a discontent that became known in time to the entire studio.

Where these two got the notion nobody ever knew, but it grew in the minds of both that they were fitted for better and finer things, and that they had passed beyond the lowbrow vulgarities of slapstick comedy, which had been earning their bread and butter for many years. The critical moment had arrived, they believed, when they should mount on and up to the higher planes of art, where the air is rarer and where they would join the ranks of the true and splendid actors of the silver sheet. They were no longer pie throwers, they told each other in moments of inspired conversational flights. They had earned their way to the loftier corridors of art.

They felt, of course, unanimously certain that O'Day and Grogan would never permit them to act, or to appear in serious dramatic pictures. In fact, Gil had talked it over with President John O'Day

"Will you or won't you?" he inquired on this occasion.

"I will not," said the president. "You're a lunatic."

"I can act," said Gil.

"Your acting is all right—where you are."

"I can play drama rôles."

"I know you can. But not for this company. You're a comedian, we have painfully built you up as one, and you are going to remain and make comedies and nothing else."

"That's the way you feel about it, is it?"

"Yes."

"All right," said Gil darkly. "You watch your step, Mr. O'Day. This isn't the only studio."

"It's the only studio I have anything to do with, and while I have the say, you make comedies."

"Sure," said Gil, "while you have the say."

He slammed the door as he departed, strode down the walk in a bad frame of mind and was frightfully disagreeable all morning to those about him.

"What did he say when you asked him?" Shorty Hamp inquired, being likewise interested in the future.

"He said we were slapstick lowbrows and never would be anything else."

"Did he say that about me?"

"No; about me."

"What did he say about me?"

"He don't know you're alive."

Shorty grunted his annoyance. It was his private opinion that O'Day was right about Gilfillan, and that Gil never in this world would rise from the depths of comedy; but that he, Shorty Hamp, had a brilliant future in evening clothes among the society dramas. Gilfillan, of course, considered Shorty not an actor at all, of any kind, but merely a fat figure who was suitable now and then as a foil or bit of background, and who could be replaced at any time with any of the extra men who loitered about the front gate.

For several months the O'Day and Grogan Studio had known that all was not well, and that the Gilfillan unit was beating time. The comedy makers worked without enthusiasm, or at least the old enthusiasm. There was no quarreling or petty jealousy, and when a movie company reaches such a state of perfection there is indeed something wrong with it. The conviction grew that when Gil's contract ended, there would be trouble. About Shorty Hamp no one was intensely concerned, first because Shorty had no contract; and second because everyone knew Shorty would do what Gil told him to do.

Gil's case was different, for his comedies were widely known, had built up a sturdy following, and the studio regarded Gil as an excellent man, whom it would be difficult or impossible to replace. Fewer and fewer grew the weeks remaining to the closing contract, yet nothing was said on either side about renewal. Gil had made up his mind concerning several important items. One related to money, and the increase for himself and for Shorty, but as time passed and President O'Day said nothing, Gilfillan withdrew into his shell and maintained an air of dignified silence, broken only to Shorty and other intimates. Gil was idling, waiting more or less triumphantly, knowing his true value and certain that O'Day would come to terms.

There then appeared in Hollywood a mysterious stranger named Tucker, a pompous, important, swaggering sort of person, who registered at the largest hotel, rode in a limousine and wore rich clothes. A silk hat in Hollywood attracts instant attention, because there are no native silk hats. Mr. Tucker wore a gleaming topper, a frock coat, and gray spats with pearl buttons. He carried also a cane and seemed interested in the motion-picture business, though no one could discover what he was doing, or intended to do, if anything.

He betrayed a fondness for the society of motion-picture stars, and could be seen where movie people congregate to indulge in their innocent pastimes, and because he seemed prosperous it was assumed that he represented money, Eastern money. The gossip about Mr. Tucker was widespread.

Now that time has gone by I can turn back the pages of history and look at the facts, and I can see where everyone was mistaken. All guesses were incorrect. Everyone was a mile from the facts, and while persons were speculating, the subject of it walked one day into the studio of the O'Day and Grogan Pictures Corporation. This occurred on a morning when the Gilfillan irregularity was approaching a climax. The mysterious stranger sent word to President O'Day, and a boy took his card, upon which was engraved Mr. Sherman P. Tucker, and down in one corner the cabalistic word "specialist."

The specialist was admitted to the O'Day sanctum, removed his silk hat and shook hands with Vice President Grogan.

"Now that we know each other," he said pleasantly with the easy confidence of a New Yorker in another city, "I would like to inquire if you are having any trouble?"

"What kind of trouble?" asked O'Day.

"Studio troubles of any kind."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Grogan. "So that's who you are! I thought I'd heard about you."

Mr. Tucker smiled again, nodding the contented nod of a person whose greatness has been discovered.

"We have trouble," admitted O'Day. "Plenty of it. Gilfillan is our largest worry at this time. He thinks he isn't being treated right, after all we've done for him. He further has the insane notion that he is an emotional actor, and he seems determined to quit this studio and start making pictures for himself. Considering that we have built him up with advertising, this seems ingratitude to us."

"Swelled on himself," muttered Grogan. "They all get that way."

"Indeed," said Mr. Tucker. "Would you mind telling me the details?"

They told him details for the next hour, at the end of which time Mr. Tucker emerged from the presidential suite and left the studio. He was still smiling. At this moment in the history of the white race neither Gil nor Shorty had ever heard of Mr. Tucker.

It happened, by the merest chance in the world, that Messrs. Gilfillan and Hamp lunched, within the week, at the Envoy Hotel, and I might pause to inform that the Envoy is a sanctuary of high hats and the parade ground of wealth, culture and social superiority. The comedians sat at a frail table of bamboo, toying with lettuce sandwiches and bowing occasionally to stray guests. In the course of time a large, benign gentleman walked up and apologized politely. Shorty noticed his spats, and with Shorty the spat is the true mark of genuine breeding.

"My name," said the gentleman, "is Sherman P. Tucker, of New York. I thought I recognized you, Mr Gilfillan. Of course, a comedian looks so different in his street clothes"

"This is Shorty Hamp," Gil said, wondering uneasily if this was a new and refined touch, or a movie fan, or what.

Mr. Tucker bowed toward Shorty, who saluted and mumbled.

"I have been," continued Mr. Tucker, "intending to get into communication with you, Mr. Gilfillan, for several days, but business matters have intervened. I represent the Inzelbergs of New York."

"The Inzelbergs," said Shorty, in a rather awed tone, repeating a name that has come thundering down the financial corridors of time, knocking ordinary people this way and that.

"Sit down," Gil invited. "Have a cup of coffee with us."

Mr. Tucker gently drew a chair and revealed his famous smile.

"I don't know if it has ever occurred to you," he continued in a meditative voice, after several unimportant observations, "but the fact is this, Mr. Gilfillan: You two actors are now famous throughout the length and breadth of the land."

Mr. Tucker leaned over sideways to scratch a match and Shorty put the flat of his hand to the corner of his mouth and whispered hoarsely to Gil: "This guy knows something."

Tucker came up from his match expedition and continued: "You are not only famous everywhere but you are wasting your time where you are, and you are keeping from your public the higher kind of entertainment to which your public is entitled. This is not fair to your public."

He paused impressively and smoked. Gilfillan nodded heavily, and Shorty kicked Gil's shin under the table and again drew secret attention to the fact that he had said this guy knew something. After two or three more touches of "your public" and "your following," Mr. Tucker had the two comedians as helpless as a chorus man's father.

"And not only that," Mr. Tucker said in his confident booming voice, "but nobody can do himself justice working for another. No doubt you are very well paid by O'Day and Grogan."

"We are not," snapped Gil.

"If I told you what I get you'd fall dead," said Shorty. "It's a joke."

"I should have thought otherwise," continued the special pleader. "However, Mr. Gilfillan, did you ever give serious thought to the idea of making your own pictures and perhaps pictures of an entirely different character from those you have made in the past?"

"Did we!" Gil exploded. "Say, listen to me, Mr. Tucker. I'll show you how much thought I've given to it. My contract with those robbers expires in less than two weeks, and I'm through. No more Grogan and no more O'Day; and Shorty Hamp goes with me, wherever I go."

"I'll say I do," added Shorty. "We make dramas from now on."

Shorty had previously listened to the wisdom of a producer friend named Shearer, who knew what the public wanted. Mr. Shearer had taken Shorty to one side and had filled him with definite information concerning the forms of entertainment craved by the public and rewarded with cash.

"One thing," Mr. Shearer had said, "is menance."

"What?" asked Shorty.

"Menance. You got to have menance in a movie, or your audience will walk out on you. This has been proved time and again by the census of opinion, and you can't go behind the census of opinion."

"You're dead right," Shorty agreed.

Mr. Shearer was a plain business man and plain spoken, and not a theorist, a highbrow or a dilettante. As they said of him in Hollywood, the only two-syllable word he knew intimately was fillum.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tucker, sipping his coffee and permitting his smile to expand and warm the comedians. "It is an extremely fortunate thing."

"What is?" Gil asked.

"That I have accidentally encountered you here today. My people in New York realize you are both actors of finer caliber than people think. The job before me has been to approach and interest you in the proposition of independent production."

"Who puts up the money?"

"The Inzelbergs, of course. I am convinced that you two can make dramas that will gross real money—that is, compared with the financial results of your present two-reelers."

"That's what I've been arguing," snorted Gil. "Try and get John O'Day to see it that way. Not him!"

"Mr. O'Day, of course," said Tucker, "is a trifle old-fashioned; and the day of the old-fashioned producer is rapidly passing. You know what you can do. Now then, let's go into this thoroughly."

It was a long, serious business conference, the sort where a conferee takes his lead pencil and marks down huge sums of money upon the pure white of the tablecloth.

Within twenty-four hours news had spread through the O'Day and Grogan studio that Walter Gilfillan would not renew his contract, and that the Gil-and-Shorty comedies would cease. President O'Day maintained his usual calm exterior, but the studio said he was bluffing, was thoroughly frightened, and would undoubtedly meet whatever demands Gil made in the way of increased salary. The first to speak to Gil was Berna Horowitz.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"It is," said Gil, who liked Berna in an impersonal, abstracted way.

"You are leaving this studio?"

"Yes; I'm going to make pictures of my own. And not comedies."

"That's fine," said the girl. "I am glad of it."

"And another thing," said Gil, "you're coming with me—that is, if you will. I want you."

"Oh," said Berna.

"How about it?"

"If you will take me, of course I would rather work with you than with anyone."

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Shorty Hamp Played Four Different People in One Hour. Their Villain Was Gone, So They Used the Shadow of His Silk Hat and His Cape Coat, Which Was Cheaper

BOOKS ONCE WERE MEN

By George Barr McCutcheon

Bookstalls Along the Seine River, Paris. Notre Dame in the Background

MY BOOKPLATE reads, Books Once Were Men. I am sorry to say, the apothegm is not original with me. A great many years ago someone with a profound mind wrote that simple line of one-syllable words; he lived in an age when men put themselves into books as they wrote them, and their readers, to a certain degree, did the same when they read them. Those were the days when authors starved their bodies, but fed their souls on what they could dig out of their own brains. Every man planted for himself and reaped his own crop; he did not have a vast field of literature in which to browse, nor was it possible for him to poach. About all he ever got out of a book was what he himself put into it; and by the same reasoning, all he ever put into his book was what he got out of himself.

So he who first said "Books once were men" uttered a truth that holds even to this bland day of ours; for when all is said and done the thing that is called a book, no matter how frail it may be, or ephemeral, would never have seen the light of day if it had not had man for its father. In the old days a book was not ashamed of its lineage; it was an honest fellow, with a slaving, devoted parent who gave thought to his offspring, called it by name and turned it loose on the world to make its own way.

I like the feel of those old books. I like to pick up one of them and say to myself, "This is Goldsmith," or any of a hundred others; for it is Doctor Goldsmith, not in the flesh, to be sure, but in a far more enduring form. More than one hundred and fifty years ago he put himself inside its covers—and there he is! His book is not a monument; it is Goldsmith himself. He divided himself into a great many parts, for he wrote many books; but no matter what he may have been in real life, he put the best he had in him inside of his covers, and that part of him survives.

Ghosts of Men's Minds

HISTORY tells us that some of our idols were roisterers, drunkards, scamps; even so, we love them as they are today in their shabby, well-worn garments of cloth or leather, standing calm and unflinching on our shelves 100, 200, even 300 years after they were born. There were monks and bigots and ascetics among them too; they stand now alongside the scamps and the Philistines with never a word of protest. A friendly company of books that once were men

And the man whose work was put into print and between covers no longer ago than yesterday is in the book he wrote. His mind, with its fancies, its ideals, its vagaries, its poesy or its sordidness, its beauties or even its foulness—has put itself into those pages. Books are the visible ghosts of men's minds. The distinction between the ghosts that inhabit our bookshelves and those that hang upon our walls in the shape of paintings lies in the simple fact that the first can speak to you while the others are dumb. Magnificent, colorful, alluring, lovely or unlovely, powerful or whatever you will—even haunting in its dominant silence—a painted picture is and always will be the ghost of a genius whose object has been to capture and confine the thing he sees. The painter paints what he sees with his eye; the writer what he sees with his mind.

Grover Cleveland's Library at His Home in Princeton, New Jersey

Charge me with prejudice or superciliousness or ignorance, if you like. Ask your painter friends for their opinion of book writers and their works; you will have no trouble getting the truth out of them They will tell you—and you should believe them too—that their ghosts are superior to ours. But you can't fondle their ghosts, you can't take them to bed with you, you can't drop off to sleep with one of them in your hands, you can't commit them to memory as you would a poem, you can't weep over them and you can't chuckle with them; above all, you can't lend them.

Old Favorites

EVER since I can remember, I have loved books; and for almost as long I have admired pictures. It is possible for one to be very poor and still have good books; one has to be fairly well-off in order to own good pictures. As a small boy in the Middle West—Indiana was no farther west when I was a boy than it is now, although a great many people in the East believed that it emptied into the Pacific Ocean—I was obliged to read good books. There was never anything about the house except good books; that is to say, there was nothing else lying around loose for a supposedly good boy to lay his hands upon. Parents in those days were very particular about leaving things lying around loose.

Like most boys of that day, I read Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and others who have survived my youthful scorn and detestation. Whether we liked it or not, we were brought up on good literature out there in the Middle West. We took it, I suppose, in much the same way that we took grammar and mathematics, Vergil and other hardships. Strange to relate, however, we were surprised to find after we had grown up that we remembered everything of Dickens and Thackeray and Scott and Cooper; and though our young love was given clandestinely to the dime-novel yarns of pirates, Indian fighters, captive maidens and jolly highwaymen, with which we stuffed our brains in the seclusion of haymows, candlelighted bedrooms or orchard sanctuaries, we could not for the life of us remember who wrote Antelope Abe or Claude Duval or The Pirate's Daughter.

I devoured hundreds of Beadle's dime novels. They were a part of my education. To this day I can feel the joyous, secret thrill that came with the handling of those yellow backs; I can smell the ink and the paper of them; their enchantment endures. But the first fine set of books I ever bought to put upon the shelf I built myself was the Complete Works of Charles Dickens. I had just left college—involuntarily, I am in honor bound to say—and was working on a daily newspaper in Lafayette. My

salary was greater than my experience. I was getting nine dollars a week The Dickens was what still is called, I suppose, a subscription set green cloth, gilt top, profusely illustrated from plates by Cruikshank, Phiz, Leech, Cattermole and others. There were twenty-four volumes. They came by express in a neat, clean box and they were very imposing. The terms looked easy—two dollars a month until paid for. But two dollars is a lot of money when it has to be subtracted from thirty-six or thereabouts.

Somehow I managed to get a raise in salary after a year or so. Then I bought a set of Charles Lever. Same sort of neat, clean box and the same amiable terms. Nice green,

The Late Andrew Carnegie

satiny cloth binding, smooth to the touch, and smelling pleasantly of literature.

I knew nothing about first editions in those happy days, but I will say that those sets of Dickens and Lever were the rarest books and the most expensive I have ever possessed.

Presently I became city editor of the newspaper at twenty-five dollars a week. I thought it was about time for me to get married and settle down so that I could devote some of my time to reading. Notwithstanding the fact that I owned two very expensive sets of books, I was lamentably indifferent to the contents thereof. I was sure that if I got married and settled down to a nice, quiet life at home, I could read a lot and not have to worry about her.

My Library

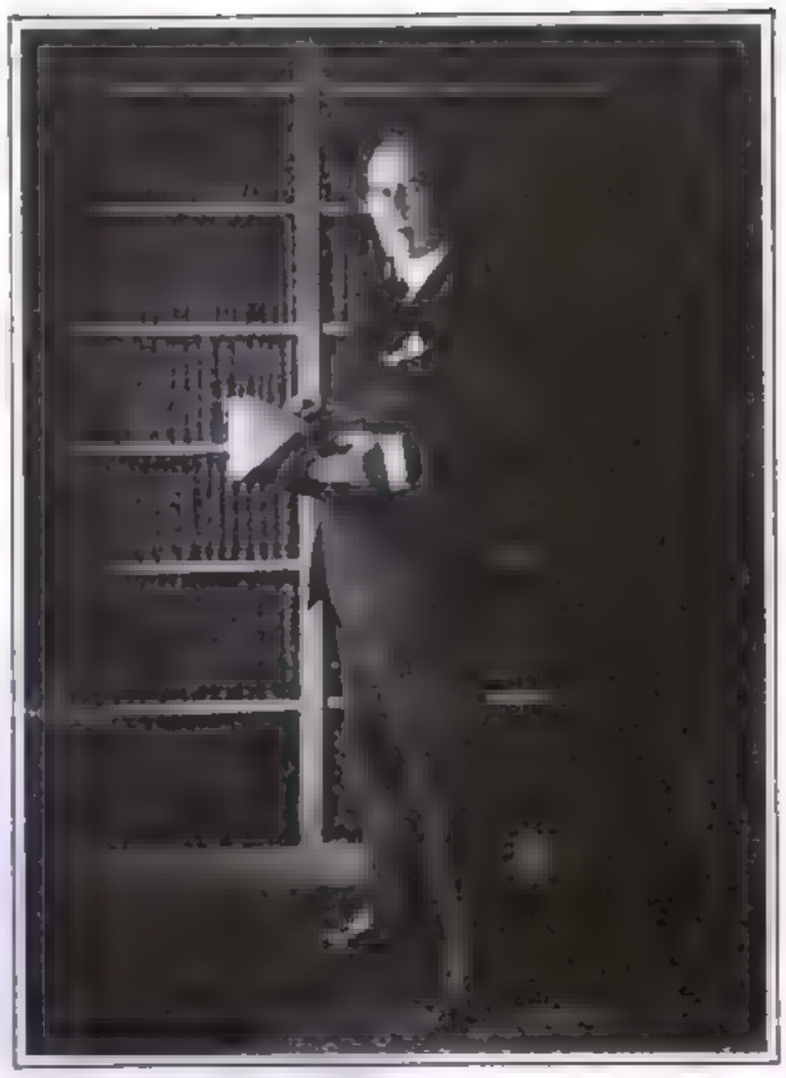
HOWEVER, that is neither here nor there. I am writing about books. Reverting to the task in hand, I became city editor. So I bought a set of Cooper, and before I knew where my profligacy was leading me, a set of Thackeray. I couldn't get all of them on the shelf I had built. My roommate, another newspaper chap, threatened to move out unless I did something about it; he was sick of kicking Cooper and Thackeray out of the way every time he wanted to lie down on the couch in our living room to read Dickens or Lever.

"Well," argued I, "seeing that I have bought all the books in our library, Josh, the least you can do is to cough up a bookcase."

He did. It cost him twelve dollars. But even that is neither here nor there. What I am trying to get at and I can do so only by skipping ten or fifteen years is that I became interested in first editions when I was well along in the thirties. I was then living in Chicago—and I was married. It was my wife who had my bookplate designed and engraved for me. And it was she who thought of putting Books Once Were Men into it. I am quite sure she has never loved books as I do, and yet she must be enjoying no end of thrills vicariously, of course—upon finding herself almost completely surrounded by the 3000 or 4000 men who stand in gallant array around my library, outwardly mute and indifferent, but inwardly vociferous with love—neat-looking gentlemen all, in snug levant garments and trimmings of gold. To be sure she has to think of Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Fanny Burney and others as men; but after all, as they are attired in precisely the same fashion, feel the same to the touch and speak with a strong masculine persuasiveness—well, it was she who dug up that old saying about books being men.

Envy and a pardonable sense of covetousness did it. That is to say, a more or less close acquaintanceship with the collections of Mr. John Wrenn and Mr. Harry Gilbert, of Chicago; the growing and, I am afraid, pernicious habit I got into of dropping in at McClurg's rare-book department to browse—a word commonly used by bookish people, though I don't know why—among the treasures they had on their shelves and later to enjoy privileged explorations of proscribed and curiously enchanted safes, carefully attended by that amiable warden, the late George Millard; long and pleasant loafing spells in the historic bookshop of the lamented Frank Morris, a man known and loved by all Chicago; frequent visits to New York where the lure of rare books and old books—shabby things in shaken boards or gorgeous ones in Cobden-Sanderson bindings—became all the greater in that famous little room of Dodd, Mead & Co., simply because they were under lock and key and couldn't be got at except on invitation from a member of the firm or the never-to-be-forgotten Luther Livingston where the lure was so irresistible that far braver and vastly more level-headed men than I succumbed.

Prices in those days were not what they are today—at least, not for the moderns. This was at the beginning of the century. Pickwick Papers in the original parts, for example, could be had for a quarter of the amount that is demanded and obtained today. Robert Louis Stevenson, George Meredith, Kipling and others were bringing comparatively small prices except in the case of excessively rare items. A complete set of Anthony Trollope first editions, rebound in half levant, 160 volumes not including the almost unprocurable Macdermots of Ballycloran—was to be had for $400 or $500.



George Barr McCutcheon in His Library

Old Books Spoiled by New Covers

IT WAS more or less the custom, even so short a while ago as that, to rebind all first editions, sometimes preserving the original covers at the back, but frequently discarding them altogether; and only the shrewd, farseeing and sentimental lovers of books insisted upon having their finds as originally issued. Instead of enhancing the value of old books, the costly levant binding and elaborate tooling actually rendered them, in present-day estimation, almost valueless. Original parts practically all the important novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth and others, were issued first in monthly parts at one shilling the number and subsequently were bound up in one, two or three volumes, with general title pages, by the publishers — were usually ripped to pieces by dealers, one or two covers preserved for the sake of identification and bound in full or half levant Buyers, even astute collectors, preferred to have them in that revamped and resplendent condition

There were, however, conscientious book lovers who shuddered at the thought of stripping a book of

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The Library of Andrew Carnegie's New York Home

HIND END FRONTMOST

"I am a Man This Much That I Ain't Ever Benain' a Girl on a Buggy Without Stopping Off Somewheres and Buying Her a Flashy Bag of Someun"

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

GRANDFATHER ERI TUDT had made the supreme sacrifice. He had cleaned his house. He sighed deeply and drove himself on a final round of inspection. Everywhere was chill neatness. The three rooms were no longer a home. In the kitchen he came face to face with Joshua. "Git out!" said Grandfather Tudt irascibly. Joshua left off his fruitless rooting under the table and wriggled upward an astonished question mark of a tail. "Git ahead on outsides now!" Grandfather Tudt urged less resolutely.

It seemed inhospitality after their nine years of close companionship. Joshua understood it as such. He emitted a reproachful squeal and wheeled about; his tiny cloven hoofs slipped on the damp floor and he skidded, ham side on, against the tin dishpan. Grandfather Tudt stood in the door and in low spirits watched the undersized Joshua as he skittered with total loss of morale toward his lonely sty.

Grandfather Tudt sniffed the soap-tainted air distastefully, closed the door upon it and sank down upon his one piece of garden furniture. This was a horsehair sofa which the ghoulish years were gradually disemboweling. Grandfather Tudt had forestalled the rats of the community by establishing his own nest in the middle of it. Into a depression yielded by two broken springs he eased himself, and surrounded by tufts of gray hair and reft canvas, peered expectantly toward the apple orchard of his neighbor Neutzhauer.

He found what he sought—a flutter of blue, and he watched it flutter for half an hour. His small, loosely woven features, skewered together by a rusty spike of a beard, worked in satisfaction. The flutter disappeared. An olive-green form disengaged itself from the orchard and came slowly and with hanging head through the intervening cornfield.

"Why ain't you fetchin' her along with?" demanded Grandfather Tudt with asperity as the figure lifted the frazzled rope which served as gate hasp.

His grandson, Ezer Eri Misenhelder, said nothing. This was not unusual; Ezer Eri usually said nothing. He was a tall, brightly colored youth. Black hair and black eyes made his weather-tanned skin seem almost pallid; flush flew high upon his cheek bones. This flush deepened now to réd smart at his grandfather's question. He seated himself upon a sawhorse and looked at a finger nail. Grandfather Tudt's features tightened into a frown.

"You ain't popped yit," he accused. And with increasing exasperation: "And fur why ain't you? Here I go to work and pester at my house with the broom and whatever, and what does it make? I ain't doin' it agin fur you, now you kin take notice to that."

"I ain't ever astin' youse to sweep," defended the young man.

"No, but your mom was; and you knowed I was doin' it fur you. 'Ezer ain't ever gittin' him Idy Neutzhauer,' she says, 'if oncet she lays eyes onto your house, so clean like what she is,' she says. 'No, it ain't ever givin' a match,' she kept a-badgerin' me, 'if oncet the girl lays eyes onto his strubbly grampop,' she says. And here when I ast youse pertikkular fur to fetch her by, you ain't doin' it. What ails youse, anyways? That girl ain't a-wantin' her relations fur always. Till next week her vacation will be all and she'll be packin' herself back to Indiany or wherever. And then where's your chances at her?"

Ezer Eri ground a heel into the earth.

"She's a-leavin' till day after tomorrow," he proffered hollowly. "She got such a letter."

Grandfather Tudt jerked upright in consternation. He groaned. The springs groaned.

"Day after tomorrow a'ready? And no poppin' did! A day—and two nights—and she's off? Looky here now! You dare git down to biz. Was you aimin' to leave some other loony run aways with them blue eyes and them yellow hairs? See here oncet! Ain't you ever got, just to say, near the poppin'?" Ezer squirmed. "You got the right to tell me," prodded his inquisitor relentlessly, "after what I done fur you here today. Answer me up now."

"I come near it, plenty times," writhed the youth. "But she gives always such a laugh."

Grandfather Tudt measured his descendant scathingly.

"One thing is fur sure," he commented bitterly, "I wasted my time eighteen years back a'ready when I helped to fetch you and your twin into this here world. Here I took you off doc and made you your furst bath yet and laid you onto your first piller, and now what do I git fur it? A mess of dumb words. She laughs yet! To be sure she laughs. Ain't I tellin' you a'ready the sect always laughs or they always cries such times? It's their dopplig way of letting off their excitements." He gazed at the silent figure, then cannily tried another tack. "Och, my! But what does it make to talk to a weasel—a weasel where slanders off a innocent female behind her back? Insinooatin' oncet where she makes light of matrimony."

He settled back in his nest with an air of finality.

Sparks struck from the coal-black eyes. A firm, young chin shot to a belligerent angle as its owner sprang from the sawhorse.

"I never said she made light of matrimony. She ain't that stripe, I'd thank you to remember! No, I ain't ever seen a girl so strict like what she is. She says still where if you git oncet promised, you can't otherwise break out of it. She says oncet a girl gives her yes, she can't ever make it no. She won't even to play them kissing games, fur she says she's savin' up her first kiss fur the feller she marries with. She says yet where it's a"—his voice broke—"a se-seal."

A pullet pecked at his shoe button. He kicked at it in sudden embarrassment and sagged down, sweating furiously.

"It's time she was gittin' one of them se-seals," Grandfather Tudt commented dryly; "and if I was back fifty years or such, I'd be the feller where'd give it to her." His eye squinted down the slope upon a figure which was advancing rapidly through his weedy pasture. "What's your twin wantin' now? Fur he's wantin' somepun off me or he wouldn't be makin' the trouble to see me." He grasped one of the hirsute tufts with irascibility. "What does he want to go inkerruptin' us fur, anyhow? See here—quick now! What's that yellow-headed girl doin' with herself tonight?"

Ezer swallowed hard.

"Gustifer Holzappel's taking her on a buggy."

"Och, elend! And it's a moon too. But what tomorrow night?"

The answer faltered upon Ezer's lips. Answers always faltered upon his lips when his assertive twin appeared upon the scene. He seemed to shrink upon the sawhorse as an agile figure bounded over the sagging fence.

"Hi, grampop! How you vass, as the Dutch say?"

"Glad to see some and ain't glad to see others—as us Americans say," retorted his grandfather.

The difference in degree of affection which Eri cherished for his twin descendants seemed at casual glance to be unwarranted, for the young men were so similar in appearance that even their own mother had at times confused them. Upon closer inspection, Eben's eyes may have been somewhat closer together than Ezer's; but what his eyes lacked in space between them his feet made up. Eben Misenhelder always stood with feet braced wide against any and all comers. He braced widely now and gazed down upon the pink scrimmage of features which was his maternal grandparent.

"What you wantin' off me?" rasped Grandfather Tudt.

"Two dollars," said the unabashed Eben.

"You ain't gittin' it," said Eri. "I bet a'ready you'd git soon bounced off your job."

The young man burst into laughter.

"You bet the wrong side of your mouth then. No, Andore City ain't leavin' loose of me till a while yet. But the boss at the garage had some such business at this hind end of the county, so I says, 'Well, boss,' I says, 'what's a matter of me doin' it,' I says, 'and accidentally drop in and see the old folks?' I says. So he give me dare and here I was. But this here two dollars now. I need it bad, grampop, now that I do. I got it plenty in bank in Andore, but I just ain't packin' it. How was I to guess it was going to be a church social at the Neutzhauers' tomorrow night? And you know me, grampop; I ain't ever leavin' the girls starve fur ice cream or whatever."

"Neutzhauers'? Tomorrow night?" Grandfather Tudt piped shrilly

"To be sure. They're hurryin' it fur some such relation where's visiting them. She's purty enough to eat, Neutzhauer says." He smacked his lips anticipatively. "It's a free fur all, fur to raise an organ fund, so that lets you in, grampop."

"It ain't gittin' the chancet to let me in, fur I ain't goin'," he retorted with asperity. He turned toward the other twin in consternation. "Tonight a buggy ride, tomorrow night a social!"

"Now you are on the hint of it! To be sure, a buggy ride tonight," chortled Eben. "I ain't ever leaving this here moon go to waste. And you know me, grampop! I am a man this much that I ain't ever beauin' a girl on a buggy without stopping off somewheres and buying her a flashy bag of somepun. And then there's this social coming. So I says to myself still, 'Well, I bet grampop would anyhow dip down into the old sock and bungle up the lend of a couple dollars,' seeing I was ketched unexpected with moonlight and a social. And I says still ——"

"Git away from me with your mushy moonlights and your socials!" squeaked Grandfather Tudt, leaping from his nest. "Git aways from me, both of youse!" He scuttled to his doorstep. There he turned and spatted at his visitors with both his palms. "It's easy seen why the Lord had got to make twins out of you. Fur you ain't the both of you together got brains enough fur to fill one usual head. Git along now!"

Eben settled his cap jauntily.

"We're bounced," he announced to his twin. "But say, farmer, ketch me a horse up, will you? And how's the buggy wheels? Was they greased?"

"Leave him ketch his own horse!" screeched Grandfather Tudt. He grabbed open his door, expelled the cleanly air from his nostrils with a snort, and slammed it shut again. He stood indeterminately in his side yard and gazed after the retreating twins. "I gosh!" he murmured aloud. "I wisht one was half the one and half the other"

Which may have meant something or nothing. He eyed his nest. He did not want to sit down. But the habit of a lifetime was strong. He sat. Immediately the broken horsehair seemed to prod him unmercifully. He got up.

But, after all, it was not the horsehair which prodded him, but conscience. Conscience—conscience which had prodded him at intervals ever since the night he had officiated at the birth of the twins—had given him a cumulative dig with that nonchalant remark: "Ketch me a horse up!" Ezer Eri had always been ketching horses up for Eben Eri. Yes, from the time they had learned the meaning of words, it had been Eben Eri who had commanded, Ezer Eri who had obeyed.

And why? Because in the Misenhelder household the elder son was preeminently the elder son, with all the privileges that pertained thereto. Grandfather Misenhelder, Father Misenhelder, even Mother Misenhelder, had unwittingly fostered this ancient notion of priority, making of no account that but a scant five hours had intervened between the birth of the twins. Only Grandfather Tudt had stood aloof through the years, viewing with dismay the increasing dominance of Eben, the increasing subjection of Ezer. Conscience-stricken dismay, because he alone knew that Ezer was in reality the older, Eben the younger!

Oh, yes, Grandfather Tudt had thought it a most excellent joke the night the twins were born so to transpose them that the older might seem the younger; and as a consequence, as his waggish old heart then believed, so to arrange it that the one who was in reality the older might

(Continued on Page 46)

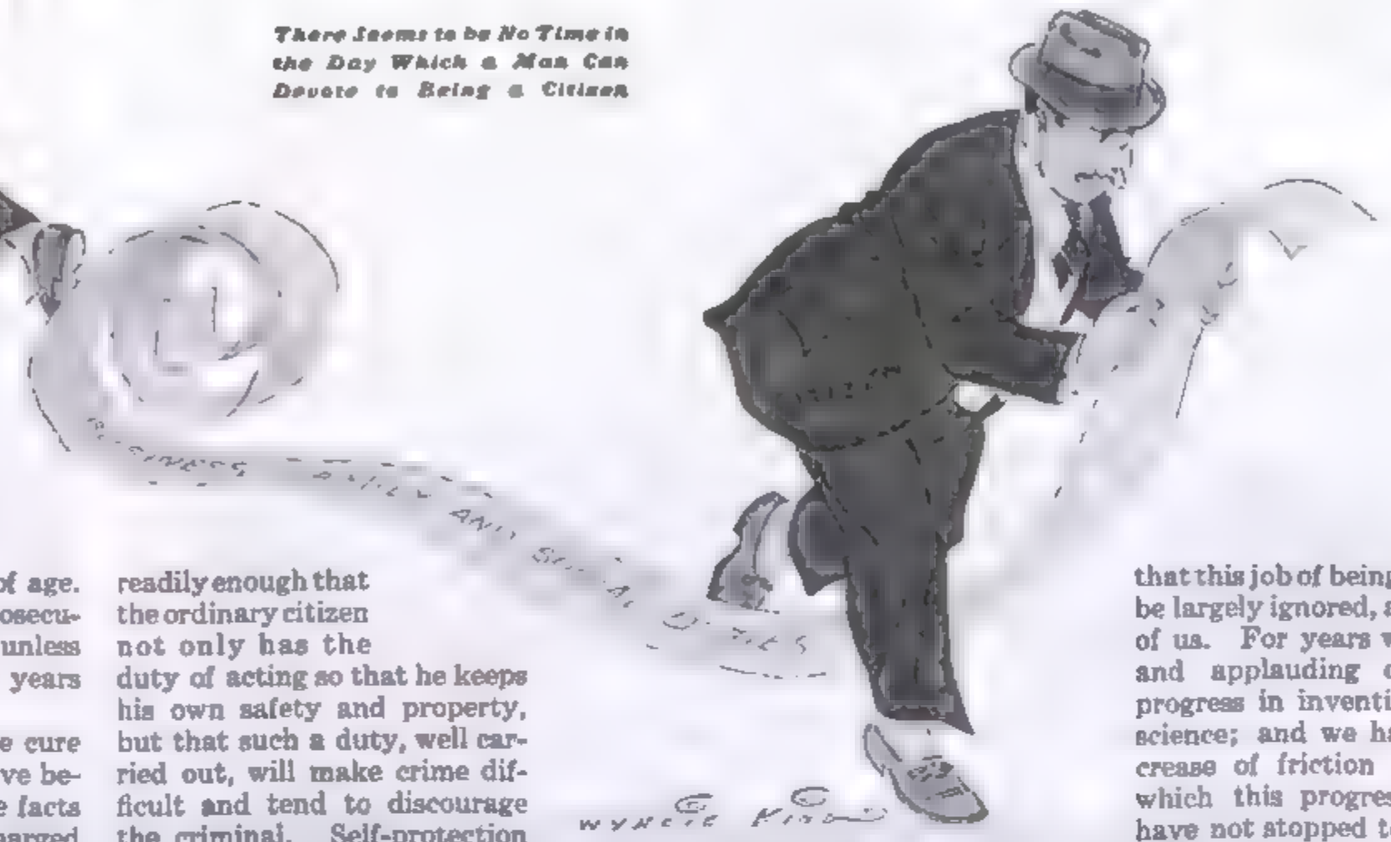
"I Thought it Was You, I Thought it Was You!" She Kept Mumbling in Undertone Over and Over

The Great American Scandal

The Criminal and the Citizen

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



There Seems to be No Time in the Day Which a Man Can Devote to Being a Citizen

WE ARE faced with a national crime record which has caused Chief Justice Taft to say, "The administration of criminal justice in this country has broken down . . . and in all but a few states it is a disgrace to civilization."

We are made the butt of Europe's jokes because we cannot enforce that multiplicity of laws we have a passion to enact. Property and life are not safe in this boasted civilization. We have more killings in a single city than take place in the whole of England or the whole of Canada during a year. We lose not millions but billions of dollars every twelve months to our criminal classes. Youth runs wild from the feeble authority of home and state and has preëmpted a right to swell our increasing criminal population. Probably two-thirds of our offenders are under twenty-five years of age. Seriously and solemnly, judges and police chiefs, prosecutors and prison wardens have declared to me that unless public opinion is aroused to action we are in for ten years of crime carnival unparalleled in modern times.

I have undertaken to find out the causes and the cure for this menace. And in the course of doing so I have believed that it was my duty to discover not only the facts and statistics, not only the testimony of those charged with law enforcement, not only the character and method of the new type of criminal, not only the loopholes through which he escapes punishment and therefore encourages other recruits in crime, but also the attitude of the average citizen in the United States toward our rising crime tide.

I have invited and will continue to invite the testimony and evidence of citizens, but I confess at once a belief that the average man and woman, although informed in a vague way that crime is rampant, that lawbreaking is running away from all restraint and that something is the matter with our system of authority, are inclined to take the position that knowing very little of the subject, feeling a general distaste for it and not knowing what to do about it, they will wash their own hands of it. The subject is a disagreeable one, as I have discovered. But taking it by the horns is someone's duty. To a certain extent it is also everyone's duty.

How the Individual Citizen Can Help

WE ARE aware that even the best avenues in New York and the Loop District in Chicago, as examples, have become the scenery for popping guns, and that to the old American Wild West we have added the Wild East. I know that we have learned to pay more attention to the murder of an American in Turkey or one Scottish Highlander in Shanghai than we pay to our twenty or thirty killings a day in the United States. One distant killing is an outrage; thirty, under our noses, in one day of our civilization, most of which go completely unpunished, are hardly noticed.

I showed this statement to one average citizen, a responsible successful American manufacturer.

He looked somewhat disturbed and said, "What can we citizens do about it?"

Of course this series of articles on crime is to answer that question as usefully as possible and without mincing words. The attempt will be made to point out why we have crime and why we appear so feeble in preventing it. To that attempt will be added an endeavor to stir public opinion, without which some of our antique gestures directed at law enforcement will never be changed. But at this moment I am prepared to answer the man or woman who asks, "What can we do about it as individuals, personally?"

A great deal! Only the police and prosecutors and the crooks themselves realize how much. There are definite duties of every family and every individual to learn a rôle, small though it be, in crime prevention, detection and punishment.

The first lesson is to add to the protection given by the authorities of the law all the self-protection against the criminal that intelligence can summon. Anyone can see readily enough that the ordinary citizen not only has the duty of acting so that he keeps his own safety and property, but that such a duty, well carried out, will make crime difficult and tend to discourage the criminal. Self-protection serves not only oneself; it serves the whole community! Some police departments in various cities have issued from time to time printed warnings and instructions for the use of citizens. In my task of gathering information, however, I am impressed with the failure of most police systems to instruct the community. The police need the coöperation of the citizen, but they are under some obligation to instruct him and warn him of his dangers.

A seasoned thief who has now retired and gone in for bootlegging, and who is building a country estate, said to me with a laugh:

"The business of the burglar, the bandit, the confidence man and the blackmailer depends a lot upon the fact that their clients are mental defectives. Nowadays when a crime takes place and they nab the man, they send for a mind doctor and examine the prisoner. What they ought to do is to examine the poor nuts who are the victims. There's a real chance for science!"

It is impossible in a short space to cover the whole field of instruction; it is possible only to select from data gathered in various cities and indicate the important points where precaution will protect the business, the family and the community, and tend to defeat the criminal.

Whatever Good or Bad Taste May Dictate This Display, It Is Always Crime Bait

The Commercial Standards Council has issued a booklet by Harry D. Nims, a New York attorney, in which something of the citizen's duty to seek intelligence and understanding in his obligation to become a part of the law enforcement system is set forth in a manner to stimulate thought.

"Being a citizen today requires more understanding, more patience and more self-control than it did fifty years ago.

"Most of us fail to realize this. Our attitude toward the law and toward public affairs is largely that of a generation ago. We forget that the new conditions under which we live have so changed the situation that this job of being a citizen cannot longer be largely ignored, as is the case with many of us. For years we have been admiring and applauding our almost breathless progress in invention, in business and in science; and we have overlooked the increase of friction and misunderstanding which this progress has produced. We have not stopped to contrast the demands which government and law make upon a citizen in 1924 with the demands which they made on the citizen in 1824, or in 1874."

Coöperation With the Police

"SUCH contrast is a sobering process. We have grown in our capacity for scientific development, in our ability to handle big business, to build business organization to a size and an extent undreamed of a few generations ago; but our capacity to maintain, to live under and to coöperate with an effective legal system has not kept pace with this growth. This failure has been due to oversight, not to intent. It has been the result of city living, the speed of daily life and the tension under which men work. There seems to be no time in the day which a man can devote to being a citizen.

"We read of friction, of misunderstandings, of lamentable failures on the part of law, of legal machinery, to function. The knowledge irritates us. We feel a distinct desire to take hold, but the impulse ends there. The wheels of progress creak. We see about us waste, unrest and lawlessness, most of which can be traced to a lack of coöperation on the part of the public with our legal system, and to a disregard or forgetfulness of its rightful demands upon us. But we see nothing practical we can do."

The first practical step is coöperation with the police—coöperation in the comparatively simple steps to protect one's own home.

The best general burglar alarm in the world, as the porch climbers know, is a sensible dog and his bark. There is nothing which more surely produces the proper neurasthenic state in an invader than to have his presence announced by a herald. A dog who barks at everything, like the boy who cried "Wolf!" loses a part of his usefulness, but a well-trained

sensible dog, regardless of size, who can be encouraged to wag a tail at the butcher boy and split the air at the coming of a night prowler, will often pay his own board for years by preserving the safety of the family for five minutes.

When you have the next opportunity look over your window and door locks, and then all entrances to cellars and all scuttles on the roof. The best of these will not guarantee safety, but the better they are the better the protection. One of the great testimonials to the trusting simple natures of men and women of supposed intelligence is found in the kind of locks installed in American homes. Door locks which may baffle the family when they have lost the key on the way home from the theater may be of such light construction that a three-minute activity will saw them out, or they may have a latch which can literally be forced back by inserting a calling card. It is possible for anyone with the help of a good hardware mechanic to pick out fittings which will serve in some degree to save money in the end.

It is the back of the house which needs the closest inspection. Just why the householder always feels that the most important façade of his castle is the one which will be attacked by the marauder, no one knows. The fact is that burglars, especially in cities, dislike front-face work. I have talked to one expert who said that the street side was so dangerous that he would not attack it even if the doors were open. It is always the less obvious entrance which attracts the invader—it is the roof with the scuttles, or a rope swung down from the roof to an unlocked window, or a coping or a fire escape or a cellar opening.

What Locks are For

THE guarding of the ingresses by good devices is not of particular consequence if these devices are not used. One city burglar engaged two small boys to go along both sides of a fashionable block in the summertime, when the residents had boarded up their houses and were in Bar Harbor, Long Island and Europe. The boys received a dollar for trying to lift the sidewalk coalhole covers, all of which had heavy chains which might be fastened in the cellar. Sixteen of them, the burglar later testified, were unfastened, and through two of them, after he had allowed a month to go by while he made his studied selection, he gained access to undisturbed possession. If no one in a household has undivided responsibility for locking up when the family retires or leaves the house alone, it is almost certain that doors or windows, coalholes or cellar bulkheads will remain insecure.

One useful adjunct to the protection given the shell of the house—the mere exterior—is the locking of doors leading from one part of the house to another. No doubt a good many families have been saved from violent adventures by the fact that the downstairs part of their dwellings was separated from the upstairs by a door fastened with a heavy lock, a heavy hook or a heavy bolt. It goes almost without saying that the more the house is divided into locked compartments the greater is the problem of the burglar.

But above all other easy entrances to a home there is none quite so complete as that of employment. The chief of a detective bureau of one of our Eastern Seaboard cities has told me that in no other folly does the householder quite reach such heights of absurdity as when he or she hires help. He cited the case of a woman who had lost all her silverware and jewelry by leaving her home in charge of a man and wife who acted as butler and maid. The mistress of the house was a graduate of a famous college and an executive officer in women's clubs and women's political organizations.

"How did you happen to engage these two servants?" the inspector asked.

"Well, I had been having servant trouble and they were sent to me by a reputable employment agency."

"How did you know they were sent by the agency?"

"They said so."

In point of fact there was no such agency and the servants had explained later that the agency had gone out of business.

"Did you ask for references?"

"Yes, they showed me several."

"How did you know they did not write these references themselves? Did you check them up?"

"Why, no—I almost never do. Particularly in this case, these people had such a nice frank appearance."

"What were their names?"

"James and Gertrude."

"No, I mean their last name and address."

"Why, really, I—I can't quite say. They asked to be paid in cash and not by check. I don't know the last name."

It is an astonishing fact that numbers of householders know little more of their servants than did this woman. Servants come and go and are forgotten, and then if a few months later the house is burglarized with an ease that shows familiarity with the premises and the use of duplicate keys, the innocent victims are astonished by the inside information at the command of the invaders.

Among the emphatic warnings of the police is the caution against leaving the house for a day, a shopping tour, or for an overnight or week-end trip, and giving all possible notice to any spying criminal that nobody is at home. Vacating a house should be attended by notifying the police rather than those who are waiting to break and enter. And yet most householders take efficient means to notify the burglar. They move the empty milk bottles into a prominent position on the front porch, they pull down all the shades, they put up a card saying, Back at Six, they ask some neighbor to say to any inquirers that they have gone to the country for the Fourth of July. They pull all the shades so that the whole house fairly screams down the street "I'm deserted," just as at night they often turn out every light in the house, although they ought to know that for some strange reason a light of any kind often deters marauders. To cap the climax, the householder with sly avoidance of the old custom of leaving the key under the doormat will place it on the ledge over the door! Many women notify tradesmen and delivery boys that they will be out at certain hours and then wonder how some thief found out about their absence.

Few householders have a police whistle, and perhaps this is because few know that one of the first steps of a sober burglar is to cut the electric light and telephone wires to prevent an alarm. Certainly few householders know that often the amount of goods stolen depends on the number of dress suitcases and other traveling bags left around where they will be handy for the thief to use in carrying away his selection of articles.

These strangers, more often than not, have an engaging appearance. The police know too well the story told by women whose premises have been robbed under unpleasant circumstances.

The Search for Burglars Is Utter Folly

"The thing that surprised me was his respectable, prosperous appearance and his polite manner. He only wanted to look up an address in my telephone book—somebody named Gilbert. Of course I was a little suspicious, as I always am; but after he had looked around and I was showing him out, why then he put his foot in the door. And oh!"

There Is Nothing Which More Surely Produces the Proper Neurasthenic State in an Invader Than to Have His Presence Announced by a Herald

Blow a Police Whistle Repeatedly, as If You Were Intending to Work at It Eight Hours a Day

Rules for the Householder

A COMMON practice in many households is for a maid to let in a stranger or vender or alleged gas-meter reader or someone claiming to be an inspector of something. She leaves him in the kitchen or front hall for a little while as she goes up to notify her mistress. And a little while is often sufficient for the stranger to select the solid pieces from the plated. For servants, and their employers, too, it is a good rule never to leave canvassers, delivery messengers and others not identified or vouched for, alone, even to go to the telephone. The person on the other end of the telephone may be an accomplice of your caller

Those who come to the house to obtain delivery of express packages, or say they have been sent by an absent member of the family to take clothing or furs for cleaning, and those venders who offer goods for sale far below the normal price are always possible dangers. The sneak thieves use the first method to obtain the mother's furs or the father's overcoat, and the second are probably selling stolen goods. But so gullible are most householders that a good appearance plus a strong assertion of any kind is sufficient to give complete assurance of good faith.

A police official told me that a new laundry, seeking to obtain business from its competitors, had sent one of its drivers about a prosperous neighborhood merely saying at each door, "Laundry ready this week?" And in nearly half a hundred cases the laundry of the family was handed out to a total stranger without a question!

The short safe rule is to keep every unidentified person on the cold side of the threshold. Observance of it would avert not only many losses of property but crimes of violence against the person, even killings. Then it would not be said so often, "The man, who said he was a peddler, had spread some laces for me to see, and he asked for a drink of water and that is the last I remember." Another short safe rule is never to give money or property of any kind to anyone who is not known and vouched for. In one item alone—the payments down, to strangers, of parts of any bargained sum for anything—the loss every year to the simple American householder is beyond computation.

I have asked in several cities what the householder should do in case the invader does in fact get into the home. The overwhelming opinion is that whenever possible violent conflict with the criminal should be avoided.

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AS A WOMAN THINKS

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I DOUBT if the best people live their own lives. They make themselves the shield and buckler of another's life, or they are the foundations of peace and security upon which many lives are built.

What impresses me is that they seem to pass beyond the reach of any rewards. They lose the capacity to receive or to shine. If the most devoted mother survives the sacrifices she has made, it is with pathetically folded hands, as the spectator of the brilliant careers of her sons and daughters. I suppose mothers get some sort of half joy out of being merely present; but even that is sacrificial, for they are not puffed up over establishing these young ones; they are simply rejoicing in their success. Something has happened to them, they are tragically emptied of self and cannot share the lives they have made

It is the same way with preachers, priests, prophets, all that class of men who spend themselves for others—they lose the capacity to live. They are those good, quiet shadows in the background everywhere, strangely contented with your fame or your prosperity, not neglected, but used up.

We are very good about making them the objects of our benefits We get them out and show them off now and then for conscience' sake, but they never really enjoy the parade except to be in our reflected glory. They are dead to themselves, which is being dead indeed

Just practice laying down your life for others and see what happens to you! These others will take it, strengthened by you, and go on about their affairs. I have never seen that Scripture fulfilled in this world which reads, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake the same shall find it," so it must be fulfilled in the world to come, which is a long way off and very mysterious, geographically speaking.

Sometimes when I am very low in my mind I get a feeling of terror about the Word. So many Scriptures read like laws every whit as merciless as those which control life in the natural world. All that lives has been and must be fertilized by that decay provided by death. Every flower fades, every leaf falls to enrich the soil for next year's leaves and blossoms. Must we also lay down our lives forever and ever as living sacrifices that those who come after us shall be stronger and wiser to win what we missed of life and happiness? Is no mercy to be shown to the very good? Must they wait to be raised from the dust of all things to receive their rewards?

Such thinking makes me nervous and a trifle indignant about the way those people who do not lay down their lives seem to flourish more than we do who have served long sentences in that wearying position.

Now it is a mistake to fit your life to one or two Scriptures when there is such a wide choice of them. So when these moods of godly depression fall upon me and I am feeling like a poor old How-Firm-a-Foundation, or like a spiritual leaf that has been used a long time for the fattening or healing of the ungodly, I stir about in the Gospels for a better prophecy of myself. Something like this, for example: "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Nothing is changed, you understand; the same law of the spiritual world is demanding the laying down of my life for His sake; but I get an extension of that law for my own mortal sake. Somewhere, sometime I shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and whatsoever I do shall prosper! I am not above making a literal interpretation of such a promise in the fairing weather of my mind I begin to feel greener, fresher in my boughs. Suddenly I am conscious of many rivers of kind water that have flowed close to the roots of my life. I have sinned quite a good deal and come short of my own glories, much less the Lord's glory. Still I have not lost much, only a few of my dearer treasures laid up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. I am very well off here. After all, for a bush of my size I have brought forth considerable fruit. I am not old; I feel everlasting. Therefore let the years come; time cannot defeat or harm me.

In such a mood I can swing paragraphs by the hour from the tip of my pen, or I can go forth and plant a field, strutting in the conviction that whatsoever I do shall prosper It is a grand feeling, kin to that liberty the old-fashioned preachers used to claim when they made sure the Holy Ghost had descended upon them and they fell upon their congregations with power.

It all comes to this again and again when you get the chance to see through your glass clearly for a moment: The Scriptures were made for us. They are the literature of what we are, the great reference book of man. We are not created like victims to fulfill them. By living we do fulfill them, no matter how we live, in the flesh or in the spirit, or, like the mortal hyphens we really are, halfway between. I use my Scriptures this way regardless of what may happen to the favorite creeds and doctrines of other people. The idea of a church God or a national God is too diffused to meet my personal needs and peculiarities.

I believe this is true of every man. Once you begin to fumble according to your own light with a denominational idea of God or to mix politics with your religion, your light goes out and you find yourself being tried for heresy, or in some brotherhood which denies the divinity of Jesus; whereas if you had your own right mind toward the Lord you would know that any brotherhood which denies Jesus is apt to be a vindictive corporation organized against all men who do not belong to that union. We are not brothers except according to the way and the life of the great Galilean. I myself cannot pretend to be more than the disgusted stepbrother of all modernists in the church and of red radicals in general

But after all we spend most of our centuries maneuvering in the right direction. It is only now and then that a demoniacal cat fit starts somewhere, as in Russia at the present time. The hysteria spreads as demoniacal dancing did in the middle centuries, but it dies down. The whole thing comes from some monstrous mob ignorance of the spirit. The individual Russian still believes in his God, but the evil forces of stronger minds are exploiting him. The thing that grieves us is the casualties among the innocent along the way.

In One Small Room All My Lights and Darkness Came; People That I Had Seen, But Never Knew, Were Suddenly Revealed to Me, So That I Could Write Down the Very Secrets of Their Hearts

When you have only one book you use it a great deal. I have read many books, but I have never had my own personal rights to but one, the Bible. The others belong to the authors who wrote them. They have been created, but, broadly speaking, they are not creative. The Bible is. I may be pardoned then for referring to it frequently as the source from which I have received most of my inspiration in living and thinking.

But the trouble is that we can use the Scriptures only as far as they will go, and those we have do not seem to be complete. I have a vague hungry feeling that we have not discovered all of them. There must be a few tablets still buried somewhere thousands of years deep in brighter dust which record a little happiness, something to ease the strain of so many sacrifices and holy joys. I have had such joys. It is like coming up through great tribulations and sitting for a moment beneath your halo with tears on your cheeks. I am not complaining, you understand; it is a grand feeling, but too poignant to be really restful, as if you had been exalted by a deed or a sacrifice and must choose just holiness when you are still in the flesh and feel the mortal need of relaxing some

I know by the witness of my own spirit that we have missed a Gospel or two which contained the strictly human touch in words. Paul comes somewhere near it in his tender letters to Timothy, but all these apostles were made too grave by their suffering to catch the light of that message we should have. The place where it really belongs is

in those passages quoted from Jesus. I am certain they failed to record all He said, or that it has been lost, or that it is still hidden away in the archives of time. He was fearless, merciful, not good at remembering that we are dust, He would have made a little allowance for that kind of happiness humans need: not an indulgence in sin, but an indulgence in life.

I do hope it is not blasphemous to say that I can almost see Jesus in such a mood: His people at ease about Him. It would be a quiet, bright morning before the multitudes began to gather. And He will have looked at these chosen to keep and defend His Word with that blessing look even we can best appreciate in children whom we love. And He will have said, "Dear children, be happy!" Something like that the multitudes said, knowing what travails they were to pass through and how greatly they would need the respite of light-heartedness. But nothing of the kind is recorded anywhere in the Bible.

The word "happy" does occur at rare intervals, but it is too fearful a word to use. "Happy is the man that feareth always," says Solomon. And Job in great pain catches his breath with this: "Happy is the man whom God correcteth." And James says, "We count them happy which endure." All of which means, fortunate are they who are prepared for the worst, take their punishments with meekness and endure with courage. These are the evidences of a good character, but not my idea of real happiness. One wearies of worrying all the time with his best attributes, especially in plain sight of the wicked, who do seem to flourish without any such attributes. I have never taken this as hard as Jeremiah did, still I have had my feelings.

One day Jeremiah's virtues irked him. He was too aloof and lonesome. And he had what you may call an altercation with the Lord.

"Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments: Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously? Thou hast planted them, yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit: thou art near in their mouth, and far from their reins." He goes on reminding the Lord of his own obedience and how he has borne his trials until his sense of outraged justice gets the better of him, and he exclaims, "Pull them out like sheep for the slaughter, and prepare them for the day of slaughter."

I do not suppose the very treacherous are happy and I have never wanted the wicked pulled out like sheep for the slaughter, but I have always wanted to ask a truly bad man who seemed to be having a good time if he really was enjoying himself.

I have always had a hankering after some cheerful salvation, suitable and sanctifying to me as a human being in this present world, where I know what I am doing and what I want. I feel that I have a buried talent for just happiness, a sort of incandescence of my own nature which longs to shine. It seems to me that I have never made my happy sounds in living. I have missed that laughter which is the speech of a merry heart. But I have heard it many a time in a crowd and always flirted my head around to see who made it. Usually a young person whose burdens are still being borne by others.

But once, I remember, it was an old woman standing in her own dooryard watching two children, serious and absorbed in their play. Such a figure! Tall and gaunt, so straight and finely posed, her homely dress might have been a rag flung over an imperishable ideal. Such a face! Wrinkled, brown, rough, like a crude verse written by somebody like Ossian; the wind and the weather of life had passed over it, but now the sun in her eyes, the simplicity of the deepest wisdom made humorous upon her smiling lips. No comeliness anywhere, but that beauty of honest happiness in every line. I think of her as a song I saw once in the flesh set to a good stout tune of laughter.

I have a distinct recollection of such people through the whole of my life. They do exist—women who have survived all their fears and learned their burdens by heart and stand canonized by that undefeated look of happiness. I have seen someone go by who looked like a joyful traveler on his way to some happiness he had earned, carrying himself, you may say, with the long light stride of a good conscience. At such times I have felt the light of my wings as if I had seen the witness of my own hopes go by.

These are the only people I have ever envied. They have an expression of animation not intellectual, but vital, so different from that conquered look of peace which I am always fearing will settle upon my face before I know what they have learned, not by thinking, but by some happier use they have made of living.

I cannot now recall when this idea first took possession of me, but it was far back in the years—that the life I was living was not mine, but a sentence imposed upon me by fate, to be served faithfully. And then as a reward further on I should have my very own life, which would be different. I was not so concerned as my husband to win heaven. I had an impression then which has persisted with me to this day, that for all we know this life may be a rest the Lord gives us between long spells of eternity. I anticipated some place in my years where happiness would begin, as tired people look forward to a vacation.

Shortly after A Circuit Rider's Wife was published, it seemed to me I saw it, as you look a long way down the road and see a wider brighter place where you turn in through a gate and enter your own house. I remember saying something to Lundy about this. We would get away presently from all the cares we had ever had, take a little house in the country and begin to live happy ever after. I remember his silence, the look he gave me. If in the last day when we are called, there is one who hears, but cannot rise from his dust, he will have just that look of terrible comprehension.

It comforts me now to remember that not even in this dark time when the shades were deepening about him did I ever raise my hands to heaven and cry, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I think well of myself that my one concern was to keep him and comfort him as long as I could reach him. Maybe I shall never achieve happiness, but one thing I have had—the terrible wisdom of love. I cannot doubt that I have received the best of my life and nearly every gift that prospered in me from my association with Lundy. What really troubles me sometimes is whether or not he might have fared better in the spirit if he had been free as a monk to seek his sacrifices and renunciations.

I think now happiness is a thing you practice like music until you have skill in striking the right notes on time. We have no vocation for it. And I had no practice, not a day when I was free from care and one great anxiety—and one must be free to be happy. I know that much about it by having missed it.

I came nearer to what happiness must be, a sort of deliverance from the things that are, after I began to do creative work. Once I had a pen in my hand and the use of my faculties, the casements of all my darkness were flung wide and I escaped into a very bright, quiet, good world of thoughts.

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I Am Sitting Pale and Wan in My Black Dress, But Not Bowed Down or Weeping as a Widow Should Be. And I Am Being Visited by a Great Preacher in Our Church

CONQUERED

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"What D'you Know About That Bag?" He Challenged, Not Unconscious of the Signs of Guilt That Hung Over the Quailing Girl

IV

SPIDER'S inadequacy never quite came home to Tiny until one night when Bob Cuttrell, the floor manager of The Bon Ton Recreation Hall, casually introduced a visiting stranger to her. This stranger, whom Cuttrell had called "Mr. Stone," wore a winged collar and a dinner jacket, which might have passed unremarked in that coterie of district chowder graduates to whom the open-faced shirt was no longer the novelty it once had been. But the stranger carried about him an aloofness and easy nonchalance which promptly marked him off as an outlander. And he left no doubt on the matter when he danced the fourth consecutive dance with the perversely exhilarated Tiny, who sniffed the aroma of some upper world in the arms of this intruder with the soft voice and the patent-leather shoes.

They danced with the utmost decorum, it is true; for the East Side, oddly enough, is more rigidly exacting in its dancing-floor demands than is the West Side, as the hall bouncer would very promptly have demonstrated. But the stranger showed his ignorance of local traditions by openly appropriating the girl of a Gas House chief and parading his triumph before the heavy-knuckled followers of a discredited leader. Such things simply weren't done, unless one stood ready to face the consequences.

Tiny woke up to what those consequences might be when, toward the end of her last dance with the stranger, she caught sight of the conferring Gas Housers at one end of the hall. And instinct promptly told her there was trouble ahead.

"This has been a swell dance, Mista' Stone," she said as they college-walked and wheeled and dipped toward the other end of the hall, "but, by certain signs I know, you ain't going to remember it long. So ——"

"It has been a wonderful dance," interrupted her partner, "and I intend to remember it much longer than you imagine."

"If you want to enjoy that privilege," rejoined the slightly breathless Tiny, "I'd advise you to duck by way o' that back door while the duckin' is good."

"But I prefer going the other way," protested the cool-eyed outlander. "And I don't intend going until the music stops."

"It may stop for you quicker'n you imagine," Tiny found the courage to tell him.

"What have I done?" he asked with his half-amused smile.

"You've got yourself in Dutch," was her slightly retarded reply, "and unless you stage a prompt fade-away you're goin' to get handled rough."

"For dancing with you?" he inquired, still smiling.

She nodded, her color a little deeper than before.

"It's worth it," he coolly retorted. "And I'm not as fragile a lily as I look."

"But you'd never have a chance with that bunch of roughnecks," protested Tiny as the music ceased. "I know 'em, and you don't!"

"The thing that puzzles me," he meditatively observed, "is how a girl with an eye like the morning star is satisfied to kill time in a dump like this!"

She accepted that as an affront and punished him for it by releasing his arm and letting him walk, still audacious and debonair, into the midst of the waiting Gas Housers. No word was spoken and no move was made. But a sudden sense of tension reigned in that warm-aired place of amusement. If any suspicion of this reached the outlander, he chose to disregard it. He even reached for a cigarette as he proceeded to shoulder his way through the ominously massed figures which to the outward eye seemed so oblivious of his advance. But by accident, apparently, he jostled against one of the worthies so quietly watching his approach. When a rough voice demanded an apology for that affront the man in the dinner jacket merely emitted a half-amused laugh. And for that he was given a second shoulder bunt that knocked the cigarette from his fingers. He swung about and fixed his eye on the sullen-faced youth who had so deliberately collided with him. Then, with the flush going from his thin cheek, he drove a fist against the jaw of his assailant. It was a well-planted blow, expertly delivered. But it also served as an [illegible] excuse for the mêlée that followed. In that mêlée the self-assured young cavalier from a more ordered world came into violent collision with a blackjack, which sent him to the floor with no memory of what had overtaken him.

Tiny saw that assault, just as she saw the last of the Gas Housers drift discreetly away from the [illegible] man on the floor. And the injustice of it all made her blood boil.

"You dotty cowards!" she [illegible] ing Dago Mike with her small fists clenched. But her fury made small impression on Spider Logan's [illegible]

"You squeal and you'll get [illegible]," he quietly informed her out of the corner of his mouth as he edged past her.

"Who'll give it to me?" she [illegible], following him as he went, without a second glance at the dancers who were so unceremoniously getting rid of her recent partner.

"I will," said Spider, stepping [illegible] and clamping his fingers about her wrist. She tried to [illegible] her arm free, but he was too strong for her. So they merely stood there, staring into each other's faces [illegible] with anger.

"You're my goil, d'you understand?"

"I am not!" cried the indignant Tiny.

"You're my goil," repeated Spider, "and you started this by makin' a show of yourself wit[illegible] stranger. Pull that stuff a second time and I'll show you where you stand."

"Pull this stuff," proclaimed Tiny, parading her bruised wrist, "and I'll show you just where you stand. And if you think you can club me into swallowin' doity work like this you've sure got your numbers mixed. Get your hands off me or I'll call a cop in here and spill the beans before you tin bandits can throw your hardware away."

But Tiny, of course, didn't call a cop and spill the beans. That, in some way, would have been treachery to her own camp. It would have violated the vague but venerated code of the world that hated and was compelled to hate a welsher. She found herself, in fact, torn between two contending feelings. She nursed an instinctive hatred for

violence, for the brutish ways of the half-world along which her feet still wandered. She had no sympathy with crime. It was both foolish and futile. But, like all women, she loved courage. And there were times when even a gangster could be brave.

She took a wayward joy, too, in the temporary triumphs of the hunted eluding the clutch of the hunter, even though the charge of outlawry could be laid at the door of the fugitive in question. She ought not to sympathize with such things, she knew, but something deep in her nature responded to that more feral call. She even respected Spider Logan for being a leader, although he was merely the leader of a street gang that could never be too closely scrutinized. And she found a confusing sort of satisfaction in his very roughness, in his crude efforts to dominate her. A vestigial thrill had coursed through her body when he seized her and bruised her wrist. She wanted strength. She had stormed against his use of what she called the cave-man stuff, but she would never have forgiven him for being weak and white-livered.

So Tiny was none too happy, during the ensuing weeks, when Spider eschewed her company and sought out the companionship of the flamboyant Mamie Marnelle. The neglected little laundry worker resented that apparent parade of an attachment in eclipse. She was not in love with Spider. But to find him appropriated by another was a wound to her pride. Her manner, accordingly, was frigid in the extreme when they happened to meet just outside Harrigan's Pool Hall.

"What're you all zoomed up for?" inquired Spider as he swung in beside her and let an appreciative eye wander over the slender body in its freshly laundered frock of lavender-colored linen.

"I'm calling on a gen'leman friend," was Tiny's curt and totally mendacious retort. And that troubled Spider, as it was intended to do.

"What's the matter wit' soakin' the slush fund for a couple o' movie seats?" Spider obliquely inquired.

"What's the matter wit' your big blonde wit' the goldfish-colored hair?" Tiny obliquely retorted.

"Aw, Mamie was only pinch-hittin' till you came off the high horse," the leader of the Gas Housers was forced to acknowledge. "You're the real goods, Tiny, and it hoits to have you gi' me the glassy eye."

So Tiny, with her shattered sense of importance restored, came down "off the high horse." She relented, though only with certain vague reservations. She went to the movies and for two hours lived with the idle rich on a Long Island estate and thrilled absurdly when the foreign nobleman, who had so naively turned out to be a keister cracker, was caught in the act of stealing the family jewels from the wall safe in the library.

"That boid couldn't break into a Subway express," complained Spider, obviously dissatisfied with the pseudo-count's professional technic.

"What do you know about box work?" inquired Tiny, coming out of her trance.

"I'd know enough not to waste time on a bloomer," was Spider's retort as they passed out with the crowd.

"I wonder," soliloquized Tiny, after a more pointed inspection of his face, "if you're not wastin' time on more than a bloomer? How long are you goin' to hang around Harrigan's and duck for cover every time a cop turns the corner?"

"I can woik if I have to," protested Spider.

"But you don't seem to have to," objected Tiny.

"Well, I keep alive," asserted her companion in the pointed yellow shoes. "And I don't see what call you've got for gettin' upstage so sudden."

"I was thinkin' about the future," was Tiny's quite unlooked-for explanation.

"I'm satisfied wit' the present," retorted Spider.

"But what'll it lead to?" demanded Tiny. "What've you got left to have faith in?"

This question seemed to puzzle Spider.

"What d'you mean by this havin' faith?" he queried as he stopped to light a cigarette.

But Tiny had no adequate answer for that question, at least no answer that she could make understandable to the leader of the Gas House Gang. She knew that the gangster was a transgressor and that the way of the transgressor was hard. She knew that it was better to course with the hounds than to be chased with the hares. She knew that the world of order eventually triumphed over disorder. Yet her own world, in a way, was still the same world as Spider's. She was not in a position to preach. It wasn't up to her to do the Galway act. Some day, she felt, she would fight her way out of that humiliating morass that still kept her a straddler. But she wasn't so perfect herself. She would, she knew, never steal for herself. Yet there were times when she might have stolen for Buddy Rapp, for example; times when the sight of that pinched small face filled her with a hunger to thrust happiness into his arms. And even the promise of the nickel-plated crutches had been moved on, perforce, from a Christmas long past to a birthday still approaching.

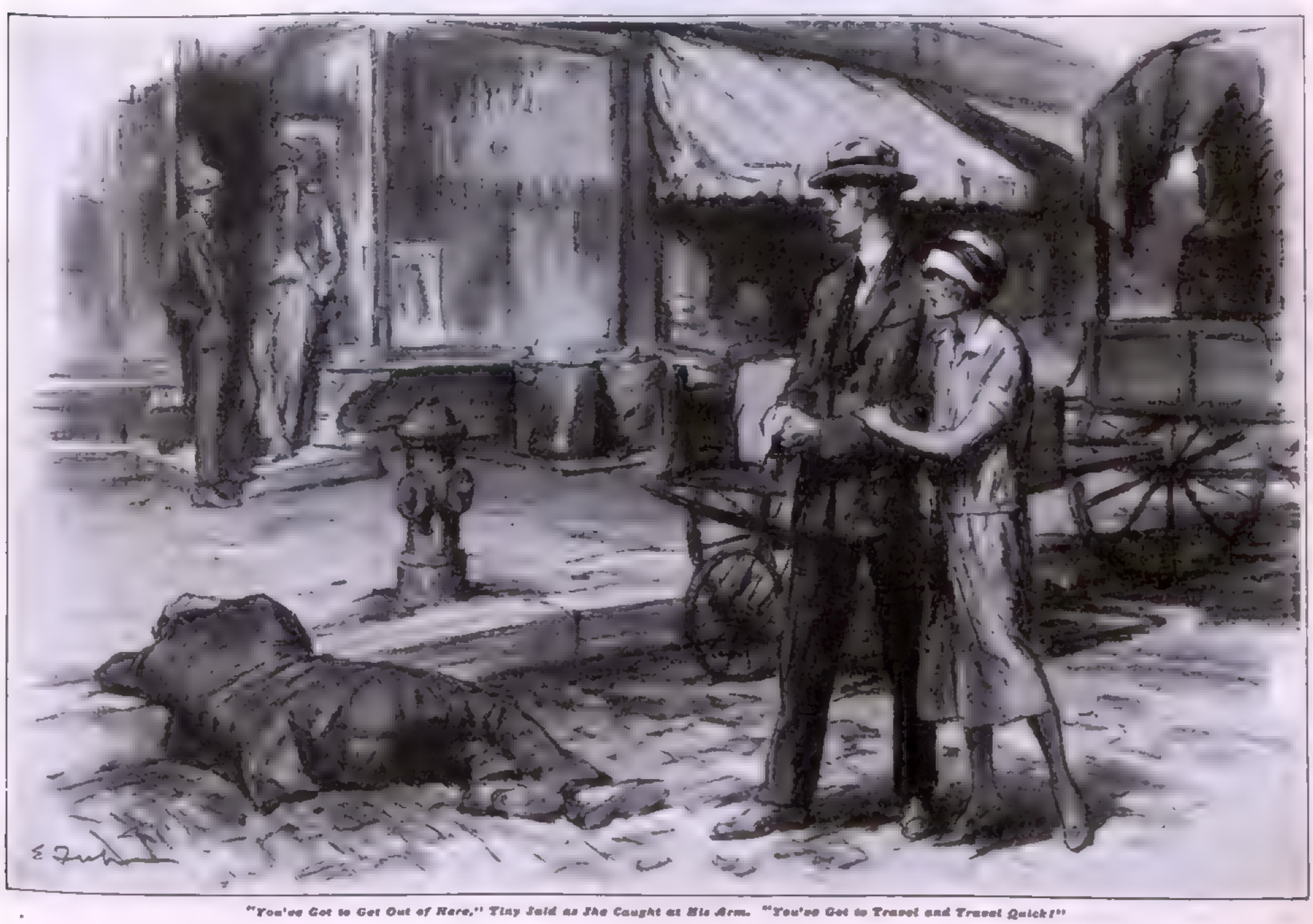
The thought of Buddy and of Buddy's birthday came abruptly back to her the next morning when she stopped in the midst of her work, with her lips parted and a far-away look in her eyes. For pinned to the neck of a pink chemise she found an overlooked boodle bag of soiled chamois. She knew, even without opening it, that it held jewelry. She also knew it was a rule of the laundry that all such finds should be promptly reported to the office. But Tiny, after a discreet look around to make sure she was not under observation, experienced still another moment of hesitation. She remembered her promise to Buddy and the fact that her meager pay envelope had left little surplus for the purchase of luxuries. And a pair of nickel-mounted crutches with leather padding were surely to be reckoned as luxuries.

So Tiny hesitated. Then, with a sudden hardening of her thin young face, she thrust the soiled boodle bag down into her stocking. She did not open it and examine its contents. But she could feel the padded points of the metal rings against her skin. They would bring ready money from a pawnbroker. She could take them down to Chatham Square or carry them over to Sixth Avenue, where there was small chance of their being traced and recognized. And without anybody being the wiser she could come triumphantly home to Buddy with his resplendent nickel-mounted crutches and hear his whoop of joy as he went stumping about the little flat.

But Tiny's triumph was not an unqualified one. The thought of stealing still troubled her. To take somebody else's jewelry was different from pinching a banana from Tito's fruit stand. Yet she hadn't stolen it, she fiercely contended; she had merely found it. And women who were careless with their rings deserved to lose them.

Then the fear of detection took possession of Tiny. She watched the clock and waited for the noon hour when she

(Continued on Page 148)



"You've Got to Get Out of Here," Tiny Said as She Caught at His Arm. "You've Got to Travel and Travel Quick!"

RIVERS TO CROSS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

I Stumbled Headlong Into the Muzzle of the Pistol

XXXVIII

I REMEMBER intercepting a glance between Ribault and Marshall when the substance of Philida's marconigram was conveyed to them. Plain as print, the glance read, "This should help." A brief message of reassurance flashed from one man to the other: perfectly natural, having regard to what had gone before. The motive that had inspired my refusal was gone—dotted and dashed out of existence by a disinterested wireless operator. It was an example of the laws of self-preservation; of the instinct, common to the best as well as worst of us, to seize a personal advantage before troubling to ask how it might affect the other fellow. In Ribault's position, I have no doubt I should have felt the same and that my first reaction would have been one of intense relief and satisfaction. Fate, in the character changeling, emotions and a woman's instability had played generously into his hands. To his credit be it written that satisfaction quickly gave place to sympathy. Gentle as a woman's, his hand went round my shoulders and closed with tightening pressure. He was mumbling something more or less unintelligible about never having married and not regretting it.

Marshall was outspoken; that was his way; he spoke his mind irrespective of how welcome or unwelcome its conclusions might be. In moments of crisis—even when the crisis is not our own—true characteristics reveal themselves nakedly. Marshall did not believe there was more than one entirely perfect woman in the world—Marian. The rest were opportunists; vain, faithless, acquisitive, capricious, impulsive creatures; strangers to the sense of law and justice. They would make a man or break a man with equal lack of motive or regard. His estimate was not formed from actual life, but from court-room experience and an almost childlike belief that a sex which could not answer a direct question with a positive yes or no was unworthy of real trust or notice. Yes or no was Marshall's philosophy of life. He would not admit the existence of that vast area, peopled almost exclusively by women, which exists subtly between the affirmative and the negative state.

He turned away when Marian whispered the news to him, his face spotted by greenish-white patches of indignation. Seizing the acorn of the blind pull, he struck it this way and that between open palms. I heard it chattering to and fro across the windowpane like a jazz drum.

"Damnable!" he ejaculated in a voice hard as a pebble. "Utterly rotten and damnable! I'd thank God ——"

And quickly from Marian, with glittering eyes: "Marshall, don't!"

I grabbed my hat from a chair in the hall and fled from the house. After that I ran—heaven knows why—ran across Sloane Street through Lowndes Square and so into the park.

I did not hear footsteps pattering behind me—had not noticed as I fled from the house that Kenedy was approaching it. He must have thought me mad and turned to follow. Had I known, I should not have stopped. I felt I could never stop; that I must go on and on until muscle destroyed brain. I was running away from realization of a loss I dared not face. Yet even so, I could not escape it. Realization gained on me and ever gained. Straining sinews and bursting lungs could not cheat it of its hold. Philida had gone—thrown me over—given me my freedom. Philida had gone—to what? To sink into depths of desolation. Freedom to the city of despair. Our penny idyl was over, its minutes wasted and spent. That sweet bondage that to me was the greatest possession of life had been snapped, and she spoke of the frayed and broken cords as freedom.

There are two moments in a man's life when he knows to the full all that a woman means to him—the first when she gives her future into his keeping, the second when she takes herself or is taken away; the moment of possession and the moment of loss. I do not know if I stumbled and fell or whether I threw myself down on the grass. I lay oblivious of the wet earth and the cold rain driving against me, oblivious of everything but the agony in my heart. My world had become a cheap, a tawdry thing, empty of hope; a Dead Sea, sluggish and without wave or tide. All importances were gone, nothing mattered; I might do this or that; it did not matter. I might ask myself, "Why, why, why?" But the answer was of no account. The answer to all questions was the same—pain and emptiness and broken faith. I did not concern myself to seek a cause why this should have happened. The effect without explanation was enough—the effect and my suffering. In human suffering there is little inclination to examine the weapon with which the wound was inflicted. For one of a dozen reasons Philida might have acted. I was not curious. Reasons didn't matter, nothing mattered.

How long I lay there I do not know. Ages, it seemed, although it may have been only a few minutes. Misery puts a brake on time.

I was sopped to the skin when I rolled over on an elbow and blinked at the light. Kenedy was standing a few paces away. He made a movement toward me when our eyes met.

"Hullo," I said with an attempt to conceal true feelings. "That you? I must have been asleep, I think."

Without a word he took off his own coat.

"Slip off your jacket, sir, and pop this on."

"Why should I? No, I'm all right."

"Slip it off, sir."

The rain dripped from my jacket as I passed it to him. He had taken charge of the situation. I mumbled some nonsense about not having noticed it was raining.

"That's all right, sir. We'll get a taxi in the Lane."

We passed out through the park gates.

I hardly noticed the direction in which we drove, but there was something familiar about the house before which the taxi stopped.

"Your old quarters, sir, when you was on leaf in '14 Address 'appened to come to my mind."

The door was opened by Mrs. Tiverton, red as a rose berry, and as round. Her husband, whiskered and discreet, stood dimly in the background. Late cook and butler to one of the best families in the west country, they had retired into the respectable seclusion of an apartment house for single gentlemen.

Many times I had put up in those comfortable quarters in Ebury Street, S. W., and nowhere else was I so well looked after—so fathered and mothered as by the Tivertons.

"Dear me, what a long time it is, sir, and I declare you haven't changed one bit! Your old front room's ready and there's a nice fire in the grate. This is a pleasure."

And from Tiverton, doubting perhaps that his wife might talk too much, as cooks sometimes will: "This way, sir, this way."

It seems absurd to say that this bonny old couple with their air of warmth and deferential welcome were the cause of a burning in my throat.

The hall was narrow and my shoulder brushed against the ample outlines of Mrs. Tiverton as I passed her by. I would gladly have put my arms round her neck and dropped my head on that warm billowy bosom. There are some old ladies who by Nature's bounty supply a sanctuary for the sick at heart. She was such a one; old enough to have outgrown emotions of her own and old enough to absorb and to soothe the emotions of others. I can conceive such women stopped by strangers in the street and rested upon and held for the comfort they cannot choose but administer.

By their very roundness they smooth away the angularities of youth. Angry sorrow, bumping against the warm cushions of their sympathy, loses much of sting and harshness.

With the same ceremony he had shown years before when first I stayed with them, old Tiverton ushered me into my room, pausing a moment at the door that its splendors might not prove too overwhelming.

"Just the same, sir, as you see; just the same. You will take your meals at this table. Here's the couch, sir. Bedroom, as you remember, through that door; bathroom beyond. And a nice fire burning. Mrs. Tiverton will be putting on a kettle for a cup of tea."

"Splendid, Tiverton; first-rate."

"Thank you, sir. You'll find the armchair still very comfortable. Now if there's any single thing you fancy before I go down ——"

I was expected to make a suggestion. I chose the first thing to come into my head.

"I don't think so—unless an evening paper."

Tiverton became instantly grave.

"No, sir, there will be no papers in this house today—neither morning nor evening, sir. You'll pardon me, but I feel very strongly about that."

I took his meaning and it touched me.

"Nice of you," I said.

"You'll find the books on that shelf, sir, just the same."

"Just the same"—the words echoed in my brain as the door closed softly behind him. Happy contentment of age clinging with pathetic affection to the spars of a constant level. Standing beyond and aside from the busy highroads of change, riding at anchor in a painted harbor where dust settled even on the ripples

Whether it was genius or accident that persuaded Kenedy to seek for rooms in this old house I do not know, but I owed him more on that account than he or I would ever realize. In the utter despair which had fallen upon me, a despair pregnant with resentment and an angry desire that others should suffer as I was suffering, to drift into the calm serenity of this unchanging and unchanged atmosphere was like a cool hand on the brow of fever.

I cannot very well understand why this was so; or why the sorrowful likenesses of Queen Victoria and Albert the Good, the multimirrored overmantel with its forgotten but instantly remembered knickknacks, the white crocheted antimacassars on the formal horsehair furniture, the center-pedestal walnut table with the Bible, the Visitor's Book and the pot of ferns, or, for that matter, the ministrations of a dim little man and a fat little woman should have influenced my mood one way or the other But influence me they did. A man's wretchedness is his own affair and of no moment in the world's accountancy. Because of what had befallen me I had no title to greater regard, no justification for malice or change of standard. Because I had been hurt I had no right to smash a single one of those worthless knickknacks or disturb a single article of furniture from its accustomed place. I might be hurt, but my obligations were the same in sorrow as in joy. I might not turn pirate because of my wounds.

I lay down on the horsehair couch and stared at the time-yellowed ceiling. A fly was crossing its expanse slowly, the winter stiffness in its joints, seeking somewhere to die, or if not to die, to find oblivion through the flowerless season until spring whispered life into its wings again. Its lonely errand and my own were much the same. The instinct of concealment was common to both. Mating time was over; nothing was left but to forget.

Forget? With that came the bitter realization of how little there was to remember. A few brief moments of pure joy which outshone all else that had gone before or ever could come after.

Philida and I had scarcely half a dozen meetings to look back upon. The hours we had spent together would not make up one full day; and yet in that little while she had so completely entered into me, and had created herself in such lasting form, that her memory could never be obliterated. Her laugh, the boyish swing of her arm, her clear thought and steady eyes. The purity and humor of her, her eagerness, love of the best, courage—those tight little compartments of her mind in which were distilled such quick understandings of all that was good to know. Upon none of these could the dust of forgetfulness settle. They were of lasting stuff, untarnishable by time.

I covered my eyes with my hands and the picture of her was before me; I took them away and it was still there; and so it would be, sleeping or waking. I sprang to my feet and paced the room, and all the time she was at my side, mocking me with the freedom she had given—my freedom, to do with as I willed.

And Philida Said, "One Doesn't Know the Bare Meaning of Happiness Until One Has Crossed the Rivers"

XXXIX

KENEDY acted on his own authority in telling Marshall where I had hidden myself. For twenty-four hours he had been watching over me like a sheep dog, and, what is wonderful, had hardly spoken a word. It is true he tried by gesture and facial contortions to get me to eat something. But somehow there seemed to be no point in eating. I had no need of food; food is to stimulate the body and the mind for the work it must do. But neither my body nor mind had any work to do. I did not consciously refuse to eat. I had no inclination; I couldn't. Old Mrs. Tiverton tried to prevail upon me until I begged to be left alone. Perhaps Kenedy and the Tivertons went into committee about me, which resulted in his errand to Cadogan Gardens. Marshall turned up at breakfast time of the second day. We were entirely commonplace with each other. His first remark was to ask me if I had seen the papers.

I told him "No—why?"

"Prothero's here; and his daughter and Boas and Craven and Chalice, and that Nunez-Hunter woman. There's a picture of them in The Mirror. They got to town yesterday. That charge against you is withdrawn."

"That in the papers too?"

"Not yet. We had a meeting with the Director of Public Prosecutions in the evening. Bill Manistry gave Prothero the bird in no uncertain manner. 'If I were Praed,' he told him, 'you wouldn't have heard the last of this.' He was suggesting, of course, a case for malicious prosecution."

Marshall cocked an eye at me as if to judge how I accepted the suggestion. I said nothing

"Our friend Ribault is all for it, of course."

"Naturally," I grunted, "and so are you, I suppose."

"Not altogether, although the general run of military men will go out of their way to escape the kind of publicity that casts a doubt on the impartiality of their actions."

"You can tell Ribault," said I, "that when I want to blackmail Prothero I have a better card up my sleeve than these legal intricacies."

"Blackmail?" he repeated with a touch of anger. "What the devil are you talking about?"

"Sorry, Marshall, but that's how it looked to me. After all, a threat of legal proceedings is much the same as a threat of private exposure. The object in both cases is to get a concession that otherwise one stands in the way of losing."

"You forget giving the concession doesn't rest with Prothero alone. It must have the approval of the public trustee and the Colonial Secretary."

"Yes—who'll both be influenced by the advice of the custodian of ex-enemy property, who in this case is Francis Prothero."

"Which is all the more reason why he should be attacked before he advises acceptance of the other offer."

"I suppose so," I answered wearily.

"Now look here, Nigel, you haven't a great deal to be grateful for as far as that man is concerned. He's done his damnedest to wreck you every way he could. If ever a man had excuse for provocation ——"

"Oh, provocation?" I repeated. "To hell with provocation! What good will it do me to chuck the mud about? The one thing I wanted has been taken from me. Am I to run mad and bite everybody because of that?"

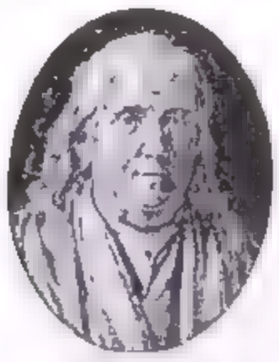
"Then you intend to drop out?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. But I don't mean to play the skunk because my feelings are sore."

"That's good enough—that's decent," said Marshall. "But there's this to be said: You can't go against your own side to satisfy any private arrangement you may have made with yourself."

(Continued on Page 92)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1925

Principal, Interest, Principle

WE ARE making new loans to foreign governments at the rate of a billion dollars a year. In Wall Street at the present time stand open credits to the aggregate of six hundred millions for the specific purpose of supporting the currencies of foreign countries. These are credits like that of the Bank of England with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, to be used when, if and as necessary. Other countries besides England having them are France, Italy, Belgium, Sweden and Denmark. When France speaks of arranging her debt to the American Treasury she says she will need more of such credits. They will be forthcoming.

Never in the history of the world was a nation so free with her capital, so generous in placing credit at the call of foreign countries. America expects to lend more and more in order that her debtors may be able to recognize their debts. We do not lend because we have no better use for our money. There are native opportunities for unlimited amounts of capital. We do it because, having the resources, this is our inevitable part in the scheme of world economics. The borrowers solicit us; we do not solicit them.

We stand for neither usury nor philanthropy. It is business we did not seek, business we might very handsomely do without. The aggregate of our foreign loans is colossal; and yet we might wipe it out, shut the book and forget it in ten years. But something far more important than the money would be lost. The integrity of debt voluntarily upheld is the basis of civilized commerce among nations. That is what would be lost out of the world, and the consequences would be calamitous.

Debt between nations is a much more fragile and delicate matter than debt between individuals, and rests wholly upon honor. The individual has recourse to law; he may levy upon the debtor's assets. But there is no way in which nations can make one another pay. Force is of no avail, even provided the creditor is willing to use it, except in petty cases between a creditor and a debtor of unequal status.

The practice of borrowing and lending among nations is still new and experimental. Only in the past fifty years has it assumed systematic proportions. Never before have sovereign, equal nations owed one another more than it was convenient or expedient to pay. And if now it should break down, not of necessity, not because the debtor nations cannot pay, each according to its capacity, but merely because it is hard to pay, then the prospect indeed would be melancholy. Well, the integrity of debt is what the United States stands for together with Great Britain—a principle, the highest yet evolved, and one without which the world cannot hope to go forward.

Our Baby Parks

WITH vacation season just over, the thoughts of millions are still given up to outdoor activities. There is no time when people are more enthusiastic regarding their next summer's plans than in the midst of, toward the end of, or just after this summer's trip. "We simply must visit the Blue or Green or Brown Lakes or Mountains or River next year," insists Mr. Citizen to Mrs. C., who agrees. By November he will have become so immersed in business and she in household or social affairs that the desired haven of rest and sport will have faded into a fleeting and fugitive memory.

But vacationing has become a tremendously serious and important aspect of the American social system. We do not visit all those wonderful places the railroad literature or our more traveled friends are only too glad to tell us about. The tired business man does occasionally think of his business and not always of flies and casts. We promise ourselves a hundred outings that most of us never have the time to take. Yet the spread of the vacation custom to larger numbers of less independent and highly paid workers, the widespread ownership of automobiles and the higher standards of living generally are making of the summer outing a vast social movement, a yearly migration, so to speak.

There are outdoor recreation attractions everywhere, but it is natural that people should be drawn in increasing numbers to the state and national parks. The citizen feels, as he has a right to feel, that a peculiar welcome awaits him in a national or state park. It belongs to him as much as to anyone else. He cannot be ejected by dogs or men; he is not a trespasser upon such ground. There are regulations for the common good; but once they are obeyed, the individual, rich or poor, young or old, man or woman, is sovereign there.

It is perhaps unfortunate that most of the great park areas are in the far West, removed from the centers of population. The land was more available there, the scenic attractions on a grander scale, unique and striking, and therefore chosen for immediate preservation. But other regions have rare charm and beauty. Numerous portions should have been set aside.

This defect, if it be one, in our great system of national outdoor recreation is in a fair way to being remedied. In the first place, Eastern areas will either be added to the national system or will at least become state parks. In the second place, tourist travel from the more populous states to the remoter regions of the country is increasing rapidly and will increase even more in the future.

Perhaps the commonest remark of the visitor to almost any of the great scenic park areas is that such a place is being spoiled by too many people. "I used to go there twenty years ago with pack animals," is the contemptuous remark of even the comparatively younger visitor, "and now look at the automobiles!" Of course the same critic goes in his automobile, but by some curious subconscious process of illogic he regards that as quite proper. Yet the national parks, the national forests, the unreserved public domain, the state, county and city parks belong to all the people, not to him alone. The right to outdoor recreation is not for the chosen few.

There are a few baby, or undeveloped, parks as yet unspoiled, to which the tide of travel has not turned, where automobiles enter only by tortuous and devious ways.

No such area will long be free from good roads. Most of the people who believe the parks are spoiled by too many other people will not themselves enter unless the way is made straight and easy. Fortunately in developing this and the other newer or less-developed parks there is a chance to work out sounder plans than in earlier years, with the first areas opened up.

There is no magic, no genius, that will keep people out of an attractive area and yet provide the facilities to let them in. It is impossible to connect a string of great scenic areas by a loop system of highways without the wilderness being penetrated. But in the newer and less developed parks foresight and wise management have a clean slate to write upon. Here we can be fairly certain that beauty and grandeur will never be marred by hurdy-gurdy attractions.

The superintendents of such parks should know by the time they are accessible how to scatter and decentralize the multitudes whose gregarious instincts are so destructive to the charms of solitude. Such places may not long remain as truly primitive as they are today, but experience and knowledge gained elsewhere should so direct the development of these baby parks that greater numbers of visitors will be attracted without a proportionate increase in the use of the word "spoiled."

What Price Socialism?

GREAT BRITAIN, closer to a test of socialistic ideas than any other first-class nation today, is in the least favorable position of all to try the experiment; for the British, without the advantages they have achieved under the capitalistic system, would probably have starved.

The people of the British Isles during the past century were forced into industrialism by the inability of the land to support the rapidly rising population. In order to pay for the food needed from abroad they had to export coal and fabricate goods which could be sold in foreign markets. This in turn created a need for raw materials which had to be imported. The tide of imports rose with the growth of population, and only by intense industry and the application of the native genius for merchandising and trading could the balance be maintained. Gradually, however, the importation of foodstuffs and raw materials so overtopped the exports that the bill had to be met in other ways. In 1922 the deficiency was £170,000,000; in 1923 it had increased to £202,000,000, and in 1924 it attained the staggering proportions of £340,600,000. Nevertheless, in 1924 Great Britain was able to square her bill with the world and show a margin to the good.

This is how it was done: Great Britain is still a world center in banking, shipping and insurance; and for the services she thus renders she takes a comfortable toll. The profits from banking and insurance and similar services reached in 1924 a total of £55,000,000. The British own a very large share of the world's shipping, and the revenue derived as a world's carrier of merchandise brought in £130,000,000. British investments throughout the world, according to Board of Trade figures, netted a return of £185,000,000 for the year. Thus the deficiency was made up and the food bills paid.

Absolute socialism would dry up these sources of revenue. Even under a modified form of it, wealth would soon be taxed out of existence, and there would no longer be the opportunity for John Bull to continue his services as world banker, carrier and underwriter. How would the deficiency be made up then? Not by an increase in the export of manufactured goods. The nationalization of labor would tend to raise costs and decrease output, so there would be an immediate slump in the sale of British goods in world markets. The result in all cases where national control of labor has been attempted leaves no basis for any other expectation. The recent settlement of the coal strike, like the dole, is simply another step in a system that, if carried to its logical conclusion, will ultimately consume the wealth of Britain.

A socialistic Britain, unable to pay her food bill, would see her population shrivel up. Her factories would lie idle, her wharves would rot, her big cities would fall into ruin and her overseas possessions would melt away. The blind spot in the socialistic outlook is that no practical account is taken of the international aspect of commerce. Socialism would cause immediate and complete disaster in any country that was not self-supporting and self-contained.

Russia, self-supporting and largely self-contained, was the most favorably situated country for the socialistic experiment. And consider what happened in Russia.

SCENERY A CASH CROP

By FORREST CRISSEY

ONE of the miracles wrought by the coming of millions of automobiles is the creation, out of hand, of a new cash crop which brings to certain states hundreds of millions of dollars every year. This crop is scenery, and it is a crop that is being harvested summer and winter, the year round.

Once I stood with the lean tenant of a Vermont hill farm overlooking a scene of verdant loveliness, which jumped my pulses and forced the exclamation, "What scenery!"

"Yep," responded the lank, tight-lipped Yankee; "it's scenery—nothin' but, every way you look. But you try makin' a livin' offn scenery—'specially where most of it's up on end—an' mebby you won't set so much store by it. I figger, the better the scenery, the worse the crops."

Today the little gray home-sweet-home cottage in which this tenant lived is occupied by two city girls who operate a wayside tea house and take in more money in a midsummer week than the total value of all the crops raised by the former tenant in a year. He has found refuge in a cabin back from the road and receives more in wages during the tourist season from the girls for choring round and tending garden than he ever cleared from the farm in any year of his long tenancy.

Camping in Wild Basin, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

The Leading Crop in Many States

"I'M FIGGERIN'," he lately confessed to me, "on drivin' down t' Florida next winter. Swapped a bunch of pelts to a summer boarder in the village for a secondhand car. Got a little money put by too. Ma and I'd like t' see th' world. We've never been out of sight of these hills an' it's time we did. I tell her I c'n pick up something to trade in that'll pay our way. I've lived on venison most of my life; from now on, tourists is goin' to be my meat. Vermont in summer and Florida in winter—how's that fer high? I've changed my mind 'bout scenery. Greatest crop these old hills ever raised!"

In several states besides Vermont, scenery outranks all other crops in point of cash value, and in many others it is well at the top of the list and crowding hard for first place. Colorado's scenery crop, for example, yields the state a greater annual cash revenue than the total of its taxes.

Florida authorities claim that her out-of-state guests last season spent $1,000,000,000 within her borders. The court rules that those who have never paid for a week's pleasure in the swim at Miami, Palm Beach or St. Petersburg are not permitted to challenge this statement.

California's scenery crop—according to the chief passenger official of a popular Western line—brings her at least $500,000,000 a year from nonresident visitors. Apparently "into the billions" is the only phrase which will adequately sketch the cash value of this new crop to the states which specialize in it.

The figures of tourist income given here are estimates based on the best available surveys of facts. The number of visitors to each scenic state is much more definitely determined than the amount of money spent by them. These expenditures are likely to be underestimated.

Hopi Indians Dancing for Guests at Echo Canyon, Camel Back Mountain, Near Phoenix, Arizona

Beauty's Bill

IF ANY traveler ever made a pleasure trip inside the sum allotted for it, his experience is unique. There are always unexpected emergency expenses and incidentals. Again, there are few travelers who know or admit to themselves the sum total of their road expenditures. This is merely a matter of human nature; we're built that way.

Those who are inclined to regard this new crop as something vague, intangible, esthetic and a bit foolish, need to revise their commercial arithmetic and to wrestle with the statement that the people of America spend more for beauty than for bread; more to satisfy the hunger of the eye than for the stark necessities of life. Subtract from the total of our commerce everything above these sheer necessities and the remainder is the amount paid for appearance, attractiveness, beauty.

Beauty is the biggest commercial commodity known to modern trade and outranks all others in money volume. Without it the elements of color and design would be stricken from fabrics, styles would become static and the familiar exclamation "How attractive!" would never be heard again from the lips of the shopper. Houses would be built for weather protection only and furniture solely for service. Apply this standard to every purchase and the bill for beauty, for appearance, will loom up in its true and startling proportions.

As an example of the common tendency of scenic states to underestimate their income from visiting tourists, consider this experience in attempting to procure Minnesota's total income from her scenic attractions. The State Highway Department informed me that out-of-state automobile tourists last season spent about $90,000,000 in Minnesota—this for subsistence, gasoline and oil, and incidentals.

A careful census of traffic on the trunk-line highways showed that Minnesota entertained 150,000 tourists from other states during the 1924 season. This gave a definite basis for figuring. Also the census indicated that about 90,000 of these visitors camped or were entertained in private homes and 60,000 stopped at hotels.

Continued on Page 82

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Old Boys

WHAT are the youngsters saying
We, who have played so long,
Now should be done with playing?
Why, we are going strong!

Who stumped the handicappers?
Who stroked the record crew?
We'll show the whipper-snappers
More than a trick or two!

Youth is a bit too heady,
Rash in the glow of dawn.
Trained are our nerves and steady,
Brain is a match for brawn.

And if our pace is slowing,
There is a lot in knack;
Yes, and a lot in knowing.
Who says we can't come back?

Say we are much too sporty,
Say what you wish and will;
Call us too old at forty,
Fifty shall find us still

Trying the same old races,
Winning the same old holes,
Scoring the same old aces,
Shooting the same old goals.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

"Bill Can Sit in Back With You Girls"
"I Should Say Not! He's Too Drunk—Make Him Drive!"

A Nursery Rime in Movie Time

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE, a Gripping Drama of the Teeming Tenements of New York, the Modern Babylon of the West, in Which Love Triumphs Over Adversity and Bridges the Economic Chasm Between Run-Down Heels and Balloon Tires.

THE CAST

Mrs. O'Flaherty—June Junoesque, a widow lady of proud antecedents but dilapidated present, spurned by her own people because she married a poor and honest chauffeur. Her one comfort rather her twenty comforts—were her children, oldest and most beautiful of whom was

Rosebud O'Flaherty—Viola Violet, angel of the tenements, though unable to play a harp, and whose beauty and goodness but proved again that the rarest flowers may spring from the darkest of the dismal swamps, even as the orchid in the tropical wastes. Rosebud has often seen his picture in the Sunday scandal section, but never has met

Hal Stuyvesant Concertino Allesandro, scion of a New York family so old his ancestors could remember when Eden Musée was hot stuff and the Flatiron Building was a piece of architecture regarded as something to go out and get drunk about. He is weary of the futile round of pleasures and cocktails which today engross society. He is also very fond of children, provided they are over sixteen, have blond curls and can wear the kind of clothes which became Queen Victoria.

So keen is the fight for existence under conditions of modern civilization that Mrs. O'Flaherty has been forced to find shelter for her brood of twenty kids in a shoe

"Our home needs half-soling and new laces," said Mother O'Flaherty. "No wonder our tongue is hanging

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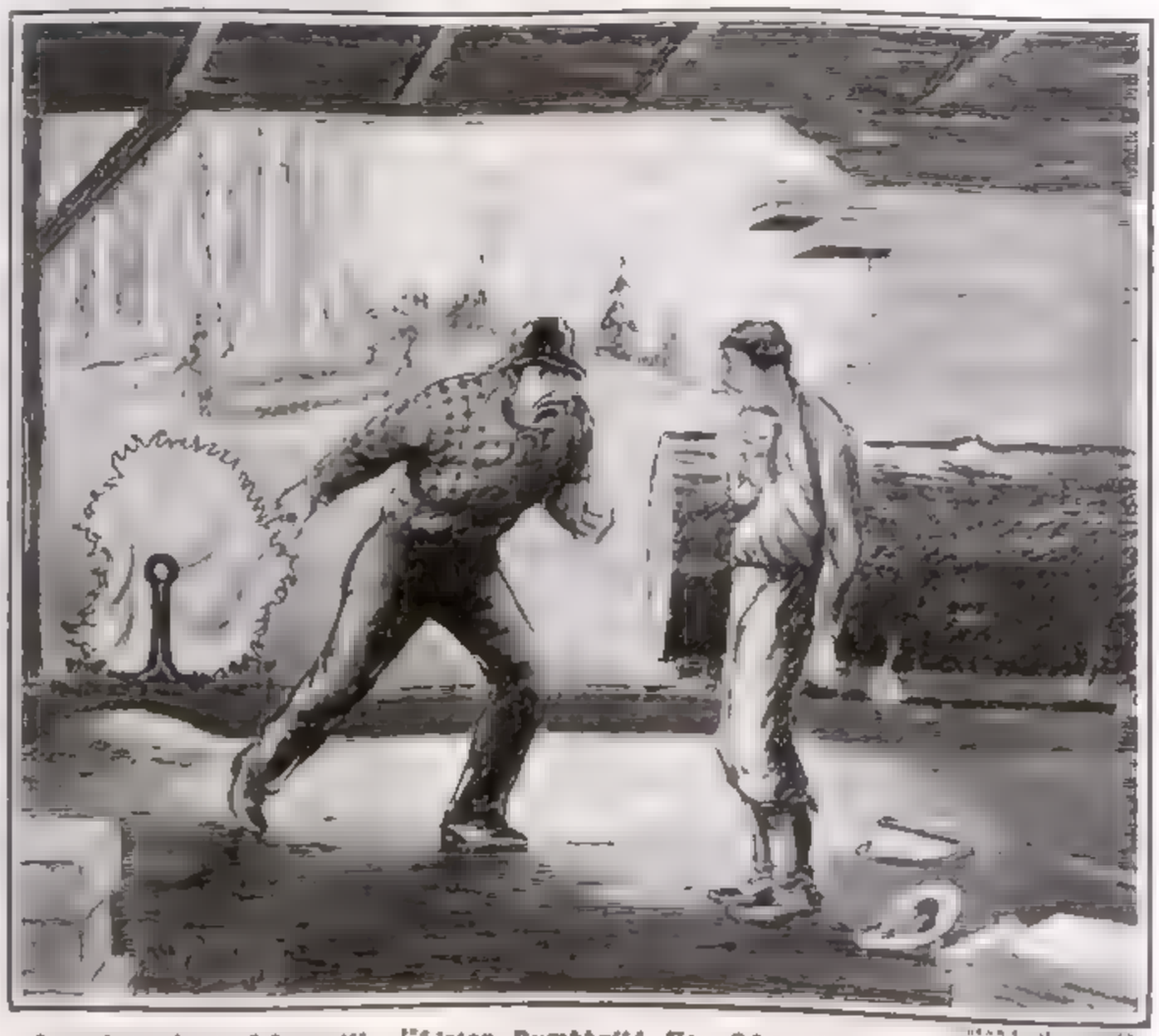
"Shine, Please! And Don't Get Any of the Polish on My Stockings"



Superintendent of Jammitt: "Listen, Dumbbell! How Often Have I Told You to Keep Your Head Away From That Jaw! Now Look at It!"

IT TAKES 32 different ingredients to make good Vegetable Soup!

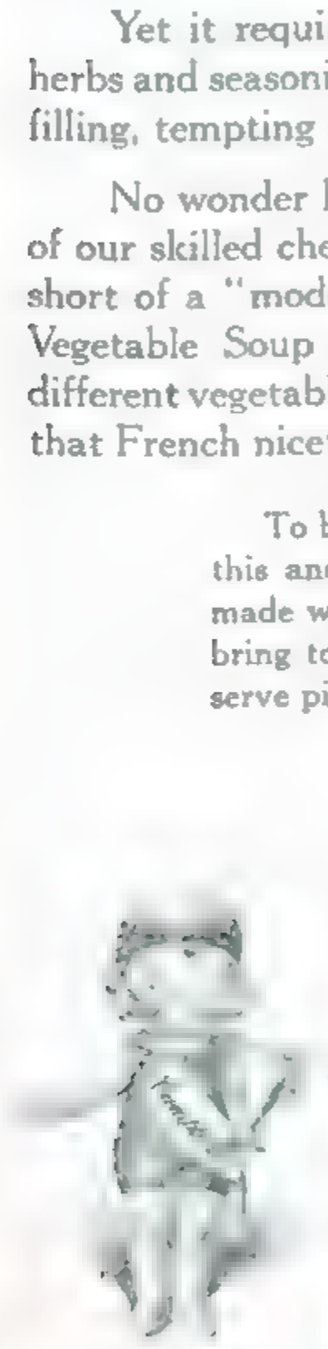
And how many capable housewives have the time or the inclination to do all the marketing, preparing and cooking of so many ingredients? To say nothing of the cost!

Yet it requires all these different vegetables, cereals, meat, herbs and seasoning to yield just the right flavor; just the hearty, filling, tempting soup which everybody likes so much!

No wonder housewives are so eager to accept the big help of our skilled chefs and our famous kitchens! For it's nothing short of a "modern miracle" to be able to obtain Campbell's Vegetable Soup always, everywhere—the soup with fifteen different vegetables—thirty-two ingredients in all—blended with that French nicety your taste will instantly detect.

To bring out the full rich flavor of this and all other Campbell's Soups made with meat, add the water cold, bring to a boil, allow to simmer, and serve piping hot.

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Miss America has nothing on me
My name you will everywhere see
For my Red-and-White Label
Brings joy to your table
And you bubble and chortle with glee!

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

He Invested in Experience

ONE day, a dozen years ago, a young salesman in a New England city got his promotion to sales manager. He immediately began rearranging the town, so it would be covered by salesmen according to his own ideas.

But one section he kept for himself, and that the hardest—the "East Side," where nobody but foreigners lived, and the grocerymen who handled the merchandise—food products—were small fellows, speaking little English, and slow to adopt American ways.

"Why did I do it?" he asked, after telling me how he had kept this "personal territory." "The finest territory in town for sales practice! When you went over there with a new article or idea, you had to explain it so simply that it would be clear anywhere else. The people understood only the commonest English words. Sometimes you had to use sign language. They dealt in very small quantities, were afraid to take chances, were suspicious of Americans who proposed changes. So when you got their confidence and made the idea plain, and they acted upon it—you could call yourself a salesman! As long as I was managing that territory, whenever I felt that I might be growing rusty or getting too close to the desk, I'd put on my hat, pick up a sample case and spend the afternoon on my East Side."

The other day this sales manager was elected president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. His name is C. K. Woodbridge, and the foreign-quarter story is typical of him, because Woodbridge has been a persistent investor in business experience ever since he sold newspapers and clerked in a drug store while putting himself through high school. At Dartmouth his clerking experience came handy, for he helped run a half-partnership bookstore that paid his college expenses and left him with a cash balance of $125 on graduation. With that he visited Europe for more experience, paying his passage by working on a cattle boat, and came home to tackle an advertising job.

There's Plenty of Room at the Top

For several years after, he held jobs that were chiefly investments in experience. None of them paid more than twenty-five dollars a week, nor did any job seem to offer opportunities for promotion. He was advertising manager for farm machinery, sales manager for a shoe factory, traveling salesman for a tea-and-coffee house, and meanwhile learned typewriting and telegraphy. Yet he didn't seem to get ahead, and during the 1907 panic and slump found himself out of a job, with nothing else in sight.

It was then that he resolved to land not simply a job, but one where his investments in experience could be made to pay dividends. A veteran salesman helped him make up a list of business concerns in Boston, choosing a man in each concern as the best person to approach. The list was made up so carefully that there were less than a dozen companies on it after the final revision. Woodbridge wrote each man a letter, asking for an interview and inclosing a brief outline of his business career to date. There was nothing very startling in the letter, and certainly nothing impressive in his career, but he got answers from more than half the concerns and several invitations to call. One executive, particularly, took so much interest in the applicant that they had several talks about his previous business experience.

"I think you've got it in you," said the president finally. "But you haven't been placed so you could work it out. Now what is the least you can live on? Will you go where I send you, and do what I tell you to do? If you will, then some day I'll see that you become a sales manager."

The question of pay being settled, the job hunter was sent to one of the company's sales branches in another city.

"Go down there and get acquainted," were his orders.

They laughed at his way of getting acquainted, for he solemnly measured crackers and cookies with a foot rule in the beginning. But he learned the merchandise, and was then chased from pillar to post to get experience of various kinds. The salesmen at that branch took him around with them. He was sent to other branches. He sold goods, kept books, filled orders, did chores.

By and by, without warning, he was ordered to go to a certain branch and assume its management, but one so small that it occupied only a corner of a big warehouse. Wiseacres told him it was a graveyard, and that probably hostile influence around the Old Man in Boston had maneuvered the "president's pet" there for burial. However, he didn't have much time to worry about this, because he had to open up the place in the morning, build a fire, sweep out, unload cars, check goods, take inventory, make out orders, route deliveries, go around town selling, and even keep the delivery wagons and horses up to scratch.

But he soon knew every possible customer in town, and within a year and a half had made such a good showing that he was switched to one of the biggest branches the company had. It was there that he kept the "East Side" for himself, and a couple of years later his boss, promoting him to New York territory as sales manager, asked, "Have I kept my word?"

"You certainly have," agreed his pupil.

Mr. Woodbridge is today a corporation president himself, heading an office-appliance concern which is, to a large degree, his own creation. From the baking business he took hold of a new office device which was as strange, in its day, as the first typewriter in the 1870's. It was not only strange to the business man, but called for radical changes in his own way of working—and worse, the learning of new methods by his secretary.

Woodbridge applied his advertising and sales experience to such good purpose that, some years ago, when the larger corporation of which his office-device business was but a department went into bankruptcy, that department alone was found profitable. Receivers for the larger company thought it worth saving, and banking interests financed its organization as a separate corporation, making Woodbridge president.

In all my business acquaintance I know no better example of investment in experience—putting time into unproductive jobs at the outset of life, and diversified jobs, and particularly hard ones, for the sake of acquiring knowledge and ability that can be used later. Woodbridge knew how to make the investments, and how to make the investments work for him later. JAMES H. COLLINS.

How to Cope With Retail Creditors

FEW young men pass thirty years without having at least once run uncomfortably behind with their personal bills. Most of them will bear witness that a breakfast hour embittered by dunning letters from tailors, haberdashers and steam laundries is no good beginning for a perfect day. If office hours are broken in upon by a procession of bill collectors and process servers, so much the worse; and no man really enjoys being obliged to avoid certain streets and shops for fear of encountering the black looks of those to whom he owes money. Moreover, the continued visits of bill collectors to a young man's office or shop never endear him to his superiors and employers, and the knowledge that an employe is always heels over head in debt is an almost certain bar to his advancement.

Many a youngster who is essentially honest, but who lacks business experience and common prudence, gets into a financial snarl that keeps him tied up for years; and even when he emerges a debt-free man, his credit is so impaired as to be a minus quantity. Young married men often get into these difficulties, not through any gross extravagance but simply because domestic life costs more than they anticipated and because their imaginations have not been sufficiently fertile to foresee and provide for dozens of necessary expenditures that are beyond the ken of the average bachelor. The unmarried are more likely to get into the toils because they have not developed the strength of character to say no to themselves and to put the brakes upon expenditures which they know are unwarranted.

Debt-ridden young people, whether married or single, are likely to find their situation more trying than it need be because in their ignorance of how to treat their creditors and how to reorganize their own affairs they become panic-stricken.

Often, too, though they know what should be done and how to do it, they shrink from the self-denial demanded of them and from the unpleasant duty of confronting creditors face to face.

The following general hints are offered to young people who owe more than they can pay. They are not addressed to crooks and dead beats, but to those who are mindful of their obligations and who are willing to borrow of their backs and of their bellies, as Benjamin Franklin put it, in order to work out of debt. There is nothing in the slightest degree original in the methods proposed. Debt is a field too old and too overworked to be good ground in which to raise a crop of originality. The sole merit of the courses of action suggested is that they have been, and are still being, successfully employed by millions of persons all over the civilized world.

1. Make a neat schedule of all your debts, indicating whom you owe and the amount. Put the most pressing items near the top of the list, but do not put the doctor's bill at the foot just because he is unlikely to sue you. You may get away with it, but it is not sporting. Follow the doctor's example and have a heart. Add up the total.

2. Make a careful and honest revision of the list already prepared, including all the items you have omitted because your memory was at fault or because you could not bear to see the already staggering total further swollen by a lot of half-outlawed bills. Again compute your total indebtedness. Keep repeating this process until you have turned

(Continued on Page 46)

Why owners praise the Hupmobile Eight

THE basis of the great and record-breaking enthusiasm and friendship for the Hupmobile Eight is, of course, its brilliant performance and its complete dependability.

Here's a car which does what it is called upon to do, so easily, so smoothly, and which is so gratifyingly responsive to needs and demands that owners not only are pleased, but feel impelled to express their pleasure and pride:

When one car sells another of the same make, as so often happens with the Hupmobile Eight, it's a sign that it has advantages that are not just ordinary and usual. F. A. C—, a paving contractor, makes a comment which we are going to quote in full:—

"Have been driving my Hupmobile Eight Sedan farther and harder than I ever drove any other car because it is easier to drive. In my business, I am constantly jumping from one place to another, and it's a wonderful relief to feel fresh after a hard day in bothersome traffic. The fact is that I am now replacing a smaller car that my superintendent drives with a Hupmobile Eight Roadster. I know that it will conserve energy and also prove more economical over a period of time."

THERE is such a thing as combining business and pleasure, and the Hupmobile Eight enables a man to do that very thing if his business takes him about the country.

Kenneth V—, a special insurance agent, like many other men uses the Eight in his business. The point he makes is that in traveling his territory he now combines real pleasure with business, and tells us there seems to be nothing lacking in the make-up of the Eight.

GET a car on the road if you want to know it right down to the ground. Touring tells what's in a car. E. S. G— speaks of a trip from Hartford, Conn., up into Canada and back. This is the way he puts it:

"So far as I was concerned, the road was one continuous level stretch."

IT isn't often that men kick about a car's economy—but this one isn't really complaining, as you'll see.

A. M. W— is one of the owners of a large metropolitan oil company, and if he were not broad-minded, he could pick a quarrel with the Hupmobile Eight.

In view of his interest in oil production he thinks he can't be greatly blamed for mildly criticising the car's great economy in gasoline and oil.

WHAT modern woman wouldn't drive if she could divorce the thought of arduous effort from the thought of handling a car?

Mrs. B. J. H— calls her Eight Sedan the easiest driving car for women that she has ever known.

"Furthermore," she says, "it is wonderful in performance and riding qualities."

ELDERLY women, too, find in this wonderful Eight something new and refreshing, even though they do not drive.

Mrs. S— is 70 years old. She accompanied her son on a trip of 1,800 miles, from Cleveland to Montreal and back, in less than two weeks' time.

"In spite of Mother's age, she felt fine all the time," the son says. "Never before had she been able to enjoy the trips we had taken in other cars. This one was real pleasure to her."

MAYBE it's been years since you got a real thrill of pleasure from a motor car—but why not have it now? A demonstration ride will make your fingers itch for the wheel of this great car.

The names and addresses of the owners quoted above will be sent to anyone upon request to the Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

Sedan, Now $2195 *Coupe, Two or Four-Passenger, Now $2095* *Touring Car, Now $1795*
Roadster, Now $1795 *Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now $1895.* *F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added*

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER.

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Casters? Yes, every chair must have them. But be sure to get good ones—Bassicks. Put them on every piece of furniture. Then see how easily, how silently, it rolls.

Good hardware dealers sell them. Good furniture has them. Good housekeepers will have none other. Why should they?

Bassick Casters
The BASSICK CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for home, office, hotel, warehouse and factory

(Continued from Page 44)

out an absolutely complete and honest schedule. Remember that while getting credit by presenting a false statement of financial condition is often criminal, deceiving yourself by the same means is merely cowardly and childish. The preparation of these debt lists is a harrowing job; but as a moral daily dozen it is almost unequaled.

3. Make a careful estimate of your absolutely necessary expenses for the next year. Increase it by 10 or 15 per cent to take care of emergencies and forgotten items. Ascertain the difference between income and outgo and determine how much you can devote each month or week to whittling down your debts. Figure out how long you must stick to your self-imposed retrenchments in order to get entirely free from debt.

4. Make a searching analysis of your expenditures for the past year and try to decide which of them were unwarranted and how much they total. Go over your fixed charges with particular care and see whether you have been operating on a well-balanced budget, or on one that is lopsided and ill-proportioned. In the case of a house, has your rent exceeded one-fifth of your income? If you live in a heated apartment, is the rent more than one-fourth of your income? Perhaps you have been spending too great a proportion of your earnings on food, clothing or amusements. It is impracticable to give a useful budget indicating the ideal distribution of income on a percentage basis, for the reason that the percentages vary with the size of the income and the number in the family. Remember that it is not the occasional minor extravagance that landed you where you are, but the constant recurrence of too high fixed charges occasioned by an overgenerous scale of living. See if it is not possible to cut down some of these charges which have to be met every month, year in and year out, and thus squeeze out more for your creditors. Their gain will be your gain.

5. Map out a general program for paying your debts. Remember that if you have accumulated one hundred dollars for the benefit of those whom you owe, it will strengthen your position much more to divide it among eight or ten minor creditors who can be paid off in full, than it will to hand it to a merchant to whom you owe two or three hundred dollars. Small creditors are always the most troublesome and they should be the first to be squared. The reason for this is that the ten-dollar man thinks that if he sues you and gets a judgment against you he stands some chance of collecting his bill. If the indebtedness is for a large amount your creditor will very likely reflect that though it would be very easy to get a judgment, it would do him little good if you were unable to meet it.

6. After all this study of your own affairs you ought to be able to discuss them definitely and intelligently. Now is the time to take list in hand and make a personal visit to each of your creditors, one by one.

This is the crucial test of your nerve and courage. Your typical call is not likely to be a pleasant one. Embarrassing explanations must be entered into. Tentative promises must be made. Galling remarks and perhaps biting sarcasm may have to be endured in silence. This is one of the penalties of being heels over head in debt. And yet the interview is likely to end more pleasantly than it began; for the merchant or his credit man who has just blown off steam feels decidedly better for it. He may even be a little ashamed of some of the cutting things he said. He knows in his heart that this welcome chance to air his indignation was entirely due to the fact that the young man on the anxious seat at his side walked into his office of his own free will and looked him squarely in the eye. This alone is prima facie evidence that the delinquent is not a sneak, a welsher or a professional dead beat. Furthermore, a community of interest has been established. The merchant wants to be paid and the debtor wants to pay him. Reproaches will hinder settlement rather than hasten it. The more effective the teamwork between creditor and customer, the sooner the obligation will be wiped out.

If you are wise, you will make all your promises contingent upon the continued possession of your job and your health. You will promise rather less than you are reasonably sure you can perform. You will engage to make serial payments smaller in amount and at less frequent intervals than you privately believe you can manage. You will prefer to be considerably better than your word rather than not quite so good.

Men who have succeeded in freeing themselves from a strangling entanglement of debt say there is no more lively satisfaction in all business than in giving a creditor, especially a cynical creditor, a little surprise party by sending him a check for more than he expected a few days or a few weeks in advance of the date agreed upon. There are very few creditors who will not become fairly mellow and genial under such a course of treatment.

Well-intentioned young people in debt may reflect with satisfaction that there are very few Shylocks among retail shopkeepers. Experienced merchants know all there is to know about domestic vicissitudes and finances. They know all about sickness, accidents, expected babies and unexpected operations, the uncertainty of jobs and the hazards of business. Whether they will admit it or not, they make allowances for all these emergencies or misfortunes; and they are so accustomed to writing off the accounts of crooks and welshers that they are usually ready to accord preferential treatment to those who cannot pay when they should, but who are determined to pay when they can.

In America, certainly, retail merchants tend to give their slow-pay but honest customers more consideration than they are entitled to, rather than less. The delinquent who gets most of all is he who walks into his creditors' office and asks for it in a manly way instead of writing evasive letters, making fancy promises over the telephone and keeping carefully out of reach all the while.

The more slippery the debt-ridden customer is, the more ability he exhibits for wriggling away, the tighter he will be squeezed. If he answers dunning letters promptly by mail or in person and clearly shows that he has no intention of evading his responsibilities, there is usually small reason for squeezing him at all. If he can convince merchants that he is willing to practice every reasonable self-denial until he has paid all outstanding debts and if he shows that he will keep his word as far as is humanly possible, he will find that creditors are human, after all.

SETON OGDEN.

HIND END FRONTMOST

(Continued from Page 31)

be named for himself and not for Grandfather Misenhelder whom he hated! But it had been a joke which held a devilish joker. The powerful Misenhelders, Grandfather Ebenezer and Father Ebenezer, had ponderously split their own family name and applied an exact half of it to each of the twins.

"If this here one in the clothes basket is the oldest, I give him dare to wear the first half of my name. He's Eben," had been Grandfather Misenhelder's exact words upon that occasion. "And this other one in the wash boiler—he's Ezer." Grandfather Tudt had come off with nothing but the husk of the joke—the fact that he alone knew that Ezer, after all, was the older, and not Eben. This husk he had hugged to his bosom all these years; but husks are prickly things to cherish in one's bosom, and this particular afternoon the pain of it was driving Grandfather Tudt well-nigh to distraction.

He had never heard of those eerie entities called hidden complexes, yet he was in reality delving about in their dubious realm as he harried that day from one uneasy spot to another in his side yard. This climax in young Ezer's life upon which his future happiness seemed to depend, and with which he seemed utterly unable to cope, had focused sharply for Grandfather Tudt this entire problem of superiority and inferiority. Just how far, for instance, was he himself and his ancient joke responsible for Ezer's extreme diffidence? As he eventually evolved it, after much tangling of his loose features, if he'd 'a' been a Eben, now, in place of a Ezer, he'd 'a' nailed that yellow-headed girl the first time he seen her.

Grandfather Tudt was hanging, arms limp, over the rail about the pigpen when he educed this clear philosophical deduction. He straightened and stared at Joshua. Joshua stared back with a hostile eye and turned his back. But Grandfather Tudt did not even note this neat retaliation for his own recent inhospitality. He continued to stare at Joshua and to work his soft old nose up and down after the manner of a ruminative rabbit. Then he turned and began walking slowly and speculatively toward the Misenhelders'. He walked slowly, for he was perfecting a delicate and complicated plan of procedure.

This plan involved, first of all, the abstraction of Eben Eri for secret colloquy. To a remote corner of the barnyard Grandfather Tudt inveigled the elder twin with mysterious winks and gestures and there engaged him in serious converse. That is to say, Grandfather Tudt was serious. His grandson received what he had to impart with manifestations of extreme mirth. The sole point at issue between them arose from the financial feature of the transaction.

"Skinner!" hissed Grandfather Tudt. "Who ever heard the likeness? Passing ower money twenty-four hours behind gitting the goods fur it!"

Eben Eri braced in wide nonchalance. His narrow-spaced eyes squinted down upon his ancestor with the canny look of one who has a situation in his own power.

"Git somebody else to do the biz fur you then."

"You know good enough I can't."

"Well then."

With further squeaks of protest, Grandfather Tudt paid over the two dollars.

"No dum foolishness now!" he repeated in final warning. "Git her off into the dark and say them words at her and say them scared. Then clear out as soon as youse otherwise kin and I will shove Ezer onto the job. I make no doubt he kin finish with it if you git it that fur along," he added anxiously.

"Easy for Ezer!" winked his co-conspirator. "Nothing to do but kiss her and start in on the spooning, and I ain't ever found that very kreistlin'. But looky here, who's to keep him off? If he's a-mooning after her like a sick calf, he might mebbe come a-buttin' in whiles I am saying the words at her; and we can't leave her be smelling no rats."

"Ain't I tellin' you a'ready I am there?" reminded Grandfather Tudt with exasperated dignity. "Ain't I tellin' you a'ready I am there fur to boss this here? With a clean shirt at and buttoned yet," he added with a twinge of anticipative pain.

The scene upon which Grandfather Tudt, in his clean and buttoned shirt, entered the following evening was a festive one. Lights shone from every window of the substantial Neutzhauer farmhouse. Syringa and snowball bushes had burst into exotic florescence of Japanese lanterns; their

(Continued on Page 48)

FINALLY
Real SEDANS *at "Coach" Prices*

BUICK builds only *real* sedans on the famous Buick Chassis—with Fisher bodies.

The 4 and 2 door sedans, on either the Master or Standard Buick chassis, are attractive, quality closed cars.

These Buicks have the better performance—power—speed—endurance—and economy that mark the Better Buick as today's better motor car. Buick could build a cheap closed car and sell it at a cheap price. But Buick chooses to build for the satisfaction of Buick owners. Buick sees to it that owners have cars they are proud to drive for years—cars that have a high resale value when finally traded in.

See these Better Buick Sedans before you spend your money.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
Flint • *Division of General Motors Corporation* • Michigan
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

the Better BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Watch This Column

Clean Pictures Are Winning

Of the thousands of letters I have received in response to these weekly talks, *not one* has taken exceptions to my campaign for clean pictures. So, it follows that I must be right. The vast majority praise the idea and say that it will unquestionably create an added interest in moving-pictures. Rival concerns will naturally profit by the campaign but the great benefit goes to the public.

VIRGINIA VALLI

In the list which follows, you will find nearly every type of moving-picture mentioned. Underscore the type, or types, you like and enclose your list in a personal letter to me.

EUGENE O'BRIEN

Melodrama, farce-comedy, comedy-drama, adventure pictures, historical pictures, sea stories, Western stories, society dramas, stories of American home life, literary classics, racing stories, big town stories, stories of small town life, animal stories, fairy tales, war stories, underworld dramas, detective stories and stories of the snow country.

As types of clean, stirring pictures, I want you to see these of Universal's "White List": ***"The Teaser"*** starring LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY; ***"California Straight Ahead"*** starring REGINALD DENNY, assisted by GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD; ***"Spook Ranch"*** starring HOOT GIBSON; ***"Siege"*** starring VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN; ***"Lorraine of the Lions"*** starring NORMAN KERRY with PATSY RUTH MILLER. Write me what you think of them.

LAURA LA PLANTE

"The Phantom of the Opera," Gaston Leroux's great mystery spectacle, starring LON CHANEY, assisted by a wonderful cast, has opened in the East with flattering success. It is proving a real sensation. I consider it one of the greatest pictures in moving-picture history.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny? One will be sent you on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

greens, yellow and reds glowed gayly upon settees and chairs set about the front and side lawns. Grandfather Tudt, flitting about with calculating eye, viewed this prodigal illumination with satisfaction; it made the regions beyond seem even darker than they really were.

The popularity of the visiting lady threatened for a time the success of his plans, for it seemed impossible that she should ever be geographically segregated from the throng of her attendants. Everywhere Miss Ida went the crowd was sure to go. Did she go down into the cellar, where the ice-cream freezers were cranking pleasantly of delights to come, hovering bathlike forms immediately clung to the cellar stairs. Did she assist in setting the long supper tables under the grape arbor, immense carnage immediately ensued among the crockery; nothing less resistant than Mrs. Neutzhauer's ironstone dishes could have survived the huge red paws which juggled them. Did she flit into the parlor to evoke a strain for musical chairs, the chairs themselves remained mute, while the procession trooped about the organ. She was so small, so fair, that as she fluttered about in her gauzy dress she seemed a little white moth drawing by some unseen power a swarm of buzzing bumblebees.

The Misenhelder twins were, as usual, conspicuous for their size and their good looks; and, as usual, they provided much of the merriment, one of them being continually mistaken for the other. Their similarity was more apparent than usual upon this occasion; for the breezy jocularity of the older twin was unaccountably subdued; as the evening wore on, his face wore more and more the distraught seriousness of his younger brother.

Grandfather Tudt, hovering about in the offing, believed he knew the reason for this; he believed that Eben, after all, appreciated his heavy responsibility for delivering that for which he had already been paid.

Grandfather Tudt began to grow worried. The candles were guttering. The moon was sailing high. Matrons with preoccupied brows were girding themselves with aprons in the kitchen.

Mrs. Neutzhauer, general of the forces there intrenched, charged to the door, flourishing a knife dripping with cake frosting and shrilled, "Make finish with your games now! Supper is almost made."

Her warning was largely unheeded, owing to simultaneous screams and a burst of laughter from the shadowed lawn. One of the Misenhelder twins, blindfolded as Jacob in the game of Ruth and Jacob, lunging this way and that through the dodging crowd, had seized his Ruth and had made off with her into the darkness. Which twin was it? Grandfather Tudt, near the grape arbor, teetered anxiously. And where had the couple gone? Why did they not return? By all the rules of the game, Jacob should immediately have whipped off his blindfold and clapped it upon Ruth. The young people waited about, laughing and calling into the shadows. Still the couple did not appear.

"Give me another hank'chuf!" somebody shouted. "Let's go on without them. It's just that Ebbie Misenhelder—he's always so much for his jokes."

"I bet he peeked oncet and seen it was Idy," somebody else giggled.

Grandfather Tudt started upon a tour of investigation. A hand detained him.

"We did a good job when we brought those twins into the world," the doctor of the community chuckled; "or maybe I ought to say you did a good job; for, as I remember, I fainted dead away when Mrs. Misenhelder presented us with the second one."

"You did that," murmured the preoccupied Eri, eyes harrying the clots of shrubbery.

"Funny thing about that first confinement case of mine," mused the doctor; "it wasn't so much the unexpected arrival of the second child that upset me. I've thought about it often since—that funny obsession that came over me. I suppose I was dizzy from fatigue and excitement, but I suddenly got the crazy notion that I'd cut a toe off that second one. You know—that foot ——— But it certainly is strange how ———"

But Grandfather Tudt was in no mood for further reminiscence. The other twin had withdrawn from the game and was beginning to peer forlornly here and there behind the bushes. Grandfather Tudt arrowed from the physician's side. He caught the apprehensive Ezer as he was disappearing behind a snowball bush, and breathlessly yanked him about.

"Sh-h! Stay where you're at! Don't you dast go follerin' 'em! Sh-h!"

Ezer stared down upon his small ancestor in astonishment. The candles were sputtering; but even in that uncertain light, the young man's face shone pale and strained.

"Where's he took her?" he demanded hoarsely. "He's been a-follerin' her, and a-watchin' her, and a-sayin' things at her, all the evening."

His eyes glittered. He started once more into the darkness. Grandfather Tudt hopped before him, knees outspread, like a resolute gnome.

"You leave them be!" he warned in curdling whisper. "Don't you make a step! I know what I know! You wait oncet!" he chattered cryptically. And as the young man strained from the fingers which were digging into his arm: "Think oncet of the girl! How would it look now, both Misenhelders runnin' her to oncet? Take shame to yourself!"

The mention of the girl, the curious intensity of Grandfather Tudt, stayed Ezer for the nonce. He swung back against the snowball bush and passed a stupefied palm over his forehead.

Minutes passed. Grandfather Tudt vented perspiration. He tore open his celluloid collar. Where was Eben? Was he carrying on according to instructions? Grandfather Tudt, straining an ear into the darkness, straining an eye toward the restive Ezer, vibrated like an overwrought pendulum. He needed to be near Eben and he dared not leave Ezer. Why had the assertive Eben not waited until Grandfather Tudt had given him the signal? It was like him, his grandfather reflected hotly, thus to have taken matters into his own domineering hands.

Grandfather Tudt ripped down a couple of shirt buttons. How much longer could he detain the fidgeting Ezer?

He could detain him no longer. Ezer bolted around the snowball bush. Grandfather Tudt plunged after him, clawed headlong, tripped and fell.

He righted himself, plunged again, bunted into his grandson and rebounded in recoil, for Ezer had suddenly stopped stockstill. Breathless, stunned, Grandfather Tudt saw what Ezer saw.

Or did he see it? —those two figures, still some twenty feet distant, advancing slowly through the moonlight; those figures so close together that they seemed as one; those figures stopping now, that sound unmistakable, a long-drawn kiss upon the lips—another and another. And then coming on—coming on—passing them—passing them—a little face upturned, a little voice choking with happiness ——— "And I thought you were never going to ask me!" A light laugh, then a deep laugh—and they were gone!

Gone? Had it been a vision? For a moment the trees and the bushes reeled dizzily. Grandfather Tudt's fingers implored Ezer's coat. The coat was real; the coat was motionless, that which was within it turned to stone. No, marble! Grandfather Tudt, lifting fearful eyes, beheld a dead-white face, staring blindly into the moonlight. Sound reft the night. A shout—shouting—laughter—bursts of laughter—words—loud words—many words.

Grandfather Tudt whirred from the darkness. He made for the crowd milling around the steps of the house. Two were standing there upon the porch, arm in arm. No; even as Grandfather Tudt saw them, one slanted sharply from the other. A shrill cry, questioning, horror-stricken—or was it a cry? Above all the laughter and confusion—"Eben?" A white figure tumbling backward through the door. Eben alone—Eben wheeling after it, embarrassed laughter bursting from his lips; and the crowd milling dizzily, dizzily; Grandfather Tudt striving to cleave it like an inexpert swimmer; Grandfather Tudt swallowed, suddenly, in gray sea.

But after all, it was not gray sea, but Mrs. Neutzhauer's gray cashmere. Mrs. Neutzhauer, voluminous billow that she was, withstood handsomely the shock of Grandfather Tudt's dive into her bosom. She plucked him forth and shook him like a gay manikin.

"Och, my!" she was panting. "This is now a match! I said a'ready now if she'd only git one of the Misenhelders! To be sure, I favored the other one some—he makes his manners so nice; but, fur all, I guess this here one's got more gumption with him mebbe."

Grandfather Tudt bit the hand that held him and made off—made off toward that stricken figure in the shadows. But the figure was not there. Across the fields, in the lonely moonlight, Grandfather Tudt saw it going, swiftly, swiftly, its head bent low as though a storm were beating against it. Grandfather Tudt followed as fast as he could. But he could not catch it. It swung off toward the road. It disappeared.

Grandfather Tudt stood, gulping, then he wheeled about and made for the Neutzhauers'.

The odor of coffee was in the air. Phantasmagoric knots were revolving toward the tables under the arbor. A girl came running down the steps of the house.

"She won't come down!" she shouted. "She's made tight the door fast, and she's crying yet!"

"Excited!" laughed Mrs. Neutzhauer. "That's what she is—excited oncet. It went that way with me, too, the night Neutzhauer popped. I slapped him in the face yet and went and hided in the apple bin."

Grandfather Tudt got at Eben.

"Looky here oncet! Slinker! What's this here now? What do you mean by somepun like this here anyhow?"

Eben swept a hasty eye about and warned behind a palm:

"Don't make a fool now! I guess I got the right; I'm the oldest." And as someone grasped his other sleeve, he laughed loudly and flicked a finger against the flaring celluloid collar which was cupping upward about his grandparent's ears. "Look oncet! His halo's fell off."

Grandfather Tudt spat and hissed and seared off into the darkness—seared off to his own house. But not to sleep—not to sleep. What had he done? What had he

(Continued on Page 81)

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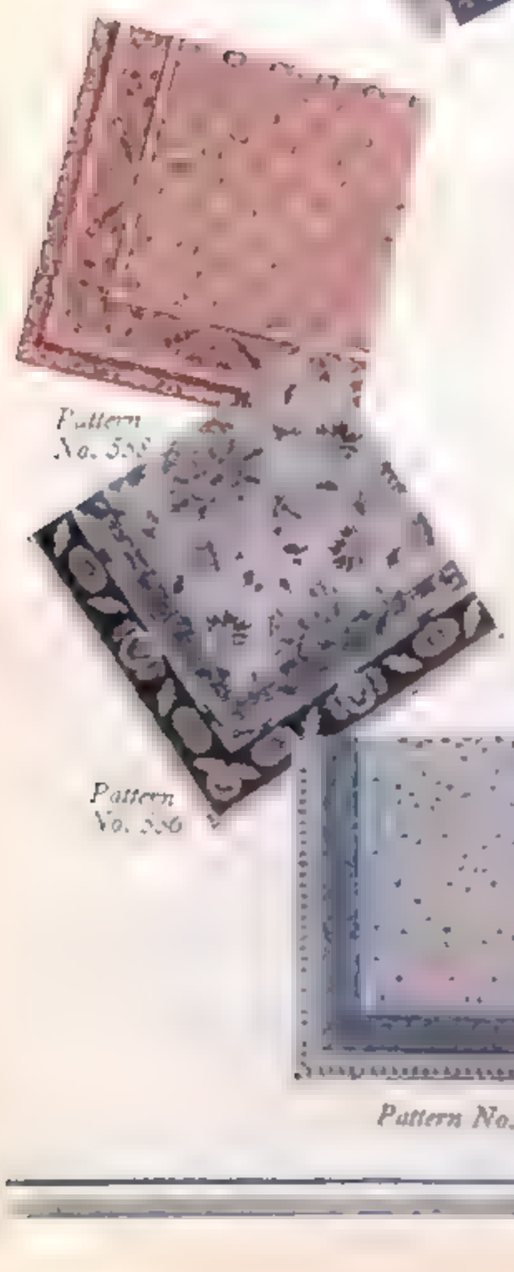

Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 536

Pattern No. 379

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Another advantage: Congoleum Rugs are no trouble to lay—they hug the floor without any fastening and never wrinkle.

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Look for the Gold Seal when you buy!

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

Look for the Gold Seal when you buy!

(Continued from Page 48)

done? The vision of that stricken figure battling with unseen storm across the lonely field answered him; answered him again and again, for he saw nothing else all through the dreadful blackness of the night.

He rose early and early went to his daughter's house. Even so, a rider on horseback was spurring out of the driveway.

Sarah Misenhelder, Eri's daughter, confirmed his suspicion.

"Stop outsides now!" she warned as usual when Eri's dubious foot leather appeared upon the threshold of her scrubbed pine floor. "Don't go smutchin' my floor up!" She dropped listlessly into a chair. "Yes, it's Eben. He has gone to Heitwille ower. I don't know what fur. I don't know what fur is anything. Och, my, them twins yet!"

"Where's Ezer?"

"Don't talk!" The disconsolate Sarah wound her hands in her apron. "Where was he? Would you tell me oncet? Where was he last night all? He come here an hour back, a-lookin' the winder in like a ghost or somepun, and he swallered him a couple cups scalding coffee and off he went. Yes, that now he did, without saying nothing. Och, my, I don't thank Eben fur stealing his girl off him, now that I don't."

Grandfather Tudt hurried back to his own premises. In his nest he sat, nor recked of prodding horsehair. If he noted it at all, he welcomed it. Grandfather Tudt longed for punishment.

In mid-afternoon he caught a flutter of blue in the Neutzhauer orchard. Squinting, he thought he descried also olive green. He sat up and brushed as at cobwebs before his eyes. Had all that happened then been a hideous dream? Had the past twenty-four hours been but an evil nightmare? For a moment he thought so.

Grandfather Tudt got up and went hastily to the Neutzhauer orchard. The girl sat upon a stump, her face buried in wet palms; a very damp moth she seemed now—one which had fluttered in stormy waters. Ezer stood, not quiet now—oh, no, pouring out his heart, his soul, words tumbling over words. Grandfather Tudt might have been a disembodied spirit. They looked at him and through him and beyond him.

"I thought it was you, I thought it was you!" she kept mumbling in undertone over and over.

"But if it wasn't me then, it's me now," Ezer flung at her. "You can't be goin' on with the marryin' when you ——"

She dropped her hands passionately to her lap.

"But can't you see—ain't I telling you—I'm just as much as married now. A hunert times pop says to me—and he's a preacher—he says, 'When oncet you've passed your promise, you're married,' he says. 'It ain't anyways what preacher says ower you,' he says, 'it's what you say,' he says. And I said it a'ready. I said it to your brother. And he—I—we passed a—kiss on it!" A red wave startled over her, leaving her whiter than before. "So we're sealed to it."

"Sealed's nothing!" erupted Grandfather Tudt. "A jar fruit kin be sealed, but it busts out on you. You kin bust out of this here if you just only think you kin."

She turned her very blue, very unwavering eyes upon him and he stepped back as though he were looking into the face of resolution itself. She held out her hand, her fingers spread wide; upon one of them was a silver band with a red stone.

"Look oncet at it!" she cried, though she averted her own eyes from it. "There it is! He went to Heitwille for to git it. And he pushed it on. And he got the jeweler to scratch onto the underneath of it 'Eben to Ida.' So it's burned into me." She spoke entirely calmly now, but her calm was the calm which is dreadful to see. "I passed my promise and I give him the kiss and he clapped me the ring on. So it's done—it's done."

"My two dollars!" Grandfather Tudt eyed the red stone malevolently.

Ezer dropped to the long grass and began uprooting it tempestuously.

"But if he sees you ain't wantin' him —— I gad, he can't have you! He can't have you!"

"I told him agin and agin I didn't know he was him; and he says still he was the oldest and he could take his pick. Och, my, I have so afraid of him! Och, my, if you'd only 'a' said somepun! Och, elend, if only you was Eben!"

"Huh? What's that now? What's that now?" ejaculated Grandfather Tudt. His eyes widened upon them, then jerked to a green apple upon a limb above them. He stared at this immature fruit for a moment, then suddenly leaped at it and spatted it off. After this cabalistic action he spiritedly demanded, "What's that now? If him—him chewin' grass there—was Eben, you'd be marryin' with him then?"

The girl stared at him dully.

"You come along of me!" commanded Grandfather Tudt. "You come along of me!"

"'Eben to Idy'—burned into you, huh?" he kept wagging his head as he led the way to his own barnyard.

Behind him the girl and Ezer stumbled dazedly, the girl wearily repeating, "Don't you see?—if I promised him and was sealed to him and was just the same as married with him, and then if I up and married with you, I'd be just the same as marrying with both of you, ain't not? Such a sin that would be to my credit!"

"Help me hitch a while now!" Grandfather Tudt pulled forth his sprung-wheeled wagon. "Eben ain't the only one kin git to Heitwille," he added, chuckling.

Even so, after he had scrimped into the seat beside them, he clutched at his breast and winced. This was not because the one crooked pin which maintained his shirt had pricked him. It was because he was about to discard the secret husk which he had infolded to his bosom eighteen years before; and long association made the operation a painful one.

It was late twilight before he finally creaked into his own side yard after depositing his passengers at their respective dwellings. From the rear of the vehicle he lifted a keg of sauerkraut, a ham, an enormous sack of buns and a huge parcel from which exuded the jovial fragrance of Wienerwursts. The inference might naturally have been that Grandfather Tudt was going into winter quarters. But he was not. Grandfather Tudt, upon the following day, was giving a party for which the mysterious invitations had been issued upon the homeward journey.

It is possible that never before was convened so small an assemblage with so large a content of curiosity as that which even before the appointed hour thronged Grandfather Tudt's living room. His daughter, Sarah Misenhelder, had been the first to arrive. Early in the morning she had forged up the slope, clanking martially broom, mop and dustpan.

"What was you up to, anyways?" she panted. "Such a shamed face it gives me fur the neighbors to see your filthy house and your yard so through other!"

"Stop outsides!" Grandfather Tudt cried wickedly. "Don't you dast come smutchin' up my scrubbed floor!"

The dishpan into which he was paring potatoes rocked in gleeful peril upon his knee as his daughter swung back, clapping broom to bosom.

"But what is it, anyhow?" she demanded distractedly. "Here I was, falling awake all night, making misery ower this here. Ain't I got enough, I ask you—ain't I got plenty enough fur to think about without ——"

"I'm going to give youse some more," winked her father.

He did. He told them when they were assembled, the Neutzhauers, the Misenhelders, Preacher Plapp and his wife. It was not so hard as it had been the day before. Yet Grandfather Tudt drew long breath as he concluded: "So that's how it was; and this here one ain't Eben; he's Ezer. He ain't the oldest; he's the youngest, and he was always the youngest. And this other one ain't Ezer: he's Eben and he was always Eben. You got fur to change their names front end hindmost."

Of the smitten assemblage, it was the assertive twin who first managed coherent words:

"I ain't neither! I was the oldest always and I m staying oldest. Who's provin' it? You ain't takin' his words fur it, was you—old gray goat! Making always his bum jokes ——"

The first feeble signs of life appeared among the audience. Elbows twitched, kneecaps cracked. Everybody began to vent words; nobody listened. Through the maelstrom of emotions, Grandfather Tudt teetered anxiously to the door.

"He's comin' now," he sighed relievedly.

"We are needful fur the doctor," moaned the ashen Sarah, her eyes upon the professional gentleman swinging from the roadster with his black bag.

"Well, well! And where's the sick one?" he demanded. And as his amazed glance swept the funereal faces: "Why, somebody hasn't died?"

Eri Tudt's great moment had come.

"Which one of them twins was borned with four toes onto the front end of its foot?"

The doctor's eyes swung from one of the young men to the other.

"Well, I can't say. I never can tell them apart. But it was the one that was born last the younger."

Ensued hush. The only sound was the crack of Eben Misenhelder's heels as he crushed back against the wall, well-nigh demolishing a youthful Neutzhauer as he did so. Ezer Misenhelder, leaning easily against the door, straightened, and as he did so, he seemed to grow. He looked down upon a little upturned face and smiled quietly.

"But what's it, anyhow?" Eben Misenhelder burst forth. "Old prying weasel! What right you got talkin' about priwate toes? What's it to youse, anyhow?"

"Not anyways to me," chortled Grandfather Tudt. "But to youse mebbe—and to him—and to her. Fur she's been promised to Eben all along and never knowed it. Yes, and her ring"—here Grandfather Tudt spiked prodigiously—"that there ring you went and bought with my two dollars—says, even, 'Eben to Idy.' It's burned into her, she says anyway. But it ain't your ring; it's hisn. He's Eben."

"But the names ——" Sarah clawed feebly at the air. "Youse can't go changin' off their names back and forthwards."

"I ain't changin' nothing," disclaimed Grandfather Tudt. "It was Grampop Misenhelder where settled it the day they was born a'ready. 'The one where's the oldest, he gits the first half of my name,' he says. Well, there stands the oldest; so he's Eben, ain't he? It's wrote, anyway, onto this here license we bought fur ourselfs into Heitwille yesterday after."

He pulled a paper from his pocket. The discredited twin laughed loudly.

"Awful smart he thinks he is! But it makes me nothing. No, I guess not, anyhow! It's as many pebbles in the sea as was ever ketched a'ready!"

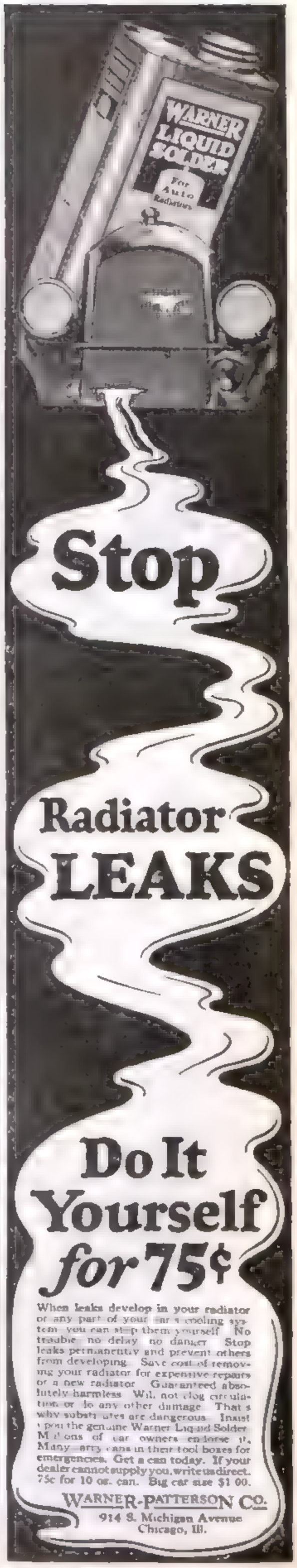
He flailed from the room and clattered noisily down the steps.

"Best stop for the wedding and the wedding dinner!" Grandfather Tudt called after him; but the youth kept on going.

In the pleasant twilight, Grandfather Tudt sat in his nest. Everything was confusion. Not a dish had been washed, not a crumb had been swept; he had successfully resisted the overtures of the women in this regard. The place was home once more. Moreover, he had given the most successful party of the season.

Joshua approached. The prophet paused delicately before the kitchen door and hoisted a question mark of a tail.

"Go ahead insides," said Grandfather Tudt heartily. "See oncet if you can't find you somepun. The rest part of the weddin's yourn."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If heavier oils gave better results in Fords, the Vacuum Oil Company would be glad to recommend them. For the heavier grades of Mobiloil—correct for other engines—have won laurels the world over. One was used throughout the U. S. Army Round-the-World Flight.

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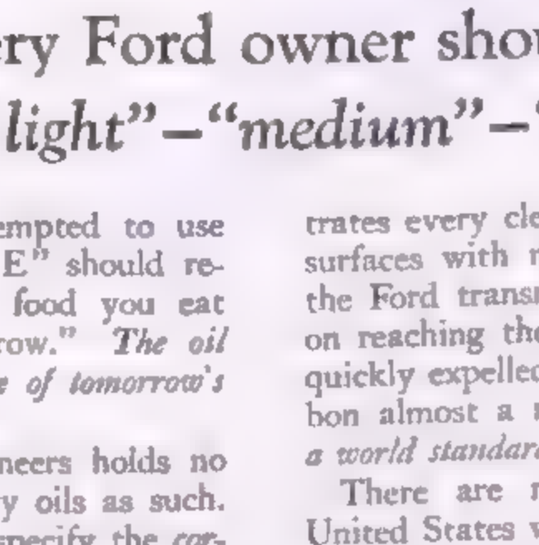

The sign to Ford thrift

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THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter	1922 Summer	1922 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc
" other mod'ls	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other mod'ls	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

How to buy:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

WOMEN IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 21)

no longer problematical, but certainties, it is then that we are apt to miss the thrill engendered by our activity in their behalf. After all, those of us who are not human fish balls never quite grow up, so that we retain some power of emotion, whatever our age may be. Thus when relentless years rob us of many pleasures, when our appetites have become satiated with the ordinary diversions of life, we welcome this new form of excitement of which we were until recently deprived, so that now old women as well as young ones may revel in the novelty of pursuit, of contest and of power, of which until 1920 we were practically ignorant.

Another thought suggests itself—that perhaps the franchise came at a time when education had been going through a serious upheaval, especially for the women. The modern collegiate curriculum was forcing many issues. The pendulum was swinging hard one way. Domestic habits had to give way to courses, conferences and culture. Readjustment was in order.

There are only so many waking hours in each day. To make and bake a loaf of bread takes time. To apply chemical analysis to the grade of flour used in the making consumes quite as many precious moments. One must yield to the other. The women of today are all working at top speed to catch up with the sterner sex in all that pertains to education. They are therefore born hectic, twilight sleep to the contrary. They have little time for individual thought. They have less time for precision, for accuracy and for logic. Women are victims of the age. Is it any wonder therefore that women in politics today should be suffering from these influences of their generation?

The delicatessen shops have well-nigh made home cooking a myth. It is asserted that when a husband comes in these days he may not find a hot and well-prepared supper awaiting him, but that most likely he will be greeted by a side partner full of diverting information of anecdotal gayety. It is rare that a man can have both these blessings; and after all, the less he eats the better his health; so that the new woman may be saving him doctors' bills, while at the same time she is providing him with companionship and entertainment.

Personally, I am not one of those who believe that all homely virtues went down with the ark. I respond to the sparkle of the present day. I revel in youth. I admire it. I want to be surrounded by it; and I firmly believe that, given time, the entrance of women in politics will ultimately prove the righteousness of the cause for which they fought.

Present But Not Participating

Many men are asking, "Why are these women not satisfied? What are they after? What more do they want?"

Well, my masculine friends, they want much more than you in your present obtuse attitude can ever imagine. They have the vote, but they want to enjoy the power that this vote entails. They are clamoring for their say politically, just as you have yours. You can no more stop the flood of this desire, now that the gates are opened, than you can keep back the aerial waves which have brought music into the households.

Women are in politics to stay, and the sooner the men accept this fact with good grace the happier will be the outcome.

If we had been seeking an object lesson, we had it in the last Republican and Democratic National Conventions.

I assume that practically many of the same conditions obtained in both, yet perforce I must confine myself to the impression created in Madison Square Garden in June, 1924, where we die-hard Democrats spent so many weary and fruitless hours.

This was a most instructive experience, especially to the hundreds of women who had been sent as delegates for the first time. In 1920 we took part through appointment. In 1924 we were there through election. We were presumably half the show; but just here the first good laugh was handed to us.

We were seated and allowed to sit. The gullible outside public believed that we were being consulted at each stage of the proceedings. It imagined us in constant conference. It believed that resolutions, policies, platforms and candidates were the work of men and women together. Yet I challenge any of my sex there present who will honestly assert that she took part in those sessions of the extreme minority which were held almost hourly day and night in secret conclave and behind closed doors.

Personally, I wish to record the fact that, notwithstanding I was delegate at large for the great Empire State, I never had the slightest knowledge of what was being planned, discussed and determined, until I was duly told of the result. This is a statement unflattering to my vanity, yet in common truth I must declare it. Possibly the muddle might have been averted—although this is hard to believe—had the women really been more than window dressers. As we sat there stupefied by the egregious daily blunders which fell upon our heads like sledge hammers, those of us whose thinking powers were not wholly dulled could not but wonder, even in humility, whether perhaps our party might not have been spared at least some of those blunders had the women been conferred with actually and not merely theoretically.

Glorious Figureheads

Were we such a lot of congenital idiots that our opinions could not have been sought with beneficial result? Had we no ideas to impart, no warnings to utter, no vision to emphasize? Were we present without purpose? Courtesy titles were not lacking, and now and again we were put on some committee, there to represent a minority so apparent that any real expression could be easily checked. It is true that women were frequently allowed to announce the ballot of their respective delegations, some in wavering tones and some in assertive reiteration. This was a harmless task which was allotted to us. Nothing serious was thereby involved.

Of course, it was generally admitted that as figureheads we scored a glorious success. The convention hall became a sea of color. Painted muslins, delicate chiffon, clinging georgettes, embroidered gauzes, waved in such triumph that the ordinary bunting became dulled and dimmed. Summer furs challenged a constantly mounting thermometer. Fashions took possession of the rostrum. As one woman after another was announced as recognized to read some resolution or to second one of the many candidates, her gown was subjected to the closest scrutiny, and the applause which enveloped her largely depended upon the skill of her modiste. A certain extremely beautiful lady might even have been swept into the ticket as Vice President, so unanimously was she declared the handsomest woman present. That our sex should be there at all as delegates and alternates was such an innovation of relief to the eye that never again will the men have it otherwise. We really never interfered with them, and we afforded a pleasant vista for them to contemplate. So why should we not be welcomed as convention fixtures?

However, it was most edifying to realize the dignified and serious fashion with which the women regarded their official duties. They had come in moral conscience to declare themselves. They were there to defend their principles and to be loyal to their convictions. The majority were well informed as to the national problems under discussion. They were exponents of preparedness. It might have been safer perhaps for the prestige of the men had the women been taken more actively into their confidence, as then they would not have had so much time to think; for when the balloting took place, this thinking often upset the masculine apple cart, as can be cited in many instances.

One thing, however, had been clearly demonstrated so far as the women were concerned—namely, that they would no longer be understudies to a group of very bad actors. The men had been given their last chance to run the whole show. They may not guess this even now, but such is the fact. When women were given the franchise, that was only the beginning of their education. Little did the men realize that, during every hour of the day in that historical and hysterical convention, they were being weighed in the balance.

The eternal slogan We Have Had Years of Experience at This Game has been tested. In operation it was found to be a flat failure. Experience and precedent had been discounted. The one-horse shay had to be replaced by an airplane. This the old-time political boss will one day discover. He is down, and the women of the country have already grown wise to it. The whole hope of the reconstruction of our political parties lies with the women, in my opinion. What they may still lack in experience they will make up with many other qualities which have until now been so conspicuously absent. They have brains and purpose. They understand every angle of house cleaning. They can sweep up the dust and destroy the cobwebs. They dream true. They are neither lazy nor selfish. They have conviction, and are not sidetracked by misleading experience.

They did not fight for the vote only to act as baggage carriers for the men with whom they legally share it. They have been waiting patiently for the outcome ever since 1920. Merely to be given a desultory recognition and have their names printed on official letterheads is no longer good enough. If the conventions accomplished nothing more, they sent the women back to their home towns in every corner of the country with a clearer vision as to the future and with a more accurate knowledge of the past.

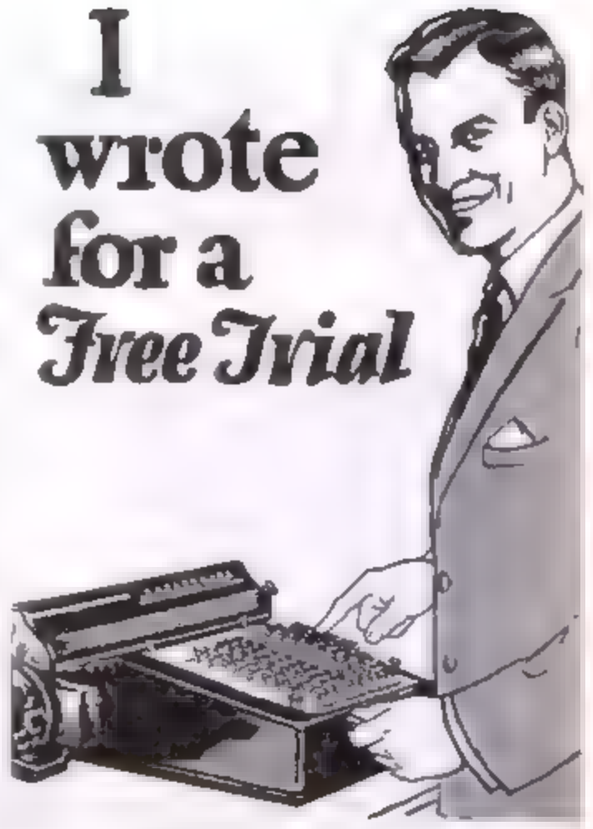
Insisting on Equality

How little, after all, do the lords of creation understand the psychology of the modern woman. They are archaic in their ignorance. They do not even follow with intelligence the columns of advertisement in the present-day magazines, for if they did, they would note that all domestic drudgery is practically done away with. Recall cuts of the housewife rocking in an armchair while some mechanical device is considerately doing her work. As a rule she is portrayed reading. Who knows but that she may be studying these very questions of national import which theoretically the men alone are qualified to cope with?

No, there is little doubt but that the male must arouse himself from the Rip Van Winkle sleep to which he has been a victim for so many centuries. He must somehow be made to realize through an amicable and bloodless revolution that merely telling women that they want to share all political honors with them on a fifty-fifty basis is not good enough. Grudgingly to concede an office is like throwing a bone to a dog. It may suffice to divert for a moment, but it fails to satisfy the animal's normal appetite. Women are getting tired of bones. That is the truth which the men must face.

So long as they are given equal education, they will insist upon equal opportunity. As lawyers, merely to sit in domestic-relations courts will not satisfy. As physicians, to practice hygiene for babies does not lead them far enough.

I wrote for a Free Trial



HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

"THEY put it up to me—I had to find some way to get the figures out—quickly, yet with absolute accuracy.

"I wrote for a TRIAL. The next day the Monroe man brought the machine in and instructed my force on its simple operation. The Monroe quickly sold itself.

"They give me the credit for record-breaking results—but the credit is all due to the Monroe. We now use ten Monroes."

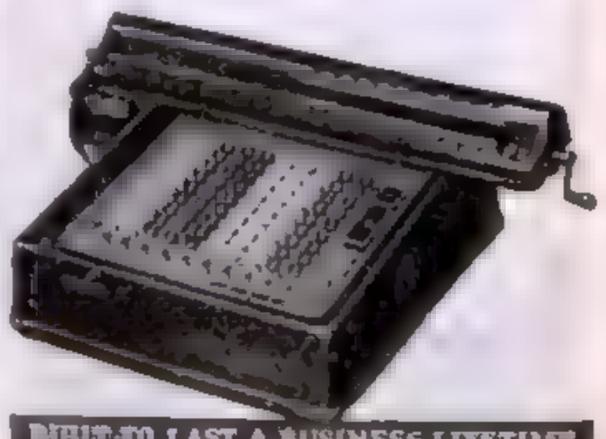
Monroe Speed with First-time Accuracy has solved the figuring problems of many an office like this—and like yours.

Monroe Locked-Figure Addition, with the other advantages of Automatic Division, Direct Subtraction, Lightning-fast Multiplication, Fixed Decimals and Visible Proof should prove just as valuable for your figure-work.

You, too, may satisfy yourself on Monroe application to your work by arranging a TRIAL—without cost, without obligation.

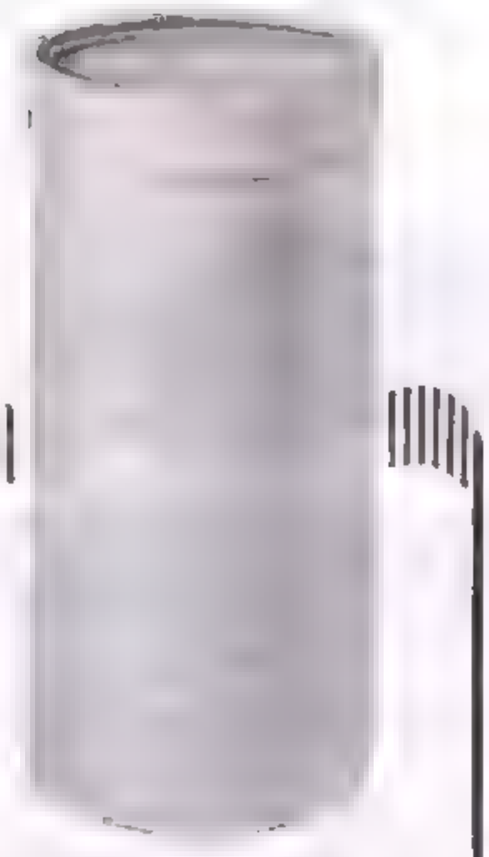
Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.

Monroe Machines and Service are available in All Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World



BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

Carry it home in a
Sealright
Liquid-Tight
Paper Container



Moonlight porch suppers and delicious ice cream

WHAT is more pleasing, more alluring, than supper or light refreshments served out-of-doors, surrounded by family or friends? Ice cream is ideal to serve at such delightful repasts.

And the ideal way to serve ice cream, as well as the easiest, is the popular Sealright Way—in attractive, round slices. All that is necessary is to have your ice cream packed in 100% Leak-Proof Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers. To serve, merely remove top and press evenly on container bottom with both thumbs, then cut in smooth, appetizing, round slices.

Eat more ice cream. It's good for all the family. Many dealers, confectioners and druggists can furnish your favorite flavor or flavors all packed and ready for you in convenient, sanitary Sealright Containers.

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. RR-19, FULTON, N. Y.

Also makers of Sealright Pouring-Pail and Regular Standard Milk Bottle Caps

"Eat More Ice Cream"

But I must again emphasize one dominant reason why the political status of women is making such slow progress. It is that they unconsciously demand recognition because they are women. There is nothing in this point of view. A woman should be entitled to hold office only because she is qualified and equipped to hold it. She should not be elected to a governorship as a sop to sex, but because in the state to be governed her candidacy is legitimate. She must be sent to Congress and to the Senate because she can there render real service to her country, and not because her election will please the woman voter throughout the nation. Neither is this to be construed as a generous gift which the men of her party have conceded.

The only justification of this prehistoric attitude is, as I have said, that the stronger sex is possessed of more experience. It is possible that a thick-headed dolt or a congenital moron may have years of experience in his calling, yet remain intrenched within his own feeble limitations. It may take seven years for a dullard to squeeze through college, yet he has had a longer experience than the lad who meteorically shoots in and skips a class on account of the precocity of his acquirements.

People are very apt to hide their blindness to progress by shielding themselves behind the cloak of experience, for which time, and not initiative, is alone responsible.

Why only the male chorus should direct political programs is a question that the women have been asking themselves all over this country—Democrats, Republicans and Socialists alike—ever since the recent conventions.

The constant exit from general meetings of men in small groups to determine nominations, to define policies, to remold platforms, should become an obsolete method. Over and over again we read that certain men are convened to decide what had better be done to harmonize party differences, to project party reforms and the rest. Do we read of any woman being invited to sit in with these close corporations? Sometimes women are either vain enough or silly enough to insist that they have been consulted. About what? we may ask. A close analysis will prove that if they have been deferred to at all, it is about some very trivial and unimportant matter.

Campaign Expenditures

When taxed to give some explanation of the situation, the men invariably insist in their justification that the heavy responsibility of raising campaign funds and of meeting campaign deficits is theirs and theirs alone.

Admitting that this is true, the question naturally arises as to why so much expense is necessary, and above all, how this expenditure is distributed. Who ever is told any details concerning the millions collected and spent at the time of a presidential campaign? Are we ever given any properly audited accounting?

Do we know anything beyond the bald statement that it took two or three millions not to elect a President, or to elect one, as the case may be? Is any information ever vouchsafed as to salaries, traveling expenses, campaign literature, rentals and the rest? Everything is lumped, not specified, proving that this is the one business in the world conducted along absolutely unbusinesslike lines; and when any man or woman is courageous enough to point out this fact, the only answer is that such a financial statement has never been either asked for or expected; that it has never been the custom to furnish it, and that it might be very embarrassing to demand it. It is even suggested that the work of the campaign directors might be thereby seriously hampered.

I believe that the active association of women in the direction of political affairs would materially rid us of much of this hokum. Women are used, as a rule, to administer their households on a budget system. They buy their weekly provisions on a weekly allowance. It is only the carelessly brought up girl who is ignorant of the value of a dollar. We do not thrust a roll of bills and loose change into any side pocket. We carry our purses, and know, as a rule, the exact amounts which these purses contain. Besides, we think in hundreds, and it is unusual for a woman, even though she may have a large fortune, to think in millions.

I remember that on one occasion where I was directing a campaign committee I surprised the men who were its underwriters by returning to them an unspent two thousand dollars. An unprecedented gesture!

Prior to our convention there were nine women charged with the entertainment and care of the visitors who were to pour into New York. Certainly their activity and indefatigable energy could not be disputed, yet in the final accounting the men, we were told, had spent for similar services something over sixty thousand dollars, whereas the women gave as their maximum disbursement a trifle over six thousand. Not one cent had been wasted, as the same rigid economy was practiced by the women composing the executive committee as in the administration of their own households.

The Glad Election Time

The sheer and absolute waste in the printing of campaign literature alone runs into thousands of dollars. Great pamphlets are issued, setting forth the presumable foundations upon which the party rests. The text will be found, as a rule, verbose and confusing, replete with repetition and colored with exaggeration. So voluminous is this document bearing on its cover the likeness of the presidential candidate that at the very contemplation of its contents the book is tossed into the wastebasket.

Then leaflets are published, compiled by overpaid employes, which take up and discuss the various questions such as the tariff, amendments to the Constitution, restricted immigration and the like. These are tied up in great bundles and are distributed broadcast to the hundreds of political centers throughout the country, where, as a rule, they are apt to remain unopened during the campaign and used as fire lighters after it.

These literary and costly contributions are regarded as necessary education to the voters. Yet one often wonders what actual influence they have in the shaping of the nation's destiny. Probably many of the printers employed represent some sporadic patronage which breathes to the majority of our old-timers the very life of party politics. If one stops to think, however, this makes the cost of such votes come very high.

I have often felt that if a political campaign were handled by real showmen who thoroughly understood how to put on a show, we should have a far greater result for much less money. We should have master craftsmen at the helm who would know just where and how to expend their money so as to insure the most popularity. There then would be some originality and some novelty introduced into the scheme. Some business acumen would be detected in the presentation. Some shrewd knowledge and trained ability would be discovered in the planning and the production of what is justly regarded every four years as a spectacular national drama.

As matters now stand, these campaigns are often left in the hands of incompetent or superannuated henchmen; or to groups of petty grafters who are out to grasp such small amounts as may be within their reach and to which, through years of service, they have grown accustomed.

Hundreds of these idle and indigent pikers look forward to the glad election time as their providence. Election year becomes their fat year on which they live during the inertia of the three others. It is no wonder that a seven-year presidential term would meet with opposition from certain quarters.

There are long vistas of waste in many other directions which are open secrets and which the women are rapidly beginning to understand.

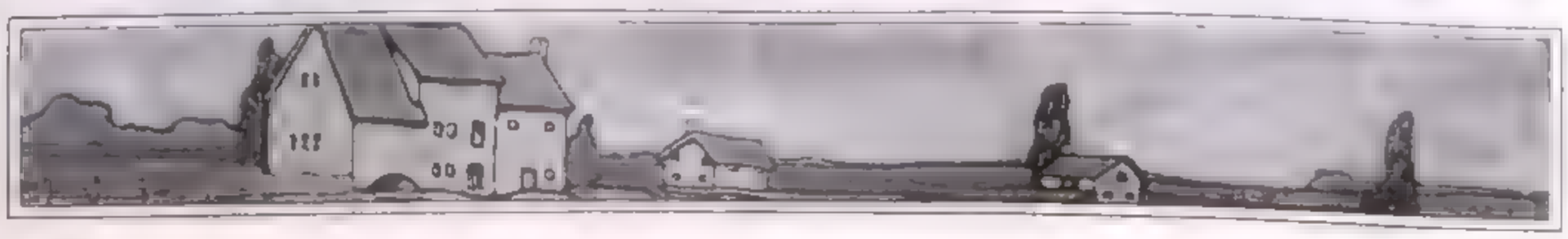
If only the men would wake up and realize that this game of solitaire is rapidly coming to an end, how much more sensible they would be. To give gracefully what sooner or later will be demanded is a wise gesture. Women in politics are the new brooms sweeping very clean. They are going into the corners. The dirt of ages is being slowly but surely dug out. They mean business. They no longer intend to be the ribs of men, neither do they wish to occupy an Adamless Eden. But what they do want, and what sooner or later they will have, is to be placed on an actual not a theoretical plane of equality. When they are put on committees, it is not to be there as mere figureheads, but as reasoning and capable individuals whose judgment is as reliable, whose knowledge of the country's needs is quite as keen, whose clarity of vision is just as far reaching, whose integrity of purpose is as unquestioned and whose ideals are no less inspiring.

Hereafter, as I have already said, small groups of men should not sit in private sessions. Not one single conference of this kind, whether official or unofficial, should take place anywhere or at any time, unless there is an equal representation of women at such sessions.

Floundering Along

Day after day we read of such meetings, the names of women thereat being conspicuous for their absence. Yet what good reason is there for excluding women from this circle, except that the men persist in floundering along on the old lines? They have been so in the habit of making halls and hotels their political clubrooms that they cannot accept the innovation of free admission for women. So long as we are willing to sit down and do as we are told, to work morning, noon and night to help elect men to office, to be satisfied with an occasional salaried position which is thrown to us on a state or municipal ticket as a sop to Cerberus, all goes well; but while men are saying with their lips that they now regard the situation as a fifty-fifty proposition, they know in their hearts and heads that this is not the truth, and that any courtesy or consideration that is shown us springs more from gallantry than from conviction. In their minds we are a pleasant element introduced into politics so long as we neither question nor insist.

We sat tight during the convention of 1924, yet, nevertheless, did not prove quite so amenable as was anticipated. In various ways we made trouble, which fact has since slowly percolated through the masculine mind. Yet the poor dears fail to recognize the fact that they had better seek our society more frequently just to learn what we are thinking, if for no other reason. Who knows but that this might prove the step in time which would save nine?



FISHER BODIES

IN 1910, Fisher did a thing which made the body-building industry gasp. It bound itself to deliver to a quality car manufacturer, 150 closed bodies within twelve months.

If the body manufacturers who were astounded by this "huge undertaking" realized the portent of that contract, they would have had legitimate cause for wonder.

For, in successfully fulfilling it, Fisher taught a lesson and set an example which revolutionized the motor car body-building industry and eventually brought the closed car within reach of the millions.

Long before entering into this notable contract, Fisher had been preaching and practising the standardization and precision manufacture of motor car bodies.

It had also been prophesying the future day when the closed car would be the common necessity of the multitude—not the luxury of the very rich.

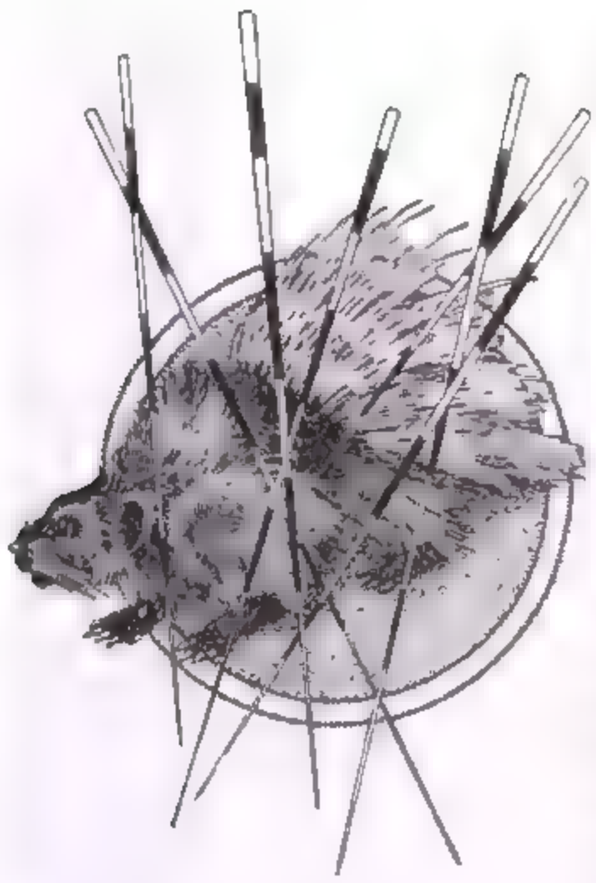
Until then, all closed bodies had been practically built to order.

The standardization and precision manufacture of these 150 bodies for Fisher's first convert to the closed car, was a revelation to the industry.

The practical, efficiently engineered Fisher closed bodies stood up. The 150 cars, scattered throughout the United States, started a real desire for closed car ownership.

From that time, the demand for closed cars has increased until today it constitutes the major part of every motor car company's output.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
CLEVELAND DETROIT ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.



Do *you* grow 'em, too?

If you are a regular he-gent, the chances are that your beard rivals the porcupine's armament.

In a hedgehog, quills are defensive; in the human face they are offensive. The animal sheds his quills once a year; man must get rid of his every day.

This would be an unmitigated calamity, if Mennen Shaving Cream hadn't been discovered. Nowadays, men with quill-like beards get behind a dense bank of Mennen lather. A few seconds later they emerge—clean-shaven, well-groomed, good-tempered.

The exclusive Mennen process, dermutation, changes the belligerent beard into a meek mass that surrenders at a glance from the razor.

This magical Mennen action is sure-fire. It requires neither the urging of towels and fingers, nor the pampering of soft, heated water. Test these robust claims at my risk. Money back if you say so. Giant tubes are 50c.

Another sure-fire product is Mennen Talcum for Men. Makes your face look better and feel better, for no apparent reason. That's because it's tinted to blend invisibly with your skin. Great for after bathing, too. Two-bit tins.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top

A BIRD DOG IN THE HAND

(Continued from Page 7)

the intellectual leadership of the world. I am convinced that the shortsightedness of the people in this regard is their unhappiness. They must be patiently and firmly led to think differently about everything they do. Their values are all wrong. 'Until there can be correct thought'—and here I quote, Miss Brown—'until there can be correct thought, there cannot be right action; and when there is correct thought, right action will follow.' These people, in their wild interest in making money, are not thinking at all. I assure you that extraordinary statement is not unjustified. These people do not think. How, therefore, can they act?"

George Henry remained for a moment lost in disturbed contemplation of his own ideas. Pomona reached over delicately and poured herself another cup of tea. Her serene gaze rested upon his head. His voice had been a pleasant murmur in her ears. It did not occur to her to wonder what he had been talking about. Men were like that sometimes. They liked to use lots of words. Her attention had been engrossed in something she had never felt before. It was a lovely, aching sort of pain just about the left middle rib. And yet it was not a pain so much as a conviction of this good-looking rich young man's utter helplessness. Never in her entire life had the possibility of a man's helplessness occurred to her. Her conviction had always been that the least you could do was to watch them like a cat and never trust them with a crooked penny around the corner. This knowledge was so new, so exciting, so devastating, that she hardly knew when he stopped or when he went on talking.

To George Henry she was the most wonderful listener he had ever known. His speech flowed and glittered because of it, took on dignity and proportion and scope. Suggestions previously vague came from his lips as well-rounded ideas, surprising even himself by their depth and reasonability. He grew taller as he talked, his dark blue eyes went black with the fire of his inspiration. He saw himself from this very tea table, under the gaze of this marvelous girl, striding out into the chaotic new city, recognized as thinker and leader, taking his place by the very force of his message as director of the whole stream of life that was pouring into this last new land. He could do anything—create a new tone in human relations, bring about a new way of human living, build a vast, contented, happy, orderly new civilization. Gazing into her eyes, he could see how simple and direct it all was. And when he saw within them a deep golden look begin to burn he knew she shared the vision with him, as he saw it, making it real. He felt even a little humbled before the soaring idealism of her woman's nature.

"You ought to get over to the beach and get a good coat of tan," she murmured in the rich pause he left. "Sitting up in this room all afternoon isn't good for you."

He sprang up and began pacing up and down.

"It is true that social reform is not to be secured by noise and shouting, but only by making people think. And that is why I have seen that it will be necessary to do something to make them think, to arrest them, if only for a moment, in their mad attitude toward land as merchandise rather than as the whole promise and potentiality of the future. I confess I have been at a loss how to impress this upon the minds of the real-estate agents I have met."

"You want to watch those birds," Pomona said softly. "Some of them would run you ragged. You leave it to me. I'll pick you up some gilt-edged stuff you can bet your shirt on." Her thoughtful glance was fixed upon his long, excitable hands. They would be strong hands if he ever got a good hold of anything, she mused, and felt herself secretly thrilling at the idea. She stood up with careful grace. "The tea was very nice," she said. "Thanks so much. I'll probably give you a ring tomorrow."

"But you're not going? You haven't had any tea—you've eaten nothing—I don't want you to go. You've no idea what it means to me to meet someone who sees my whole idea so splendidly. When will you—I must see you again—would it be too soon—won't you dine with me tomorrow?"

For the first time in her life, when she recrossed Flagler Street, Pomona was almost run down by a truck. Yet when she arrived at her sidewalk under the exclamations of a group of real-estate men who had seen her escape, she only smiled at them mistily. J. Milligan Pritchett was standing at her desk feeling expansive. The new subdivision was selling out nicely.

"Well, Miss Pom," he boomed, "find anything over there? Will he buy?"

Pomona sat down at her desk and powdered her nose slowly.

"Oh, I guess he will," she said vaguely, and sat staring across the street. If a certified check for fifty thousand dollars had been waved before her face she would not have seen it.

"That's fine, that's fine!" J. Milligan said heartily. "What's he want?"

"A guardian, I guess."

"Ah? Then suppose you take Jerry Lewis over and introduce him and have him close up something right away. I'd like to turn over that Shields tract, for instance."

"Jerry Lewis?" Pomona straightened up and stared at her employer. The brown of her eyes hardened into gold stone. "But that tract is south of cultivation line. It's under water half the time. It's nothing but saw grass and cypress hammocks. You can't—I mean, I don't want Jerry Lewis in on this yet. This bird is—I don't know—he's different. I mean, I haven't got his number yet. He hasn't told me yet what he wants. Let me have him a few days longer, please."

"Well, well—well, well! Little sister seems all excited up about something. Say, listen here, queenie, you're not fixing to double-cross us with this guy, are you? You're not holding out on us, are you? Because you know just exactly how far I'd let you get with that."

All the customers who had ever been led up to the dotted line by the finished smoothness of Pomona's work would have stared to see the eyes she raised to the clouded brow of Mr. Pritchett. There was softness in them, a hint of moisture. The assured voice trembled:

"No, of course not, Mr. Pritchett. You know I wouldn't. I don't work for any other firm but you. But please, please hold Jerry Lewis off for a while. I don't think—I mean this one isn't interested in acreage."

"All right," her employer said, equal parts of shock and suspicion in his tones; "but you'd better go home and go to bed, Miss Pom. You're losing your fighting edge."

"Don't you worry about me. I'm all right." The moisture was gone completely, and the eyes were hard. She reached out for her hat and slammed her desk drawer. "Only I tell you straight, if you send Lewis or anybody else over there until I say so, I'll quit you cold. Cold, what I mean. I hope that's sufficiently distinguishable."

She walked out and went home, her heels smart upon the pavement, seeing nothing at all. If she could find out who held that option on the hotel site before Tropical Townsites did, she could make a neat little profit for him. It was exactly as if parts of her brain which had previously lain dormant were now springing into activity. She spent an hour telephoning careless, casual questions to various friends of the bird-dog persuasion and learned exactly what she wanted to know. She was thrilled that she would have something to tell him in the morning.

But he was not in when she called him, morning or afternoon. He did not appear in his window. She grew tense and snappish with wondering where he was and what he was doing, and lost a perfectly good prospect who fairly walked in the door. Besides, he must know about the option immediately or someone else would snatch it.

Yet nothing of this was visible on her face when he called for her in the evening. The car he drove was shabby, but expensive. At the wheel his hands had force. His profile, as she gazed up at it, occasionally was stern and purposeful. They floated across the Causeway to Miami Beach, with the dark water around them, the dark sky overhead powdered with great sweeping trails of star dust, the city glittering behind them, the Beach glittering ahead. They were comfortably silent. Night and starlight and black water and speed were for the first time a rare and overwhelming mystery.

"Do you mind the wind in your face?" he said once, and she said, "Oh, no, I love it." And that seemed a subtly complete conversation.

They dined somewhere, on a balcony looking out at beach sand shining in the lights, and black palm fronds and a black ocean from which the reddest moon in the world slowly emerged with a great spatter and splash of light. They spoke platitudes about sand, ocean and moon, laughing a little as one does at the most brilliantly satisfying conversation. A delicious sense of adventure and fulfillment hung upon their eyelids. After that they drove across the Causeway again, and westward, until the Everglades stretched flat and vast and silvery about them and the wind was fresh and wet, fragrant with weed blossom and sun-dried grasses. Somewhere by a canal running full to the brim of moon silver they stopped the car. Deliberately, Pomona made him stop the car. All this wind and speed and moonlight was making her a little dizzy. She felt that the only thing for her to do was to cling firmly to the idea of options. The very sight of his hand on the wheel beside her was beginning to affect her strangely. Suppose he were to reach out and touch, ever so slightly, hers? What would she do? What would she do?

"I think I've got just the buy you're looking for, Mr. Haynes," she began briskly although the moonlight brought a lovely ripple to her voice. "An option on a hotel site that I know positively for a fact you can get for eight thousand dollars cash that will mean an easy profit of thirty-five thousand, six hundred dollars in a month. I know the people you can sell it to. I can fix the whole thing up for you, and I'll take a commission only on the resale. That's fair enough, isn't it? Can you get the money in forty-eight hours?"

The look that George Henry turned toward her, full in the moonlight, caught her eye, stopped her short, twisted something tight about her heart. It was as if she had hurt him horribly. He looked at her as at something foreign and a trifle loathsome. At least, so it seemed to her.

"I don't quite understand you," he said slowly, "after all I've told you about my feelings about the ownership of land. You mean—you didn't understand me yesterday? You weren't even listening? It seemed to me then that because you did I could do—why, I could make everything work out right, because you believed in me. And now you expect me to buy real estate."

They stared at each other with shocked faces, with eyes at last completely aware of each other as individuals, with mouths bitter with the sudden comprehension of the imperfection of all human understanding.

"I—oh—you mean—you don't want to buy anything? You don't want to make any money?" Pomona said. "I only wanted to help you. Why, I wouldn't even take a first commission. I ——"

(Continued on Page 58)

What a convenience electric light is

. . . and how much less it costs!

In the days of Governor Bradford, light was so expensive that the frugal Puritan family extinguished its single candle during prayers. The early settlers had to learn to make candles themselves—the most arduous of tasks.

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Three generations of experts have labored to produce this *supreme* Flowery Orange Pekoe tea. Blended from tiny bud leaves from the tips of tea plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India and Java.

Good Hotels everywhere serve Tao Tea

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TAO TEA BALLS

Tao Tea Co., Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York

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"You don't know—you don't see," he said, and his fingers on her wrist were painful. "To own land for myself, when there are others who can't own it, would be going against my deepest principles. Can't you see that all this buying and selling of land is wrong? Can't you see that it is what is ruining us as a nation, making people think of nothing but money? Can't you see that to force the price of land up and so huddle landless people in ugly cities is the reason for all the vice and crime and suffering of our day?"

Pomona blinked rapidly, with troubled eyes fixed on his face, trying to follow the sweep of his thought. His words fell on her unaccustomed intelligence like a great fog through which she struggled blindly. Never in her life had she tried to understand an abstraction. She was vaguely aware of protests she would have liked to make if she could have thought what they were.

She could only say feebly, "But—but then what would become of the real-estate men?"

In the full bitterness of his disillusionment, George Henry was reaching for his gear shift.

"Pah! Buzzards!" he said, and pressed his starter.

It was apparently his intention to start the car. The car was not started. The firm feminine hand that closed upon his arm held a bite in every finger, the anger of a woman whose tender emotion has been rudely challenged. He turned and looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, you—you poor flabby highbrow!" Pomona said. "You take that right back! Don't you dare to say that about real-estate men! I'm a real-estate woman. What do you know about anything anyway? You've read a bunch of stuff in books and you think you know it all. Why, there are dozens of honest, hard-working real-estate men in this town that could show you the big holes in every theory you believe in, just because they've done work and you haven't. You ought to be ashamed.

"Who started people owning land anyway? People always have owned land, and I guess maybe if it was as wicked and bad for people as you say it is, they'd have tried to stop it long ago, like murder and stealing. You make me sick. You never earned a dollar in your life and you don't know anything about the awful necessity of having to make it. You don't know anything about the needs that make people want it. You couldn't any more stop what's happening here than if you got out in front of the Pilgrim Fathers and told them to leave the Plymouth Rock alone. You wouldn't even be here in Florida if everybody else hadn't come here and advertised it and sold land; and yet I bet you wouldn't have stayed if you hadn't liked it, even if it did make you shudder. Don't you suppose developing and selling real estate takes brains and courage. Anybody can think up things people ought to do; it takes brains to make them do it. You'd never do it. You'd sit in a window and look at it and throw up your hands in holy horror at the idea of anybody making any money the way you don't want them to. First thing you know you'll wake up and find yourself dead without ever having lived at all. Before you get the right to be the world's best little fixer, you've got to get down on the street and take your share in it. You can't talk about what people ought to do until you've been people yourself. You can't—— Oh, heavens, what's the use? You'd better take me home."

George Henry had taken the entire tirade in absolute silence, staring out across the shimmer of the canal to the utter silver rim of the horizon. When she had finished, he opened his mouth twice and closed it again. His head sat like granite upon his immovable shoulders and he did not turn toward her even when he must have heard the subdued catch in her breath behind her hastily applied handkerchief. If Pomona was indulging in so unusual a thing as tears, George was also white with a thought as new and shocking as a streak of lightning.

"You think I haven't lived?" he said finally.

"You cert'dny—don't dow—anything about itd," she said from the handkerchief.

"I hope you don't mean I ought to get out and sell real estate," he said, and his lips were tight.

The remark that issued from the handkerchief was to the effect that he probably could not sell a cubic inch of it if he tried until he was black in the face.

"You think I'm just generally no good?"

The small sound in reply might have meant anything.

"Then I suppose there is nothing else to do but take you home and thank you for a highly educational evening."

She implied that he was right, and he did.

Pomona did not go to work until noon the next day, but then she threw into it so much of her most compressed vigor that it was as if she were lost in a small cloud of her own making. She hardly glanced up when Jerry Lewis sauntered up.

"Well, well, little sister," he said in that lowered, slightly hissing tone which meant that he was particularly pleased with himself, "thanks for the sweet and lovely tip about your gentleman friend. He certainly came across handsome. The boss said to give you this check right now as your split on the commission. Many happy returns and all that sort of thing, don't you know."

Pomona looked up at him slowly, white to the lips.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know. The bird over at the Corona-Biscayne. The fluffy duck with the lovely wad and the large ideas—Haynes. The boss said as long as you weren't down I might as well go over and tickle him a little, and I sure tickled him some. Know what I sold him, kid? The Shield tract—all of it. Four hundred acres at five hundred an acre. Cash payment by certified check in the boss' upper left-hand pocket right now. And a sweet little split on the commission to a sweet little —— Say, are you crazy?"

He stared down at Pomona's hands tearing the check into confetti. He stared down at her raised eyes, narrowed and hard and furious.

"No, I'm not crazy," she said, and her nostrils flared. "I'm through. You can tell the boss so for me. He broke his word. He knows what I mean. And as for you, Jerry Lewis, selling a bunch of saw grass and water to a helpless boy who doesn't know marl from granite, I'll tell you what you are. You're a—you're a buzzard. And don't you forget I said it."

"Tell Mr. Haynes, Miss Brown must see him at once," she said to the telephone girl at the hotel five minutes later. She was not aware that she had crossed the street in front of a fire truck. She went up in the elevator without looking at herself in the mirror or fussing with her hair.

"What do you mean by going and buying land without asking me about it?" she stormed at George Henry as soon as she had entered his sitting room. "You swore you wouldn't ever own land. You swore it was all wrong. And then as soon as my back is turned you go and spend good cash money on the worst swamp in Florida. What do you mean by it?"

They faced each other, two thoroughly angry young things, quivering a little with complex emotiona. George was the colder.

"Am I to suppose you have any interest in what I do?" he asked.

"No, you're not, and I haven't. I only want you to know that I didn't have anything to do with selling that land to you. I've torn up my share in the commission and I want you to get your first payment back if you can. You ought to be able to prove misrepresentation. And that ought to teach you never to buy land without looking at it. Never! That's a sucker's trick. You haven't any business being out without a guardian."

"I thought you said I needed to get out of my window and live like other people. If I'm a sucker, you're responsible. I hope you like your work."

Pomona felt her eyelids stinging with tears for the second time in two days, and the feeling made her perfectly furious.

"Why didn't you stick to your principles better, if they were so fine? Why didn't you refuse to have anything to do with Jerry Lewis, if you think such things about real-estate people? Why, oh ——"

She walked over to the window and blew her nose angrily. George Henry stood staring at her, miserable and bewildered. He started when she whirled on him again.

"You'd better get your car out tomorrow morning and take me down there so we can look over that tract. You ought to see it, anyway, to know what you've done. Maybe I can think up some way of getting you out of it. You come for me at nine o'clock. And for Pete's sake don't buy any more real estate between now and tomorrow morning. Don't even look at a real-estate man."

George Henry could make only propitiatory noises in his throat as she whirled from the room.

There is something about the sweet speed of a good car, held steadily to an oiled road that leads straight and south to the place where the horizon smokes into great white cloud, through a morning whose sunlight is the newest, gayest, fizziest compound in the world, across an earth marked with the glitter of grapefruit leaves and the singing warmth of pine trees in the sun, which absolutely defies ill temper. The top of the Florida morning was the very breath and abandon of adventure. Burdened with sternness as she was, Pomona had not been able to repress a little hop and skip of delight as she jumped into the car. George Henry, although bowed down with emotions in conflict with the principles of a lifetime, grinned and settled himself happily in his seat behind the wheel, echoing her own little shout of delight when they had left the last subdivision.

She had a trick of crooning to herself like a happy little bug in sunshine. Several times at a pert remark of hers George Henry laughed. The pine smells and the smells of palmetto blossoms and the reedy, watery fragrance of the open swales, where tall saw grass rippled like a river of wheat between the pine land, blew across their faces, were inhaled in great deep breaths that made the blood go singing in their veins. Their eyes sparkled and their mouths were relaxed. And by the time they stopped in Florida City for gas they ran across the road for sodas at a drug store, talking blissfully and unconsciously all the time. It was astonishing—only no one noticed it enough to be astonished—how many things there are to talk about besides real estate and the single tax on a morning like this.

The low gray car turned sharp right at the Florida City filling station and scuttled down the long straight road that suddenly took on the air of having been completed just that morning for their especial benefit. The marching armies of the Caribbean pine, which had seemed so much in retreat before the roads and the cleared lands, now advanced straight to the road edge, a green-topped high wall of brown trunks which seemed to wheel beside them as the car thrust its nose down the narrowing road. And when the last pine land vanished behind them and they flashed in sheer sunlight toward the sharp jungle walls of Paradise Key, with the shining fronds of the royal palms lifting like glittering banners into the blaze of blue, Pomona deliberately put a warm palm over George Henry's on the wheel and patted it.

"O-o-h!" she said. "Aren't they too marvelous?"

He turned and smiled at her, having adroitly caught her hand. So they ran more slowly through the green jungle of Paradise Key and emerged again like bold What's-'is-Name gazing with a wild surmise on a land never before dreamed of by them, or even yet believed.

(Continued on Page 60)

The Newest Plant in the Industry for one of the Oldest Makers

To further this mighty idea—"Always making them finer"—we have recently occupied this mammoth new plant—judged by foremost engineers the most efficient automobile plant ever built.

Here, time—space—material—human energy—are conserved as never before. In fact, as not possible elsewhere—for this is the industry's *newest* plant.

Think what it means to you that the car you drive comes from such a plant—the result of 17 years' experience.

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Hundreds of special machines do the work of thousands of hands—more swiftly—more accurately—and at less cost.

Three miles of conveyors carry the parts of your car from machine to machine and from man to man. And each operation is performed by a specialist—a man trained through years

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to do his particular job. And do it better every day.

So whether the improvement in your Paige or Jewett is visible or not—it is there, built into every car we sell. For the hand and brain of every man who works here are trained to "Always making them finer."

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You will search the industry in vain to find more inspection—closer inspection than we enforce. 1 out of every 5½ men in this great plant is an inspector. 29 men inspect every motor we build. Each motor block goes through 167 inspection operations before receiving the piston and connecting rod assemblies.

Vital parts are rejected if they vary *five ten-thousandths* of an inch from standard.

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Paige-Jewett inspection never ends. Fifteen Paige-Jewett executives constantly drive new cars—picked from the assembly line at random. They represent the average owner. They report the slightest deviation from our high standards. So the work of perfecting Paige and Jewett cars goes on and on.

Does such care get results for you? Look at this: Our sales of repair parts per car in operation were $12.42 in 1922—$10.39 in 1923—$8.15 in 1924—and average this year $6.02.

When you put your money into a Paige or Jewett car you can be sure its delightful performance is coupled with long life and economy.

(601)

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YOUR "pipe dreams" come true! England has sent to Hargraft & Sons her finest pipes . . . Ben Wades. There is a patrician look about them, a flawlessness in every detail that gives any man a thrill just to look at them. But that's not all. A pipe is made to be smoked. And a Ben Wade smokes like no other pipe. Sweet, mellow, "broken-in" from the first day onward. Instead of staining and varnishing the inside bowl, Ben Wade's men polish it and pumice it and open the pores of the briar for perfect absorption.

Ben Wades are sweet, mellow, old pipes from the first day on! The only men who can truthfully say they don't like pipesmoking are men who never tried Ben Wades. Ask your nearest tobacconist to show you Ben Wade pipes. If he can't, just write to Hargraft & Sons for a catalog showing all shapes in actual sizes.

Since 1860 Leeds, Eng.

Ben Wade PIPES

HARGRAFT & SONS
WRIGLEY BUILDING CHICAGO

This sign identifies all Hargraft dealers

(Continued from Page 58)

For if the road by which they had come seemed new made and untouched, the earth upon which they now moved, in the rigid ruling of the highway, lay brilliant, never before invaded, touched here and there with glitter as if the first mists of creation had barely lifted from them. Under a piercingly blue sky the land lay, shut in only by the sky, a vast plain of high grasses, with here and there the somber green of hammocks of live oak or mangrove, like boats stranded in a tranquil sea. Beside the straightness of the road lay the straightness of a canal, filled with clear brackish water and with green things growing down the banks. All there was to look at was sky and flat earth, and yet they were so filled with the very essence of all light, with the very salt and vigor of all sea winds, that it had upon the two in the car the effect of a great heightening of experience. They did not speak at all, except for occasional rapt murmurs, and they seemed to see the same things instantly with the same zest, the same shock of delight. Overhead occasionally in the crystal air a buzzard soared and swept as if cleansing itself of the indignity of earth. And once, as they roared southward, an eagle lifted from a near-by tree and raced with them.

Then they came into a land where tiny stunted cypresses lifted their bleached whiteness above the wet green earth, a miniature forest of distorted ancient trees upon whose dead bones of branches the new green of leaves was scratched in a million tiny crosshatchings, misted and virginal. Behind them, here and there, taller hammocks of cypresses stood crowded together, whiteness showing through tangled green. Still the roadway was a blistering white line before them, and in the clear brown water of the canal birds dipped and flew up suddenly, scattering bright drops. Presently the country of the dwarfed white cypress lay behind them, and clear to the horizon the tawny saw grass stretched again, and the low mounds of the hammocks in the glittering distance were the darker green of live oak and buttonwood. On a long gradual arc the road curved eastward and a stronger wind sprang at them, sturdy and brisk with sea salt.

"Look!" Pomona said suddenly, and pointed. "Look! This must be yours."

There was a faded signboard which read vaguely, "Shields. This Land for Sale." He stopped the car suddenly on that side of the road and they sat staring. A vast, breathing silence immediately spread about them, laid its hand upon them, as if it had been lying in wait for the death of the noisy engine. They lost themselves in it, tracing through it the infinitesimal creaking of an insect in the near-by grass, the faint sounds of the wind moving softly across thousands of silent acres. A bird flying far overhead cried thinly once, and from behind them another answered with a shower of silvery twitters. The car creaked and settled a little. George Henry drew in a deep breath.

"That—mine?" he murmured, in a voice that reached the girl's ears so strangely that she turned and stared at him. His hair blew away from his forehead. His eyes gazed straight to the horizon. Pomona found herself more interested in the strange expression on his face than in the land. "All that mine?" he said again. "Why, I—I never dreamed ——"

As if waking from a mood in which her own familiar hard-shelled self had lain dormant, Pomona turned her head sharply to stare where he stared, swept carefully with a shrewd glance the neighboring surface of the grass and looked back at him. His expression had not changed.

She opened the door of the car, got out and stood in the road. Then she sauntered leisurely along it, peering at the soil which fell away sharply from the road in a ditch-like depression. She found a long dead branch and came back with it to the car.

"It's your land all right, Mr. Haynes," she said, in a cheerful business voice. "Come and look at it. I'll show you what I mean."

He clambered out of the car, still saying nothing, as if a new thing had wrapped him round with daze. He stood absently beside her as she poked vigorously in the ditch. He seemed not to be able to take his eyes from the full expanse of the yellow-green earth or the dark-green shadow of the nearer hammocks.

"Look at that, will you?" she said. "You know how little rain there's been in weeks and weeks. You know how dry everything has been around Miami. Look at that. Right now that soil is sopping wet, and this is near the road. What'll it be like on beyond there, where it goes toward the sea? I tell you it's a complete misrepresentation, unless they sold it as submerged land. In the rainy season this would all be under water. It's robbery. This stuff's no good to anyone."

He stared down at her stick, probing away among the stiff roots of the saw grass. It had disclosed soil as black as his boots, thick muck, oozing wetness. He walked off the road and down into it and the thick mud squelched around his ankles.

"Don't do that!" Pomona cried sharply. "Come back! You'll get stuck." But to her horror George Henry kept right on. "Here, listen!" she cried again. "Stop—George!"

He called back over his shoulder, "It's all right. There's a kind of path here. Firm enough. There's somebody over there on my land."

She looked where he pointed. Someone was evidently camping in the nearest hammock. A thread of smoke lifted. What looked like a piece of rag showed, hung on a bush. She would not have noticed it in the tangle of trees. George Henry was making his way toward it slowly, picking his way along through the saw grass. Pomona stared about her at the vast horizon. The whole world was suddenly empty but for the head and shoulders of George Henry, and he was moving away from her. The assurance of Flagler Street was slipping away from her. She was no longer shrewder and wiser and a better business man than he was. His vanishing figure was no longer helpless. She felt lost and lonely and deserted. With a little dismayed cry, she stepped gingerly down to the quaking earth and followed him. Her white-kid sandals sank in the thick mud. The murderous edges of the saw grass tore at her silk stockings and skirts. Once when she slipped off a hillock of dry earth and snatched at a handful of tough blades it tore her soft palm until the blood ran in bright drops. She wound her handkerchief around it and peered ahead for George Henry, called his name faintly. He was standing on the higher ground, looking back at her.

"Here," he said, "I didn't mean for you to come. Go back. You'll ruin your clothes."

"I won't," she said. "You oughtn't to come in here alone. It might be bootleggers."

"So you came to protect me, did you?" he said, and there was a queer light in his eyes. "You must think I'm pretty helpless. All right, come on." And he disappeared in the rude pathway that curved around tree trunks and over great interlaced roots, as if a furtive animal had burrowed through the solid jungle.

Then they were standing in an open space, facing a sort of hut, a plank platform with a roof over it. A pile of burlap bags lay on the platform. The camp was untidy with tins and bits of rags. A few pots and pans were hung on stakes driven in the ground. A kettle hung from a forked stick over a fire. As they stared, a man seemed to crawl out from behind a bush, straighten up and level a gun at them, full in George's face.

"What you doing?" his voice said shrilly.

Pomona dug her fingers into George's arm in sudden panic. And yet as she stood close to him, feeling the tension of hard biceps, somehow her fright left her. She could not see that George felt even a tremor of fright. She stole a glance up at him. He was smiling easily, straight into the man's eyes.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "You don't need to bother with that gun. Can't you see you're frightening the lady?"

Pomona saw the black circle that was the end of the gun begin to wabble a little. Presently it dropped. The man peered at them over it. He was a bent, bony figure, with a bald head and a nose like an old bird's, and his eyes were a blue so faded that it seemed almost as if he must be blind. He moved over to them, his thin mouth working a little. Pomona did not relax her grip on George's arm. Suppose he were to lift that gun again and shoot George suddenly.

"I'd put that gun away if I were you," George went on pleasantly; and he put his hand over hers and held it in a warm, strong, comforting grasp. "We're really quite harmless. My name is Haynes. I've just bought this property and I ——"

"You—what?" The man's voice shrilled and broke. "You bought it?"

"Just bought it yesterday," George said. "What's the matter?"

The birdlike old man turned slowly and put his gun jarringly down on the planks of his hut, stood with his back turned to them for a moment. When he moved slowly back to them his face was twisted with emotion.

"I—I'm Shields," he said. "I didn't think anybody would buy it. I've lived here right smart of a while. It—it kind of hits me all of a sudden."

Pomona expelled her breath in a long relieved sigh. She found that she had been trembling a little.

"Oh, you're the previous owner!" George said. "I'm glad to know you. I suppose they haven't got word to you yet. Well, now you can move away somewhere and live better."

The pale-blue eyes crept up to George's face and down again.

"Well now," he said, "I don't know's I'm so glad. I ain't exactly prepared for hit. I told them real-estate fellers they could try to sell, but I didn't s'pose anybody'd want to buy. This land's awful wet in the rainy season, and what with the mosquitoes in summer, I figgered they'd let me be."

"Gets pretty wet down here, does it?"

Shields looked up at him again, a note of eagerness in his voice.

"I sh'd say hit does. Why, some rainy seasons this yere hammock's the on'y thing out of water. Three-four feet of water all over the rest of hit. And soon's the water gits down a bit you'd ought to see the mosquitoes. Bite through burlap sacks, they do. Git up your nose. Drive you crazy. Sing at you outside a mosquito netting something terrible. You couldn't stand it."

"Well, you seem to stand it pretty well." George eyed him. "You look pretty healthy."

A proud smile cracked across the folded parchment of Shields' jaw.

"When I come to Floridy twenty year ago," he said, "I couldn't so much as walk. Now I walk once a week up to Homestead and back, and it ain't nothing. There ain't a weller man in the state. It's the sun done it. And the land is healthy."

"It looks good enough land, but if it isn't dry enough to do anybody any good ——"

A look of brilliant cunning rippled up the birdlike old face.

"Don't you make no mistake about this land," he piped. "They ain't rich land like this nowhere. Old sea bottom, rotted rich way down. Why, you could spread this soil for fertilizer—spread on top of ordinary dirt."

"It is, is it? I thought so." A subtle sort of excitement seemed to be carrying from Shields to George Henry. The faded blue eyes were staring into his and they spoke directly and earnestly, as men who had arrived suddenly at a hidden understanding. "Then why did you sell?"

"I ain't sold all I got," the other said. "Land ain't enough. I figured I'd need a lot to do with it what's got to be done. With money, I could fix up my other piece, drain it and ——"

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DODGE BROTHERS COACH

In buying Dodge Brothers Coach, you may rest assured of this:

Nowhere can you purchase greater dependability, greater freedom from annoyance, and more substantial and durable beauty at a smaller cost-per-mile.

The Coach not only *accommodates* five adults in comfort—it *carries* them in comfort.

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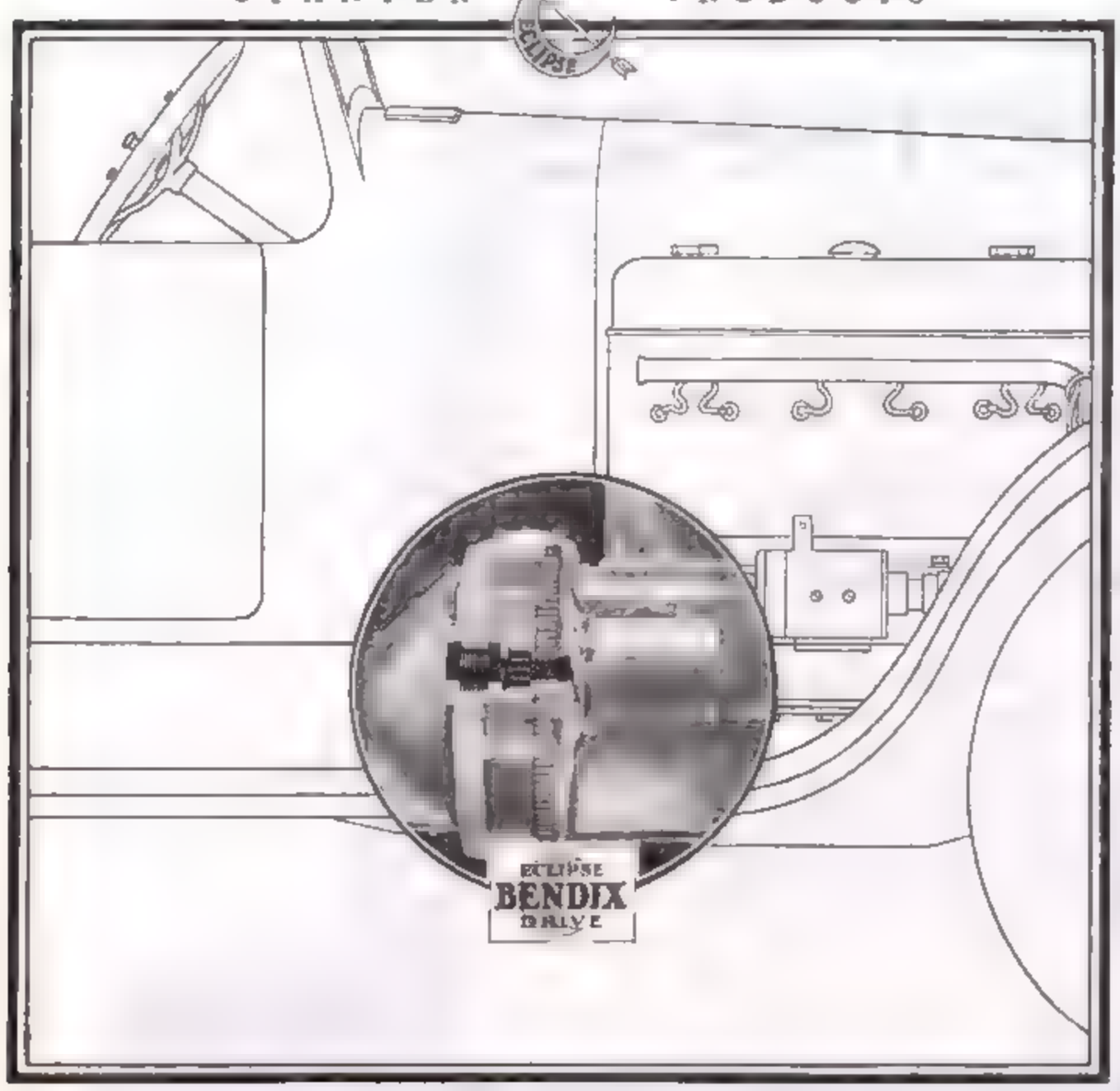


Where It Is and What It Does

The Eclipse Bendix Drive is the connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile. When you step on your starter you make an electric connection between the battery and the motor—thus suddenly rotating the motor shaft on which the Eclipse Bendix Drive is mounted. This moves the pinion gear over into mesh with the gear on the flywheel of the engine .... cranks it .... starts the engine .... then automatically lets go, and waits until you need it again. The Eclipse Bendix Drive is "*The Mechanical Hand That Cranks Your Car.*"

The efficient dependable service rendered by the Eclipse Bendix Drive is evidenced by the fact that it has won its place as standard equipment on the electric starters of a large majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

Any dealer, garage or service station can supply genuine service parts for the Eclipse Bendix Drive. Insist on genuine parts should emergency necessitate replacements. The name "Bendix" is on each genuine part. Look for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N. J.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Ltd., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 60)

Pomona broke in abruptly, out of an overwhelming feeling that she must stop at all costs something that was happening here, something that she did not understand, something that was exciting George Henry.

"You can't drain this land in a thousand years. It isn't enough above sea level. The water won't run off. And when Lake Okeechobee fills and overflows it's like opening a water faucet on it. You can't do a thing with it. It's crazy to think you can."

She might have had the unnoticed voice of an insect for all the two men noticed.

George Henry said, "You've heard of Holland, of course. I've been studying this proposition too. It'll take a system of canals and dikes. They've got to come to that yet—dikes."

The other blinked and nodded in swift delight.

"Plenty of wind," he said. "Windmills. Electric contraptions. I been figgering it. Dikes is right. You're a smart man. I thought nobody else but ——"

"You'd be living," George went on, as if chanting a ritual; "not shut up. You could grow strange tropic things, rare crops. You could think things out. Sell only to people who'd promise not to sell—stay put—demonstrate how it could be done with a group."

"It'd take a powerful lot of money," the other said.

"Maybe," George Henry answered. "But if you've got it, why not? I suppose you wouldn't consider staying on to look after things. I've got to go to New York for an engineer I know. You could be building a shack."

"You get good engineers," the other said sharply. "No boys—men—men that can see it the way you see it. You come and live with them. Keep 'em up to the mark. Make them see it big. You're the right one to've bought it; do the right thing by the land. I didn't have the capital. You've got to have capital."

"And you've got to see it," George Henry said. "All right, we'll do it. I'll be down with this man next week. Come on, Pomona." And he turned and walked briskly back to the path.

Pomona followed him, her mind a dizzy fog. She had not understood half of what they had said. They had agreed to something which was vague but perfectly insane. It seemed to her that both men had completely lost their senses. The turmoil of anger, bewilderment, strangeness, uncertainty, fear, and a great pervading unhappiness boiled up in her suddenly as she stumbled blindly at his heels. She blundered into a sticky hollow into which she began to sink above her shining silken ankles.

"Oh!" she cried sharply. "Oh-h! I'm sinking in it! Oh, I can't bear it! This awful mud! Oh, oh ——"

George Henry flashed around and with a sudden chuckle of laughter picked her out of it with one sweep of his arms and strode with her to the solid rock of the road. He was laughing happily in her ear as she cried limply, hot and miserable and disgusted, down his coat collar.

"So you're not a hard-boiled little business vamp," he laughed, setting her on her feet on the road, but still holding her tightly against him. "So you've come out of the street, have you, just the way you made me come out of the window? You didn't think you were going to jar me loose without getting jarred yourself, did you, Miss Smarty? Well, how do you like your future home?"

Pomona jerked her face from his shoulder and stared up at him with an indignant, quivering mouth.

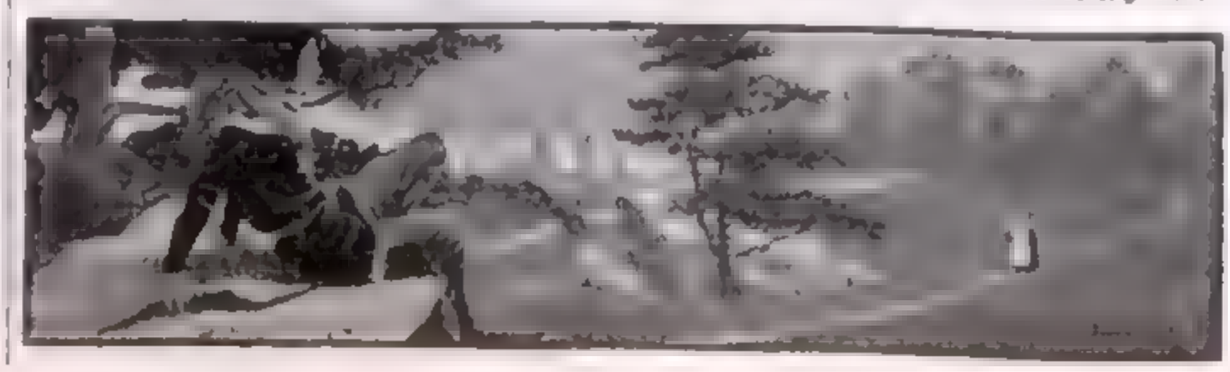
"What do you mean?" she stormed. "You're crazy! Do you think I'd live in the mud, like animals, eaten alive by mosquitoes? Have you had a sunstroke? Let me go!"

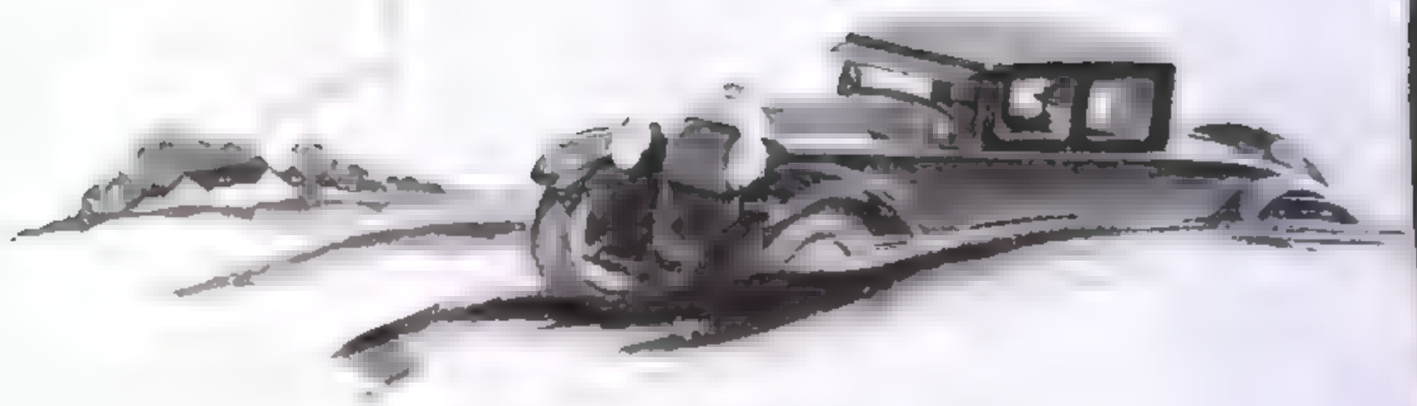
"Not on your life," George Henry said, gathering her in again. "You just didn't understand all that. I'm going to fix it for you. Drainage and dikes—that's the trick. It's going to take lots of money and lots of work. I suppose we could get a good house in Homestead. I want to be on the job with it. Hard, grilling work. But it'll be worth it. My Lord, you thought you knew real estate! You don't know anything about it. The real wealth isn't in selling land. It's in keeping land, developing it. I don't care how much it costs. This is my land—mine and Shields', not just because he homesteaded it and I bought it, but because the two of us are the only ones in the world that can see it and love it. Everybody else sneered at it but Shields and me. And if I put all the money I have in it, it will still be a good deal his, because he's loved it longer. Don't you see, it's not just the last frontier. It's the very end of the limit of speculation. We'll be the first really to love this land, that needs it so very much, that will be so wonderful. They all need to be shown how to take their land seriously. I've always taken land seriously, but in the wrong way. Keep still while I talk to you, you little vixen. It's all your fault. You got me into this. You made me see that I'd talked about the shame of owning land without a glimmer of an idea that owning land could be an emotion, an act of the creative imagination. It was land hunger I had all the time. The money my father and grandfather left me came from land. Land is my heritage. It's in my blood, the way the sea gets into a sailor's. Now I've found my place, the place where my roots can strike deep, the place where my—my children can grow up."

Pomona lifted eyes to his that were staring out over his land. She half opened her lips, but no sound came. Already his face seemed sterner, more bleak, controlled, as if the toil and hazards of his undertaking were already working upon him, sweating off the softness, replacing it with the clean hard look of a man who has found the work above all others which he wants to do. But if the softness had gone from his face, it had slipped into Pomona's. Her eyes were wide and brooding, her whole face that of a woman surrendering to an emotion which she recognizes gladly.

"You've got to marry me," George said harshly, bringing back his gaze suddenly from the horizon to her face. "You weren't living any more than I was. You're turning into a real woman. You've got to put this thing through with me. You've got to. I love you, you know. But the way I loved you before we found this wasn't worth anything. Now I'm going to love you the way a man can with his work and his life plain before him—a big work. And if you can see this the way I mean it, see us working together to build this right, the way you started me, why, you'll be worth loving like that as long as we both live. That's the way I mean it to be."

Before which Pomona Brown, the keenest bird dog on Flagler Street, raised to his face eyes blind with happiness and murmured, "I guess I've been kind of silly too. I guess I don't know—anything. But if you think you can teach me, so that I'll be some good to you—oh, George, please, I'll love you that way myself—all the rest of my life."





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Gabriel Snubbers

Improved Balloon-Type

New York Central
Standards of service
EVERY New York Central man takes pride in his part in maintaining the high standards of public service set by this railroad system.
It is the loyalty, intelligence and enthusiasm, and often the self-sacrifice of the rank and file of New York Central men that have made possible the splendid performance of such famous trains as the 20th Century Limited, the Southwestern Limited and the Empire State Express—and that have given New York Central its rank as a public carrier.
Dependable service, day after day, year after year, on thousands of miles of lines, is the achievement of men who are proud to be members of the New York Central organization.
NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
New York Central Lines
Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

MUD

(Continued from Page 27)

"And," said Gil cheerfully and with no romance whatever, "at more pay. What do they give you here now?"

"Thirty-five dollars."

"Fifty, when we start," said the star generously. "I'm going to make a real motion picture, a symbolic drama that will make people talk, and you can help me cut it."

"I always knew you had it in you to do a wonderful picture," said the blond Swede, speaking as though it were an accomplished fact. "I am glad you are leaving the comedies, because you are intended for better things."

"You said it," agreed the star. "I'll show these Smart Alecks around here."

Messrs. O'Day and Grogan watched the comedy contract approach its end, and made no advances, took not the slightest step to ward off the calamity.

Gil looked for reproaches and harsh language, but O'Day merely said, "Good luck, Gil. I'm sorry you and Shorty are leaving us, but I guess it couldn't be helped. We will always have a warm spot in our hearts for you both."

"Thanks," said Gil, unprepared for the speech.

"Warm spots," said Shorty, "cost nothing and are getting cheaper."

There was a morning of handshaking in the studio and for the last time the comedians stepped through the gate they had known so well. Mr. Tucker took care of the financial details, and in due time Gilfillan and Shorty Hamp arrived in New York City, where, somewhat to their astonishment, the populace remained calm. Shorty had visions of being followed by eager throngs. A small newspaper devoted to gossip about movie people sent a man to interview Gil, and on the following day the paper announced, without headlines:

"Walter Gilfillan and Shorty Hamp, the two-reel comedians, arrived yesterday to spend a brief vacation in New York."

"Vacation!" snorted Gil. "Shows you what dumbheads these lads are."

"They never keep up with the important changes in the business," Shorty added. "About a month from now they'll get it."

Mr. Tucker arrived with the comedians, took them in charge, led them about New York from financier to financier until they had apparently met a majority of the leading capitalists, dined them at expensive hotels where they could stare unimpeded at the society leaders of Tucker's friendly inventing, and in a general way showed them they had made no mistake in leaving the trifling things of Hollywood for the grander joys of the metropolis. Their bosoms swelled and they began to feel important, and that they had finally stepped, after too long a delay, into their rightful place amid the real creators. After a few days Tucker saw that reporters questioned Gil, although few interviews appeared in print.

The new studio was rather a disappointment as Gil looked it over. It was not new, to begin with. It was incorrigibly old, dusty, grimy, smelly, and reeking with the ghosts of motion-picture failures of another day. In these surroundings Gilfillan, now his own master, began the production of independent motion pictures.

"You have your first story well in mind," said Sherman P. Tucker, who had discovered this fact in California. "You can begin shooting any day."

"Yes," said Shorty, who was listening, "but what about our second story?"

"Don't worry," said the promoter, smiling faintly.

Mud was the name Gil had selected for his first venture into the path of serious art, and it was a gray, dismal tale, filled with gloomy bits and action of a depressing character. It was intended to prove, as nearly as anyone could discover, that life is a tough racket and hardly worth the living. Mud was to be symbolic. The picture was to display a new form of the film art. The characters would avoid acting and remain almost motionless, and when they did act, it would mean not what the spectator saw, but something else. This is real symbolism and is hot stuff, if you can get anyone to sit still and take it.

"And there isn't going to be a single subtitle in the picture," Gil declared, in the first flush of enthusiasm.

He had talked his story over with Shorty Hamp and had asked the opinion of Berna Horowitz, and nowhere had he received discouragement. All had agreed that here was a new idea, a complete novelty, and a product that would stir up universal comment among the movie fans.

"Of course, there's nothing to this story," Mr. Gilfillan explained to his staff in the new studio, "except mud and love. Mud means one thing and love means another. You probably won't understand what I'm doing, but never mind that. Just do as I say and we'll have a motion picture."

"And a great picture," said Miss Horowitz, who was working harder than anyone else.

Tucker had provided the staff and had found a leading lady named Newlands, who, he said, would be acceptable to the invisible Inzelbergs. The making of Mud began officially on a bright Monday morning, in the dusty studio on West Sixty-third Street. Shorty Hamp buzzed about in delight, getting in people's way. Gil directed, wearing a new, meditative air and conducting himself with a strange dignity that no one who knew him would ever recognize.

And, as many people have learned to their sorrow and amazement, it is one thing to make motion pictures for moneyed employers and quite a different thing to make movies for oneself. From the very first, trouble began to brew, and it brewed thereafter almost continuously.

As Mud was intended to be the great motionless drama of the year and as Gil required plenty of real mud for shooting, Tucker hired two scows, a large scow and a small one, and the former comedy star began the exterior work. Both scows were loaded with mud. Fresh mud was provided each morning by a hard-working river tug. It was slithery, slimy, wet mud that crawled over everything, and was lovely from a picture standpoint.

Gilfillan, of course, was the hero of the love story, an immigrant newly arrived from a desolate foreign shore; the heroine was a water-front girl, Miss Newlands. How she came to be a water-front girl was not explained. Shorty Hamp turned out to be the captain of the river tug, and as Gil indicated, it was a serious acting part, and would lift Shorty at once into the ranks of the elect.

Stark tragedy was what Gil desired to paint, so that future audiences would sit up in amazement and ask one another in awed tones if this mud picture was really directed by Walter Wesley Gilfillan, the former comedy man.

"Most of it is just plain grief," Gil explained to Mr. Tucker, in the early stages.

Tucker was impressed and agreed that Gilfillan was striking a new note.

Being unaccustomed to business and the ordinary vulgarities of trade and finance, Gil left everything in Tucker's hands, and after a few days of calm, the independent motion-picture producers began to learn about life.

Those giants of finance, the Inzelbergs, suddenly and without explanation, backed out of the enterprise, as so often happens. Tucker could not explain it clearly to Gil, but either the Inzelberg interest waned or the money ran short, which seemed incredible.

"Yes," said Gil in dumb astonishment, whilst Shorty Hamp stood by his side open-mouthed and helpless, "but just what's the matter?"

(Continued on Page 66)

More Than Ever "The World's Greatest Buy"

Ten years devoted to the refinement of one type—the famous Super-Six—and the largest production of 6-cylinder cars in the world have resulted in constant leadership of Hudson quality, with unrivalled reductions in price.

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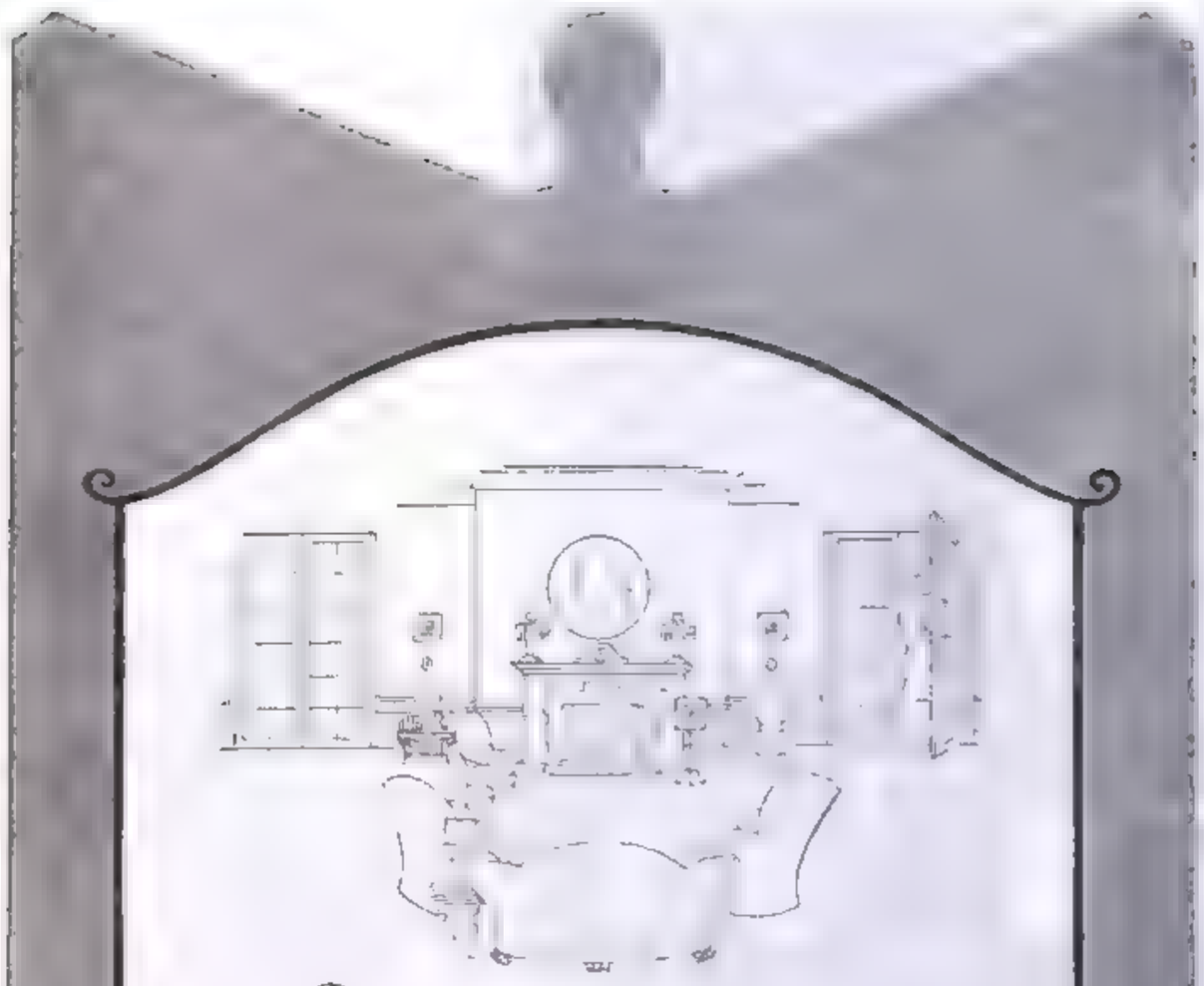

In this room are twelve good reasons why your hinges are important

AT EVERY DOOR hinges serve you. For their size and cost they do more work than any other building equipment. Consider them a necessity if you will.

But McKinney has made this necessity a thing of beauty also. In repose, McKinney Hinges furnish small and effective spots in any decorative scheme. They are available in so many delightful finishes that a visit to the McKinney builders' hardware merchant will be a revelation. The display will emphasize the importance of hinges in your mind.

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McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh

McKINNEY HINGES

(Continued from Page 64)

"I don't know, exactly," said Tucker. "Something's wrong."

Nothing was wrong, of course. Everything was one thousand per cent right, correct and accurate, and Mr. Tucker was earning the money being paid him by those villainous schemers, John O'Day and William Grogan.

Now the studio troubles began in West Sixty-third Street, and the first red flag was a bill for three hundred dollars, which should have been paid and was not.

"You don't think these birds are stepping out on us, do you?" Shorty asked Gil, genuine worriment showing in his tone. "And just when we're getting started."

"They ain't stepping," Gil answered gloomily. "They have stepped."

From this point onward the difficulties increased rapidly and astonishingly. Mr. Sherman P. Tucker, standing at one side, surveyed the havoc with the cold eye of a scientist. It was Mr. Tucker who brought about the sinking of Number 1 Scow in one of New York's busiest rivers, the sinking having Gil's full approval because it was part of the picture. What Gil did not contemplate was the sudden indignation of the United States Government. It seems that the United States is inordinately proud of its navigation and will invariably fall upon the neck of hapless people who obstruct it, which Gil did with Number 1 Scow. Officers from the Federal Building called on Gil at his hotel, and finding him absent, called upon him at his studio, their intent being to take Gil to jail and cause him distress of an acute character.

Presently Mr. Tucker announced the definite withdrawal of the mythical Inzelbergs, and the general collapse of the money market.

"Yeah," said Gil anxiously and nervously, "but what are we gonna do? We are already into this."

"I don't know," said Tucker.

"You ought to know," Shorty declared. "You got us into it. You can't walk out on us, and us strangers in New York."

"Keep your shirt on," said their adviser. "I'll look about and perhaps I can interest fresh capital. We've got something good in this picture and it would be a shame to lose it."

Mr. Tucker looked for fresh capital, but without success. People with bills began to surround the studio, demanding their money or threatening injunctions. Government agents continued to hunt for Mr. Gilfillan, and the former pie thrower began slinking in and out of his hotel, using the tradesmen's entrance. Mysterious persons brought suit against both Gil and Shorty for damages caused by company trucks, of which Gil had never heard. In the very middle of the trouble, when the sky was darkest, Mr. Tucker faded from view, leaving the comedians to their fate.

"Well," said Gil grimly, "we will finish this picture if it kills us, and most likely it will."

"You know how much money I got," said Shorty. "You can have it all."

Three weeks it required, after Tucker's departure, to wind up the symbolic photodrama known as Mud. They stuck grimly to the task, helped and encouraged always by Berna Horowitz, who never once doubted that Gil was a genius. They moved from their original hotel. They departed from the dusty studio, and found a cheaper one. Their cast dissolved.

Employes left them, one by one. Miss Newlands, the heroine, quit the job, and after that, when it was needful to shoot a female character, Berna Horowitz donned queer garments and Gil shot her at a distance, avoiding close-ups. Shorty Hamp played four different people in one hour. Their villain was gone, so they used the shadow of his silk hat and his cape coat, which was cheaper.

In the end they were three lonely figures, with many cans of film, the value of which was unknown and beyond human calculation. Berna Horowitz grew more tense and hollow-eyed day by day. Gilfillan used his own money and that of Shorty Hamp, and toward the finish, when the money ran out, Gil received a telegram from President John O'Day. It reached the studio at the end of a desperate and gloomy afternoon, and it read:

"We wish you good luck with your new independent pictures. Always had a soft spot for both of you, and if you ever want to come back to this studio we will be glad to have you. JOHN O'DAY."

"He makes me sick!" said Gilfillan, handing Shorty the telegram.

"He ain't such a bad guy," said Shorty. "I wish I was back there."

"You're a quitter," said the star.

"No, I'm an eater, and from what I can see, the New York eating ain't going to be any too good from now on. If I had railroad fare and was tempted good and strong I might go back to California."

Berna Horowitz cut the picture, with her usual skill, assisted by Gilfillan; and after another week they had five reels of symbolism and mud, five reels of the most astonishing action, or lack of action, that anyone has ever seen. Gil rented a projection room from the Weed Studios and ran his picture. Some of the Weed employes sat in and looked at the first run.

"What do you think?" Gil asked one of the spectators.

"I dunno. You'll never sell that truck. I never saw no motion picture like that, and I seen a million."

"What's it about?" asked another visitor.

"Can't you tell?" Gil asked.

"It don't mean nothing to me."

Gil packed away his tins and went back to the hotel. Shorty accompanied him.

"That man is right, Gil," Shorty declared. "We probably got a wonderful movie here, but if it ever gets to an audience they won't know what it's all about. You tried to photograph something that can't be photographed."

"Maybe," said Gil, half convinced.

In the bleak days that followed, the comedian strove to interest New York in Mud, the new-style photodrama, wherein physical action was subordinated and the camera picked up the mental processes of the characters; or at least tried to. The hardened gentry that looks at new movies looked at Mud. Generally they gazed for a dismal reel or two, rose up, coughed, put on their hats and walked out, leaving Gilfillan and Shorty Hamp with their dead. No one evinced the slightest desire to lay money upon the line and purchase the masterpiece. No one would make any kind of business proposition.

"I guess it's cold," Gil said sadly. "It may be that O'Day was right. I'm a comedian."

"It is not cold," said Berna Horowitz. "This is a great picture, and I know what I am going to do about it."

"What?" Gil asked listlessly.

"I am going to show it to Johnnie Pearl."

Gil was having breakfast in his modest hotel and Berna had come in to discuss ways and means.

"Johnnie Pearl," Gil repeated.

"He is in New York, and if I ask him to look at our picture I'm sure he will."

"What good will that do me?" Gil demanded.

"Johnnie Pearl can tell us what to do. If he can't, there isn't anybody alive who can."

"I know what to do, all right. Go back to California and get to work again, only I can't do even that until somebody pays the fare."

At one time in her movie career Berna had worked for Johnnie Pearl, operating the telephone switchboard for the greatest actor on the screen. Gilfillan was a comedian, but Johnnie Pearl was the boss comedian of them all, a national figure, almost a world figure, and a man whose opinions were valued. Johnnie Pearl, being a giant, knew vaguely that there was such a person

(Continued on Page 68)

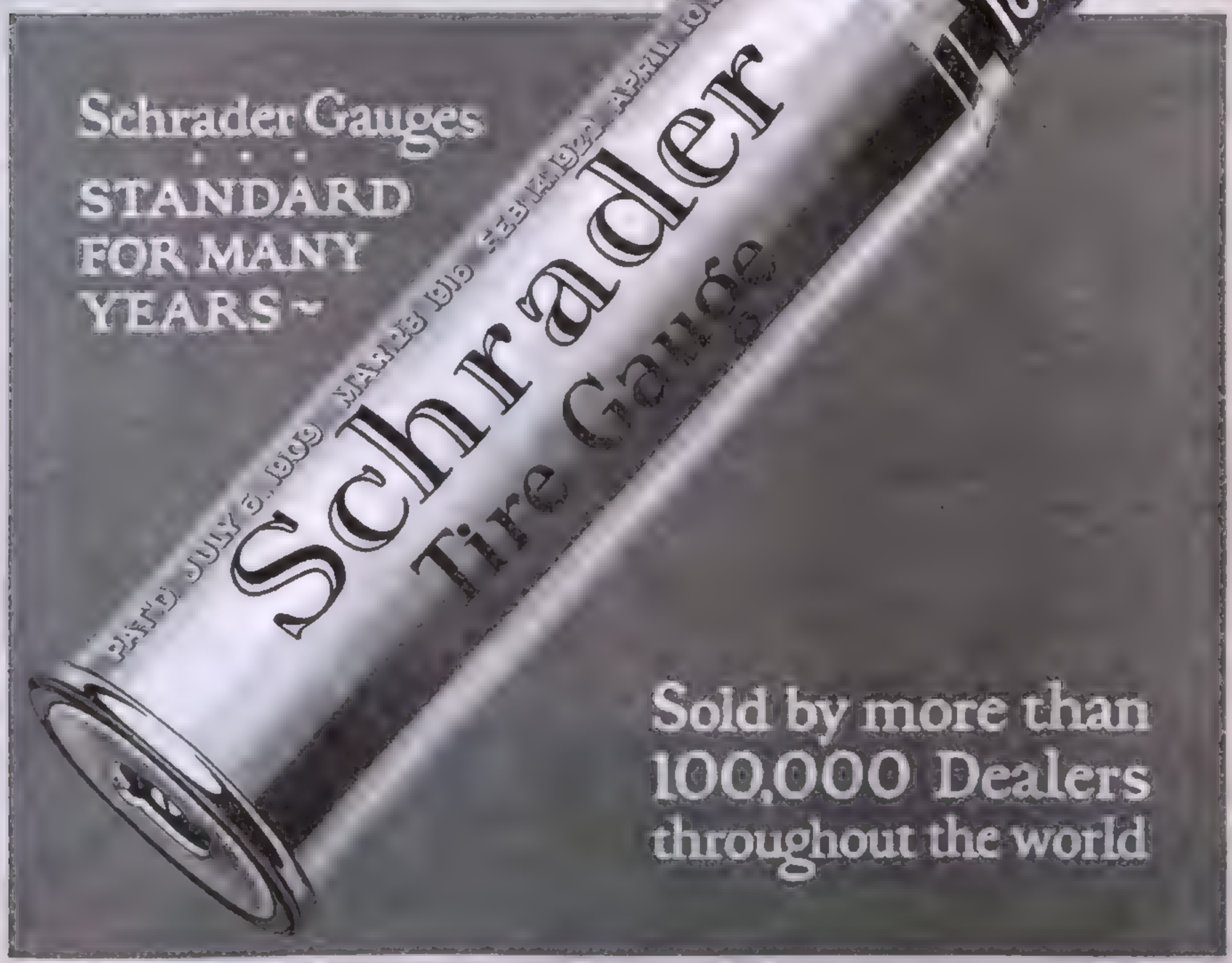
Why some tires last —*and others DON'T*

YOU know the man whose tires "never last"—and the other fellow who gets remarkable mileage from the very same make.

Check up, and ten to one you'll find that the second man tests his inflation regularly—using a Schrader Tire Gauge.

The straight gauge for "regular" high-pressure tires is illustrated. If you have balloons, ask your dealer for the new Schrader Balloon Tire Gauge.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London



Virgin wool clothes hold their shape

~ and how they do WEAR!

LITTLE fellows have fashion favoring them this Fall. Manly suits cut to straight English lines like Dad's. Vests; belted models; even long pants for boys of three years and older.

But of equal importance with style and tailoring are the Oregon City virgin woolens from which our boys' clothing is made.

Virgin wool—that is new, lively, long-fleece wool from the sheep's back. No re-worked wool masquerading as "all-wool." Virgin wool holds its shape—seldom requires pressing. *And it will outwear two ordinary suits.*

See the merchant in your city who sells these double-wear clothes. Two pairs of trousers with every suit. Write for interesting booklet, "A Trip Through the Land of Wool." Oregon City Woolen Mills, established 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs, Oregon City, Oregon.

Longees
Most popular boys' style in many years. Sizes 3 to 18.

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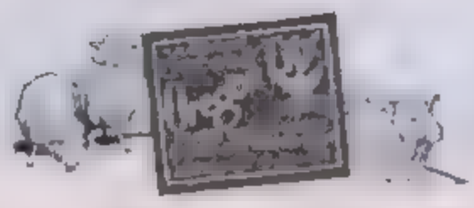
Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Mackinaws, Suits; Sport Blouses; Flannel Shirts.



Lounging Robes, Vivid Indian Blankets, Motor Robes and Fine Bed Blankets

PURE VIRGIN WOOL — WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

(Continued from Page 66)

as Walter Gilfillan, but nothing beyond that sparse fact.

"I'll ask him," said Berna, her eyes glowing.

"All right," Gil agreed gloomily.

If Berna had suggested throwing the five cans into East River, Mr. Gilfillan would have given the matter serious thought.

Now it happened by the merest chance that Johnnie Pearl, the shining sun in a firmament of small stars, was in New York City to attend a birthday party, and not on business at all.

The birthday was that of Mr. William Henigman-Dawson, president of the releasing corporation that handled the Johnnie Pearl pictures, and consequently it was not an ordinary birthday party, but a grand and gala event, with many famous persons participating and Johnnie Pearl to lead the jollification.

That very phase of the event was now worrying Johnnie Pearl—leading the jollification. They would all look to him, as a comedy genius, for something sprightly, something unusually entertaining. Being a great man, the commonplace was not expected from him, and certainly not at a birthday party.

Unaided, Mr. Gilfillan could never have lured the wary Johnnie Pearl into a projection room to gaze upon five reels of new picture, but Berna Horowitz did it. Berna sent Johnnie a telegram, and followed the message with a personal call at his magnificent suite.

Consequently Mr. Pearl, tapping his cane nervously against a chair, sat in a hired projection room and looked at Mud. Gil, Shorty and Berna cringed motionless, beaten and silent in the darkness.

"H'm," said the famous man, when the machine ceased chattering. "Some picture."

"You mean it's good or bad?" Gil asked.

"I never saw anything like it on the screen, and neither did anyone else. Do you think you can sell this picture?"

"I know I can't sell it," replied its maker.

"Have you tried?"

"Certainly. Not one of those undertakers will even sit through it to the finish."

Mr. Pearl lighted a cigarette, looked about in the dim, unhappy room where so many tragedies occur, glanced at the three dismal souls beside him and let his mind stray ahead to the birthday party for William Henigman-Dawson, at which something rather brilliant would be expected.

"Naturally," Mr. Pearl said in a slow, thoughtful voice, "I don't know what to advise you to do about this picture, because nobody ever did anything like it before. The critics will call it terrible. People may like it or they may not. I don't know if it has any market value whatever, but I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?" Gil asked nervously.

"I'll take it off your hands."

"You will!"

"Yes, under certain conditions. I'm not going to pay you real money for it, because that would be foolish. But I'll take it if I can get it for a song."

"All I want," Gil returned, "is enough to pay the bills and get the three of us back to California. I'm through being an independent."

"Sold!" said Shorty with great heartiness.

Wherefore Mr. Johnnie Pearl, by payment of a small down sum, not enough to reimburse Gilfillan and Hamp for the sums they had personally expended, became the sole owner of the symbolic drama, Mud, the epic that dealt with underlying motives in the lives of men.

"Would you mind explaining it to me a bit?" Mr. Pearl asked after having made his purchase; and Gil did so gladly. The mud in the drama represented convention in life; form; blind unreasoning obedience to tradition; the hero was in reality the villain, and the villain was the hero. The bad lady was good, and the good lady was a hussy. Everything, as Gil said, was something else.

"Quite interesting," said Johnnie Pearl, "after you know what it's all about."

Mr. Pearl expressed himself later as being pleased with his purchase because he felt certain it would interest the distinguished guests at the Dawson festivity. It would be bound to interest them, for, as Mr. Pearl saw it, Mud was the world's most gosh-awful bad motion picture ever produced by the hand of man. It was not only a terrible thing—it was so much worse than a terrible thing that words failed. Hence, it would be particularly suitable for display at a jolly party in the ballroom of Mr. Henigman-Dawson's hotel.

Berna Horowitz contemplated the future and went once again to the buyer.

"Do you ever intend to release this picture?" she asked.

"No," Pearl said frankly. "But I have another use for it."

"Still," persisted the cutting girl, "it might be released some day, and in that case, of course, you would want to give Mr. Gilfillan and Mr. Hamp a share of the proceeds."

"Certainly," said the great man, "if such a thing ever happens."

Unknown to Gil and Shorty, Berna drew up an informal paper which stipulated that Mud was now and henceforth the property of Johnnie Pearl, to do with as he wished; and that in the event Mud was ever released to the American public, Mr. Pearl would retain 90 per cent of the profits, if any, and turn over the remaining 10 per cent to Messrs. Gilfillan and Hamp.

Mr. Pearl regarded this arrangement as eminently fair, especially as he was quite sure the American public would never see the picture. He took his new masterpiece to his hotel, waited for the Henigman-Dawson party, and when that gay event occurred Johnnie Pearl climbed upon a table and addressed the distinguished guests.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "We are here to celebrate Mr. Dawson's birthday, and to look at the greatest motion picture ever made. It will start immediately."

It began immediately, and Mr. Pearl sat by the side of his host and called attention to the flashes of genius revealed in this new miracle of the screen. Mr. Henigman-Dawson looked blank as the picture unfolded and Gil's actionless actors leaned themselves against walls in thought, but presently he saw the jest, and decided to agree with Johnnie Pearl. He fell in with Johnnie's mood and turned the joke about. Other guests watching their host, did as he did.

The result was that Mr. Gilfillan's masterpiece of motionless movie art ran off amidst enthusiastic exclamations, wild plaudits and raptures of fraudulent ecstasy.

Each person present tried to outdo the enthusiastic outbursts of Johnnie Pearl, and when Mud finished clicking, groups formed on the ballroom floor and laughingly declared that here was a monumental thing indeed, so new and different as to take one's breath and almost rob one of calm judgment.

"You know, this is good," said Mr. Henigman-Dawson. "It's unprecedented."

Johnnie Pearl rubbed his chin and seemed thoughtful, knowing from old experience that a joke can often turn into a serious matter.

Before that particular party broke up, certain trade-paper officials and press gentlemen were summoned and notified that Mr. Pearl had brought to light what would probably be the master picture of the year. Reporters took down details.

After that night things happened swiftly to Mud. Prominent persons sponsored it. Important people viewed it and said in the public prints that here was certain proof man did not come from monkeys. Johnnie Pearl's early smile of wonder changed to a broad grin of delight.

When the new-style movie was released to a prepared and palpitant public, it

(Continued on Page 70)

800 Chrysler Cars Per Day

Production of Chrysler quality cars—the Six and the Four—is now proceeding at the amazing total of 800 per day.

Yet even that huge volume falls short of satisfying the public demand for results which only Chrysler can give.

Two weeks after the Chrysler Four was announced, it was on a production schedule of 500 per day.

It is doubtful if any new car has ever been forced to meet such an avalanche of buying orders as immediately descended upon the Chrysler Four.

People found in this car a new expression of four-cylinder value; a finer interpretation of four-cylinder economy; a better-balanced combination of beauty, performance, roadability and smoothness.

In short, they discovered a generosity of quality and soundness of value such as they had never before seen in the four-cylinder field.

At the same time, the epoch-making quality, unprecedented results and proved durability of the Chrysler Six were sending its public demand higher and higher month by month.

The sales record—greatest in the history of the motor car industry—which the Chrysler Six set up in its first year appears to be only the beginning.

CHRYSLER SIX	
The Phaeton	$1395
The Coach	1445
The Roadster	1625
The Sedan	1695
The Royal Coupe	1795
The Brougham	1865
The Imperial	1995
The Crown-Imperial	2095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER FOUR	
The Touring Car	$ 895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
The Sedan	1095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

Today, with the most modern factory facilities and scientific manufacturing processes, world-wide demand for both the Six and the Four has sent them to new peaks of quality production.

You who are justly prideful of Chrysler ownership, you scores of thousands who enjoy the new results which only Chrysler can give, have long since learned the soundness and the depth of quality in Chrysler materials and Chrysler craftsmanship. Increasing thousands of buyers enthusiastically acclaim the tremendous advance registered by Chrysler results—in performance, in ride-ability, in compact roominess, in economy.

America wants that kind of quality and that kind of results. It clamors for Chrysler cars because they, and they alone, satisfy every quality requirement.

You will find your nearest Chrysler dealer eager to give you a conclusive demonstration of either the Six or the Four.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Prepare NOW! for the chilly days ahead!

Make up your mind to ride in comfort this winter. Cold and blustery weather will soon be here. But you must keep on using your car. You need not shiver and freeze, however, for Rex Enclosures—with all their snug comfort, complete protection and beautiful appearance—can be completely installed on your open car in a few hours, and at a new low cost. Rex Enclosures *add* much to your car, and take nothing away. Weighing less than a child they permit your open car to retain all of the quicker and finer performance, easier handling and lower maintenance costs that open car owners prize so highly.

Do you realize how little Rex Enclosures cost?

Rex gives you instant ventilation, controlled by the finger tips to suit your desires

Although Rex Enclosures are made of only the highest quality hardwoods covered with lustrous leather fabric, and fitted with sparkling clear glass—you can now buy Rex Enclosures at a price you would have never thought possible.

Rex Enclosures provide instant ventilation—controlled by the finger tips to suit your desires. The large panels of clear glass slide noiselessly to and fro in felt-lined aluminum channels, insuring against weather and noise. And in summertime, if desired, you can quickly remove the enclosures and enjoy again the airy freedom that only an open car can provide.

Only a few hours required for installation

You can drive your open car to any authorized Rex Distributor or Service Station and in a few short hours it will be transformed into a far more serviceable and better looking automobile. . The same faithful motor—the same ease of handling—the same quick acceleration—the same economy of operation—but also snug security, complete protection from rain, snow or cold, and added beauty, too! Drive your car in today, or write the factory for detailed information and prices.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA
Rex Authorized Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities

Rex

Rex Equipment is now available for the following makes of cars:

(Continued from Page 68)

aroused wide comment, and one critic in New York wrote:

"Mud is different from anything we have ever seen. We do not know whether Mr. Gilfillan ought to be knighted or shot."

Queues bearing cash began forming in front of box offices to see if what people said about Mud was so. They emerged from the theaters looking slightly puzzled, went home and told the others, and the others started downtown to see for themselves. Within two weeks of its metropolitan release, Mr. Johnnie Pearl's financial director said to him:

"This Mud thing is going over with a whoop."

"Which shows," chuckled the famous comedian, "that nobody knows anything."

Meantime, Mr. Gilfillan, Mr. Hamp and Miss Horowitz returned to Hollywood, California, where the breezes are warm and life is not quite so full of complications. They traveled without any particular style, the funds being low.

Mr. John O'Day of the corporation shook hands with his former people.

"Well, Gil," he said heartily, "have you had enough of New York?"

The chastened star of comedies nodded.

"And anybody that wants my share can have it," added Shorty Hamp, who was pleased beyond words to be back among the poinsettias.

"We missed you around the studio," O'Day continued. "Didn't seem like the same old place, with no comedies. Are you and Shorty ready to come back and go to work?"

"Immediately," said Gil with emphasis.

"In fact," said Shorty, "right now."

Within two days there was drawn up a fresh motion-picture contract binding Messrs. Gilfillan and Hamp to the O'Day corporation with written hoops of steel for the period of one solid year, and giving O'Day the privilege of renewing the contract for a second year. There was no particular argument about money.

"I see where we get the same dough as we got before," Gil said in a conversational tone.

"I hardly expected that," said Shorty, who expected nothing else.

"You're getting enough money," Mr. Grogan replied. "A lot of people would be mighty glad to get that salary. And next year we'll raise it."

"We ought to get more now," said Shorty Hamp, reaching for a pen and signing the documents. "We could step out on the street and get more money than this from any studio in Hollywood."

"You could, could you?" said Grogan. "Name me a few studios."

"Never mind," said Shorty.

With Gil and Shorty happily back at work on the old job, knocking out the two-reelers, there presently arose in the land news that a great motion picture had been released. The name of Walter Wesley Gilfillan, director, began to appear in large black letters in the daily press. He was referred to as a genius. Producers telegraphed him long night and day letters, asking him to name his terms and not to be afraid of large sums of money.

Distributing corporations sent their representatives to see him, men who wore London clothes and spread their *a*'s. Reporters broke into the O'Day and Grogan studio, took Gil's picture and wrote long soulful interviews, which were printed in the gravure sections of Sunday papers, with Gil shown holding the leash of a Russian wolfhound.

After a week of reading telegrams Shorty burst into tears and Gil went quietly insane.

"We should have stuck," said the slapsticker to his ruddy companion. "We got off of that train just before the engine started."

Berna Horowitz approached, carrying fresh telegrams, offering Gil work, beginning at one thousand a day and going up to twelve thousand a week.

"It isn't as bad as you think," she said, smiling. "After all, you've got your ten per cent in this picture, and that ought to make a tidy sum in the next year."

"Thanks to you," said Shorty.

"I'm going to buy a good liver knife with my first dividends," Gil said reflectively.

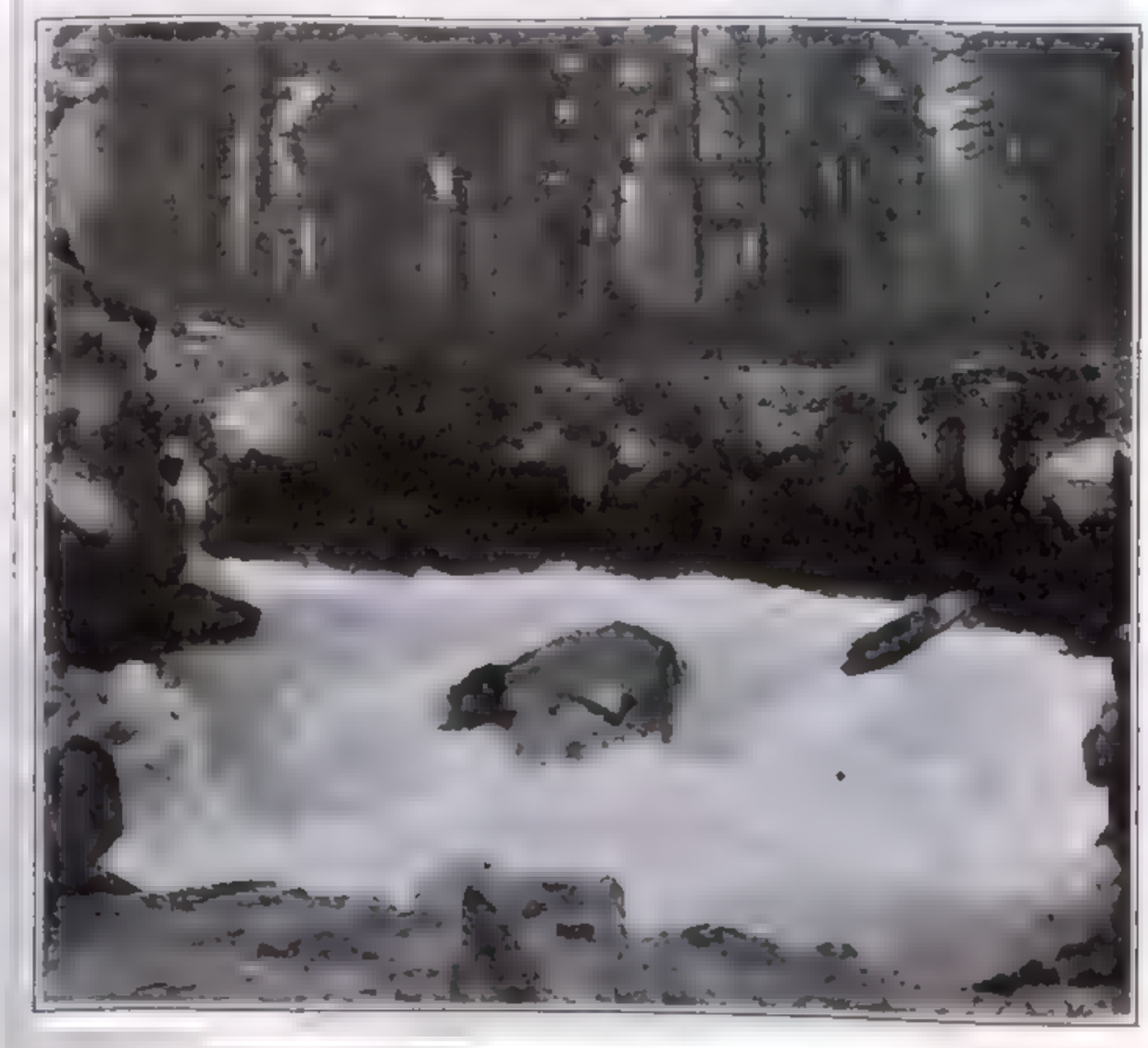
"A liver knife?"

"A sharp one, and when I next encounter Mr. Sherman P. Tucker, I'm going to cut his liver out and feed it to a shark."

"I would never think of him again," advised Berna Horowitz, looking at Gil with her calm blue eyes, in which shone the indomitable spirit of a viking ancestry. "I said you were a fine actor, and Mud proved it, just as it proved you were fitted to direct better things than comedies."

Gil looked pleased.

"Meantime," Shorty said cheerfully, "here we are eating three good meals a day and a certain pay check every Tuesday noon, which is a lot better than standing on a corner in New York, with a patch over your eye and a tin cup in your hand."



Dear Mr. Cook:

You defied us to prove that any car could travel 400,000 miles in three years. Truth is stranger than fiction when dealing with One-Profit Studebakers

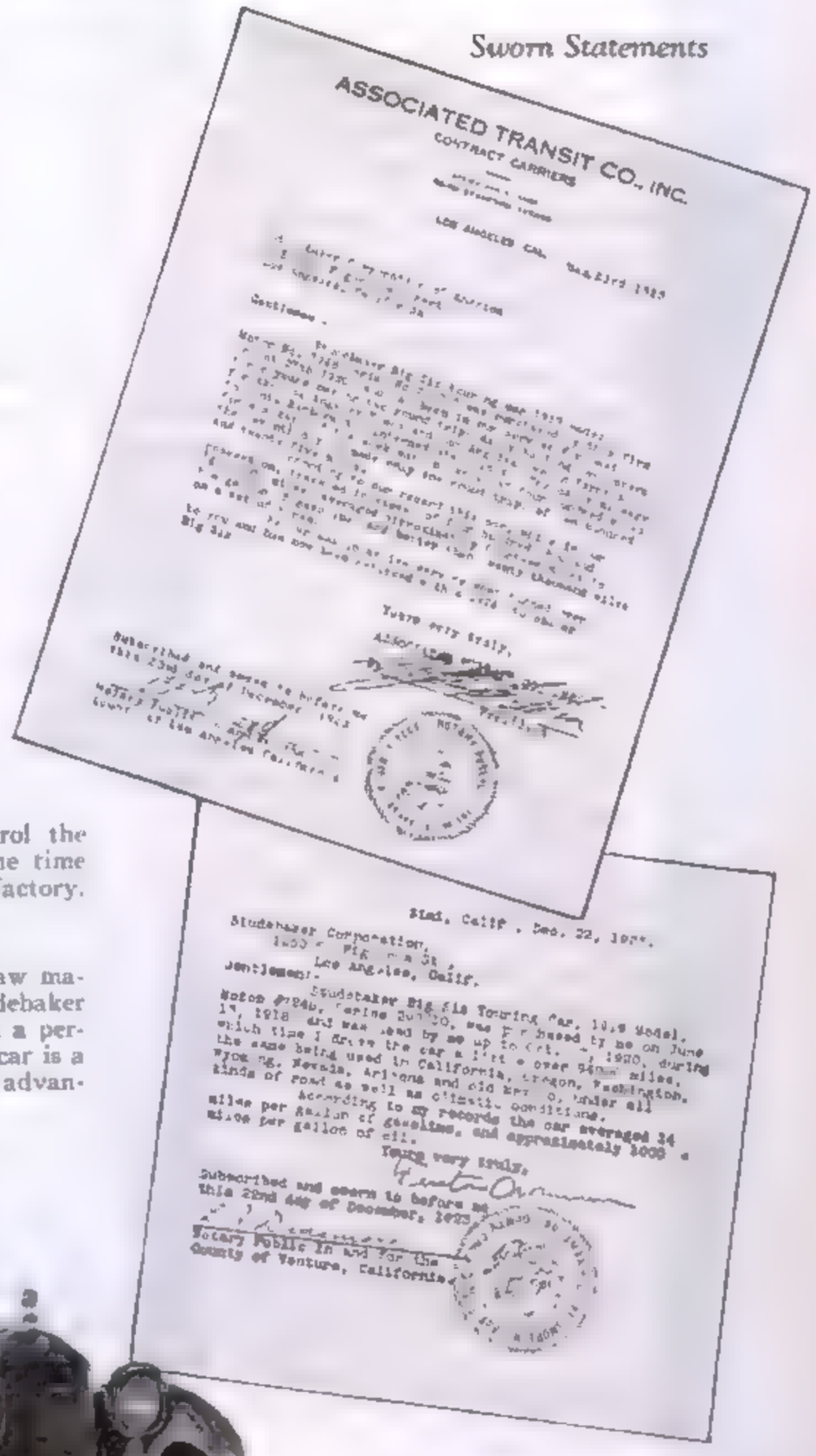
Our ad in the July 11th "Post" said:

"One Studebaker Big Six Touring Car traveled 94,000 miles on mountain roads in California during its first 2⅓ years of service. Then it was sold to a newspaper carrier company, and as a 'used car' traveled 400 miles a day for 3 years more, adding another 400,000 miles."

Which caused Mr. Walter F. Cook of Larkspur, California, to write to The Saturday Evening Post as follows:

"One of my ideals has been shattered, that is my faith in the truth of any statement appearing in a Saturday Evening Post advertisement.

"The cause of this, is that statement appearing in the Studebaker ad in the July 11, 1925, issue, which stated that a used Studebaker Big Six car was driven 400 miles a day for three years for a total of 400,000 miles. It is my firm belief that that would be a physical impossibility, and I defy anyone to prove it; figure it out for yourself—if you've ever driven a car you will see the absurdity of it. This is the first letter of this nature that I've ever written."



TWO affidavits, reproduced on this page, attest the truth of our statement. The car itself is now in the Studebaker museum at South Bend. After having traveled more than half a million miles under its own power it was retired in January, 1924.

This Big Six was purchased by Fenton Norman of Santa Paula, California, on June 13, 1918. During the ensuing two years and four months he drove the car 94,000 miles. These were hard miles, too, through California, Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona and Old Mexico. Then he sold the car to a company engaged in delivering newspapers.

Every morning for three years this veteran picked up a load of Los Angeles Times. It traveled to Santa Barbara, more than one hundred miles distant, over a hard route, dropping bundles along the way, yet maintaining a schedule of 30 miles an hour.

Kept two drivers busy

Then it hurried back to Los Angeles in time to pick up a load of afternoon newspapers—copies of the Express. The same car, with a new driver, made this second round trip of more than 200 miles each day, except Sunday—often pulling a trailer. On Sunday afternoons and evenings it was used only for pleasure driving. Multiply 313 weekdays by 400 and 52 Sundays by 200. Add the results and multiply by 3 years and you have a total in excess of 400,000 miles.

The original owner drove it 94,000 miles. As a second-hand car it added 400,000 miles. Then Studebaker bought it back, and it was driven in winter across the continent to the New York automobile show. It was never rebuilt.

No wonder you found this record hard to believe, Mr. Cook. It would take 80 years at 6,000 miles a year to pile up such mileage. Yet we have records of hundreds of Studebakers which have traveled more than 100,000 miles each.

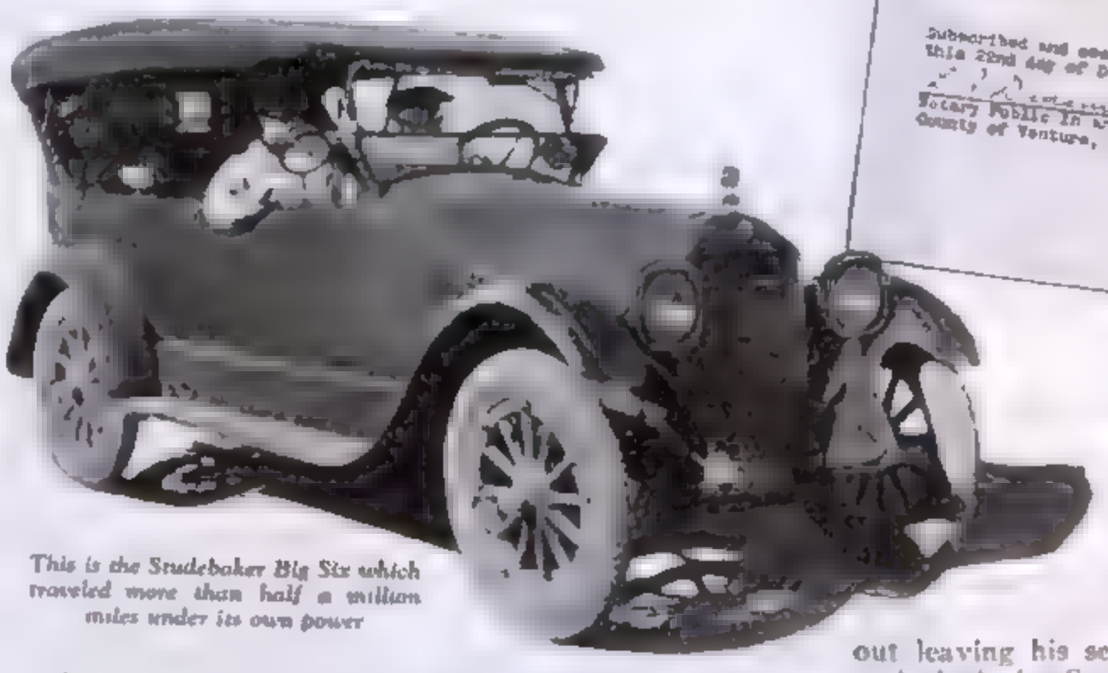
The tremendous excess mileage, for which Studebaker cars have long been noted, is largely due to the inherent advantages of the Studebaker "one-profit" basis of motor car manufacture.

Studebaker is the only fine car manufacturer today building all of its own bodies, engines, clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, axles, gray iron castings and drop forgings. This not only eliminates extra profits, but also enables Studebaker to offer you a much better car for the money.

A better car because Studebaker, being a complete manufacturer of automobiles, is able to control the quality of materials and workmanship from the time of purchase until the finished product leaves the factory.

One-profit car built as a unit

In its own great plants, Studebaker converts raw materials into finished units, designed solely for Studebaker cars. These units are brought together to form a perfectly balanced whole. Thus every Studebaker car is a harmoniously co-ordinated unit, with all of the advantages of unit construction.



This is the Studebaker Big Six which traveled more than half a million miles under its own power

As an example of a "one-profit" value, we urge that you see the Studebaker Big Six Duplex-Phaeton, successor to the car which made the 500,000-mile record.

Here is a car big in power, big in comfort, big in reserve transportation.

POWER—Only eight American cars equal it, according to the rating of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and these eight sell at prices 100% to 300% higher than the Big Six.

COMFORT—It is built to hold seven people without crowding—big springs—big snubbers—full-size balloon tires. And there is in the Duplex body comfort such as no other open car can offer. Concealed within the steel-framed upper structure are roller side enclosures which the driver may lower or raise in 30 seconds without leaving his seat. The Duplex is a feature offered exclusively by Studebaker.

Lights are operated from the steering wheel. In addition to the usual instruments on the dash, there is an 8-day clock, also a gasoline gauge. The improved one-piece windshield has an automatic wiper. One key opens the coincidental lock of ignition and steering gear as well as the tire lock.

No "yearly models"

Remember, too, that Studebaker has discontinued the custom of presenting a new line of cars each year. This policy of "no yearly models" means that the Studebaker you buy today is completely up to date—and will not suffer unnecessary depreciation through spectacular announcements of new "yearly models."

Any Studebaker dealer will be glad to show you this sturdy, dependable "one-profit" car, and finance its purchase on a fair and liberal Budget Payment Plan.

STUDEBAKER

Big Six Duplex-Phaeton, $1775 *f. o. b. factory*

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

The man who will not listen

WHENEVER you meet a really "big business" man, you meet a good listener; that may be one reason why he and his business *are* big. The man who will not listen often misses a good deal; he doesn't know how much.

There's a Baker-Vawter man near you who has something to say that's worth listening to. He isn't a Certified Public Accountant; nor an "Efficiency Expert." He won't tell you how to run your business; but he can tell you something about keeping better records of it. He will attempt to show you—and will probably succeed—how to save money and time by simplifying phases of your routine or methods, and give you better results.

Saving money and time is important. The office force neither sells nor manufactures. Anything that will reduce that expense or make the force more productive, is worth listening to.

For example

Your correspondence files may be crammed with dormant stuff that ought to be in storage units; floor space crowded with four-drawer files, and no room for more.

Your vault may be jammed full, and nothing to do but build a larger one, or move.

Your record forms may be unsuited to their purpose—paper in some cases too good or not good enough; manifold forms out of register; punching that *sticks* on binder posts; too many forms of odd sizes which won't fit standard binders, either in size or punching.

Fewer sizes in your forms mean fewer sizes of binders and files. This lets you buy quantities rather than driblets. Money saved, of course.

You may be using special accounting forms, made to order, when our stock forms at much less cost would serve your purpose.

A Baker-Vawter man can help correct and simplify all this; that's what he is trained to do.

There is probably no manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, insurance company, bank, hotel or club, in which it wouldn't pay any executive to listen to a Baker-Vawter man.

You needn't wait for him to come in; we'll send him if you'll listen

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Loose Leaf Binders • Printed Record Forms and Systems
Filing Cabinets • Unitfiles • Storage Units

MANUFACTURING PLANTS AND BRANCH OFFICES

HOLYOKE BENTON HARBOR KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

General Offices: Benton Harbor, Michigan

We serve and sell direct • Offices in 55 cities • One is near you

BOTTOM OF THE WELL

(Continued from Page 19)

"Reckon they's no harm in being a mite tight-fisted," he said mildly. "Specially if you're a-working into a bank, handling other folks' money."

Cole didn't answer. Later, when he sat on the hotel porch after supper and saw Murchison pass on his way to the shoofly train with the bank's black satchel, he admitted to himself that there was something to be said for looking like a tramp if you had to carry a bag of money around at night. Nobody'd be likely to guess that Murchison was worth robbing.

He was crossing the square with Mackenzie after breakfast next morning when Barlow come out of the bank door and called sharply to the sheriff. Something in the voice made Cole remember that absurd notion of last night; he was half prepared for what Barlow told them after he had let them into the bank and locked the door behind them.

"Murchison's missing, Mackenzie. His bed hadn't been slept in and I'm worried. He went down to the Junction last night to get a shipment of currency that was due on Number Six, and if anything's wrong ——" He whistled and ran a hand across his forehead. "Twenty thousand would bust us higher'n a kite."

Mackenzie took the news calmly. He turned to Cole.

"Sim, ring up Bruce McFee at the Junction station and find out did Murchison get that there money. Reckon we better know about that first off."

Cole twisted the crank of the telephone. Behind him Mackenzie's deliberate speech addressed Barlow.

"Shoofly train don't get in till ten," Cole heard him say. "How was Murchison going to come back before then?"

"Same as he always did. Get Ranny Cooper to drive him over in his flivver. We figured it was safer to get the cash into the vault here instead of leaving it overnight down yonder at the Junction. Bruce McFee's safe wouldn't stop a can opener."

"Reckon it's all right then," said Mackenzie. "Likely Ranny wasn't home or something was wrong with his machine. Nobody else down yonder to drive Murchison home, so he'd stay overnight with Ranny or Bruce and take the shoofly up this morning."

"That's so." There was relief in Barlow's voice. "Reckon I got excited about nothing."

Cole raised his hand for silence as the impatient voice of the station agent came obscurely over the single wire. He shouted his question into the transmitter and turned to repeat McFee's answer.

"Says Murchison signed for the package and went over toward Ranny Cooper's. He ain't seen him since."

"Must've stayed to Ranny's then," said Mackenzie. "Might ask Bruce to send over and make sure."

Cole shouted again. McFee's far-away answer startled him.

"Says Ranny's in the station now and ain't seen Murchison. What do you want I should tell him, sheriff?"

"Don't tell him nothing. Ring off. No use starting too much chat before we got to, and Bruce is bound to spread it if he knows. Just tell him all right and ring off, Sim."

Cole obeyed, cutting short an eager appeal for explanation from McFee. He turned quickly, struck by a sudden flash of enlightenment.

"Bet I got the straight of it, Barlow! Murchison lit out with that there money. Went up the track a ways and waited till that night freight come through. Right easy to jump aboard where she takes that bad grade. Say, we better get the wires working, sheriff—might head him off before he gets beyond Raleigh."

He sprang toward the door, but Mackenzie's gesture stopped him.

"Wait a minute, Sim. Don't want to do that till we know more'n we do right now. You ain't only guessing. Heap of things might've happened that's more likely'n Murchison being a crook. Might've got robbed for one thing -apt to be tramps waiting for that there freight. Might've got a lift from somebody else and broke down on the road. Hate to go wiring them Raleigh police till we're plumb sure. Never seen nothing about Murchison to make me figure he'd rob the bank. Reckon Barlow wouldn't have left him go after that there money if he didn't have pretty good reason to trust him."

"Certainly wouldn't have," said Barlow. "I'd have trusted Murchison with anything. We knew all about his record before we hired him. He'd been fifteen years with the Fisheries National, down at Southport, before he moved up here. No, Sim, you're guessing wrong just because you don't like him. Straight as a string. Wouldn't even use the bank's stamps on his letters, and I've done that myself."

"Reckon I'd play it thataway if I was figuring on making a big haul," said Cole. "Don't reckon you'd 've give Murchison no chance to pull off a play like this here without he'd acted like he wouldn't steal a pin. Wouldn't 've left him sleep in the bank if ——" He stopped short as a new thought came to him. "Looka yere, Barlow, did he know how to open that there safe?"

"Why, yes."

Barlow looked puzzled. Cole broke into a triumphant laugh.

"Then they's one way to find out was he on the square, without no need to guess. You take and open that safe right now and see if he left any money laying around inside when he started down to get that there package! If he did, it don't prove nothing; but if she's cleaned out, maybe you'll leave me go wire them Raleigh police."

Barlow leaped toward the dial. The door swung outward and the three men leaned forward to peer into the shallow vault. A whispered exclamation escaped from Barlow and told Sim Cole what he needed to know.

"Cleaned out, eh?" He chuckled, as Barlow straightened slowly.

"The cash is gone, anyhow. I won't know what else till I've checked up, but I reckon he'd take everything negotiable Had all the time he wanted. It don't matter much—this breaks us sure enough."

"Didn't have much cash on hand last night, did you?" asked Mackenzie quietly. "Must've paid out a sight of tobacco checks yest'd'y."

"A good many, yes, but quite a lot were just deposited. I don't know exactly what we had on hand, but it would be considerable—eight or ten thousand, maybe."

"Much as that?" Mackenzie seemed surprised. "Figured you must be pretty near outen ready money or you wouldn't 've been in such a hurry to get some more down from Raleigh."

"I wanted to be on the safe side. Figured on another big day at the warehouse." Barlow started. "Come to think, it was Murchison's notion that we'd ought to have a-plenty. He was figuring on this all the while. Knew I had to go down to Dundee, so it'd be up to him to fetch that shipment from the Junction. Played me for a sucker, sure enough. Reckon this finishes me, along of the bank. Bound to look right silly when it comes out."

Cole was at the door.

"We ain't licked yet. Murchison, he wouldn't ride that there freight no further'n Raleigh, and he ain't got far away from there, if he's even started. They's a first-rate chance we can ketch him with the money on him if we get them wires hot."

"All right, Sim. Reckon you better tend to it." Mackenzie nodded. Cole sped away. By the time he came back from the telegraph office the news had spread after the mysterious fashion of little towns.

(Continued on Page 74)

Always broke

HE never seemed to be making enough money. He was always behind with his bills.

Why he couldn't make more, he was at a loss to understand. Other young men with apparently no more ability or personality than he had seemed to be out-distancing him every day.

Was there some invisible barrier that was holding him back? Or what was the trouble? He was at a loss to know the reason.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually and fortunately halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.*

For HALITOSIS ... LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

CORROSION
is the cancer of metal

Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe contains a natural slag element which retards corrosion to a degree that renders the metal practically rust-proof. "Reading" combines this long-life feature with a PRACTICAL PRICE.

You can't Outguess Corrosion!

YOUR estimate on how long ordinary pipe ought to last will be just as good as the next fellow's, because corrosion, that "cancer of metal," never works according to union rules of time and labor.

For two years, five years, perhaps a little longer, ordinary steel pipe will give you satisfactory service, but there is no escaping the fact that water will sooner or later eat its way through steel pipe and bring with it a deluge of heavy and unexpected repair bills.

Guessing the useful age of common pipe is an expensive, and often dangerous game. Why not make sure of uninterrupted service that lasts as long as the building itself by installing Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe throughout.

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(Continued from Page 72)

There was an excited group at the bank door; Cole shook his head importantly in answer to a cross fire of questions as he pushed his way through the press. Mackenzie came out, shutting the door quickly behind him. There was a sudden silence as he raised his hand.

"Reckon the bank ain't apt to be open today," he announced. "They's some money missing and Murchison ain't turned up, neither. Reckon it'd be better if Barlow wasn't bothered none. He's a-working on the books to find out how things stands. Don't know 's they's no need to worry yet a while, anyhow. Wouldn't wonder if things turned out better 'n they look right now." He beckoned to Cole as the crowd gave him room to pass. "Go get the car, Sim. I'll be over to the post office, time you're ready to start."

A straggle of the more inquisitive followed Sim to the shed behind the jail where he kept his car. He allowed himself to be a little more explicit in his statements than Mackenzie had been.

"Murchison cleaned out the safe and lit out, that's all they is to it," he told them. "Looks like they was a chance of ketching him."

He resisted a temptation to add that the chance would have been better if Mackenzie had been as quick to guess the truth as Sim Cole had been. He could trust Barlow to do him justice about this—Barlow had never had any very high opinion of the sheriff and he'd be glad of a chance to do Sim a good turn too. Mackenzie came out of the post office as Cole's car stopped before it; he climbed in slowly and nodded in answer to Sim's word of question.

"Junction?"

The car scudded through the thick dust. At the first fork beyond the town the sheriff broke the silence.

"Take the hill road, Sim. Don't reckon it's any use going down yonder to the Junction yet a while."

"Reckon it's any use going back in the hills, either?" snapped Cole. "Nothing up yonder only the County Farm, and Murchison ain't apt to try hiding there."

"Don't reckon we'll find him that easy," said Mackenzie mildly. "Uncle Jimmy, down to the post office, kind of remembers 't Murchison's mail come mostly from Bascomb's. Figured it might be a good notion to go up yonder and see can we find out who wrote 'em."

Cole shrugged and said nothing. You couldn't talk Mackenzie out of a notion, once he got it into his head. There wasn't anything at Bascomb's except that private sanitarium for lungers. They'd have a fifty-mile drive over the hill roads to show for their pains. He scowled at the steam that leaked out around the radiator cap—better stop at the County Farm and fill up before tackling those grades, where you might have to walk five miles to find water. He brought the car to a halt in front of the ugly brick building and called to the group of paupers who drowsed on the covered porch.

"Where at can I get me a bucket of water?"

"Well's round back," called a reedy voice. Another rose in a shrill, excited key that grated unpleasantly on Sim Cole's ears. He had heard it before.

"Gold in the bottom of the well!" it cried. "Dig it up and h'ist it in a bucket! Gold ——"

"You hesh your mouth, Saul!" The first voice was touched with authority and the idiot's chatter stopped instantly. "Told you a million times they ain't nothin' in no well only water."

"Gold," said Saul obstinately.

Cole had reached the corner of the house and heard no more. When he came back with the water pail, Horner, the superintendent, had come out to the car for a word with Mackenzie. He nodded to Cole and resumed his discourse.

"No, they ain't no harm in him, only for that fool notion 't they's gold in the well. Ketched him four-five times startin' off with a spade. Can't leave him work without they's somebody watchin' him right clos't."

Cole spilled a good deal of the water in his haste to get away. He scowled as he piloted the car in the twists and dips of the casual road. There was little talk during the long drive; Cole waited sullenly in his seat while Mackenzie went into the office of the sanitarium that clung against the hillside, high above successive ridges that lifted their pine-clad crests like frozen waves. The sheriff came out after a tiresome interval.

"Well, find out anything?" Cole spoke impatiently as he twisted the wheel.

"Two-three things, Sim." Mackenzie's voice was troubled. "Murchison's wife is in yonder. Reckon she's right sick."

"What else? Get any notion where we'd ought to go look for him?"

"Nowheres only here. Looks like Murchison give up his job in that Southport bank jest so's he'd be up somewheres near where she was at. Couldn't get up to see her very often, but they tell me he wrote her a letter every day."

Cole started.

"Then they's a good chance to ketch him," he said excitedly. "You tell 'em to leave us know if she gets another letter?"

Mackenzie nodded.

"Don't reckon he'll write her now, though."

"That's right." Sim scowled. "Reckon he's smart enough to figure it'd he'p us ketch him." He thought it over. "Might resk it, though—might figure we don't know nothing about her."

"And they's another thing. He's been paying for her keep. Reckon that's how come he didn't spend no money on himse'f. Must 've taken most everything the bank paid him to pay her bills and keep up that there life insurance."

"What insurance?" Cole looked up at risk of ditching the car.

"Taken out a policy for five thousand," said Mackenzie. "Doctor Bascomb, he's got it in the safe. Reckon Murchison aimed to make sure they'd be some money to pay them sanitarium bills if he died before she did."

"We'll ketch him, sheriff, sure's you're born!" Cole slapped his leg. "Murchison, he's plumb bound to give himse'f away, trying to get money up yonder for her keep!"

"You reckon he'll resk it, Sim?"

"It ain't hardly reckoning. Stands to reason, don't it, 't a man who'd starve himse'f most to death, working like a nigra, to keep a woman up to Bascomb's, ain't going to leave her get throwed out when he's got thirty thousand in his pocket? Yes, sir, we're bound to get him."

"Sounds kind of reas'nable, sure enough," Mackenzie admitted.

He lapsed into one of his silences, leaving the talk to Sim, whose loquacity rose, as always, with his spirits. When they came to the fork where one road led up over the ridge and down beyond it to the Junction, he touched Cole's sleeve.

"Might stop and leave me out yere, Sim. Reckon I better go down yonder and see Cooper and McFee, long as I'm so clos't. You go on home so's they'll be one of us on hand if they's any news. Might tell Barlow what we found out—reckon he needs cheering up, sure enough."

Cole was willing enough. There wasn't likely to be any excitement at the Junction, and he was eager to be back in Tyre with his news. He drove on as soon as Mackenzie had climbed down to the rutted sand.

Barlow had finished his work on the books and showed the signs of a hard day. He brightened a little at Sim's story.

"Maybe you'll get him thataway, Sim. Hope so, sure enough. Bank's shot full of holes if you don't. Reckon I'm finished, anyhow—ought to have heard how the directors went after me!"

"What for? It wasn't your fault that Murchison turned out to be a crook," said Cole loyally. Barlow shook his head.

"That ain't how they look at it. Claim I'd ought to have fixed it so no matter how

(Continued on Page 76)

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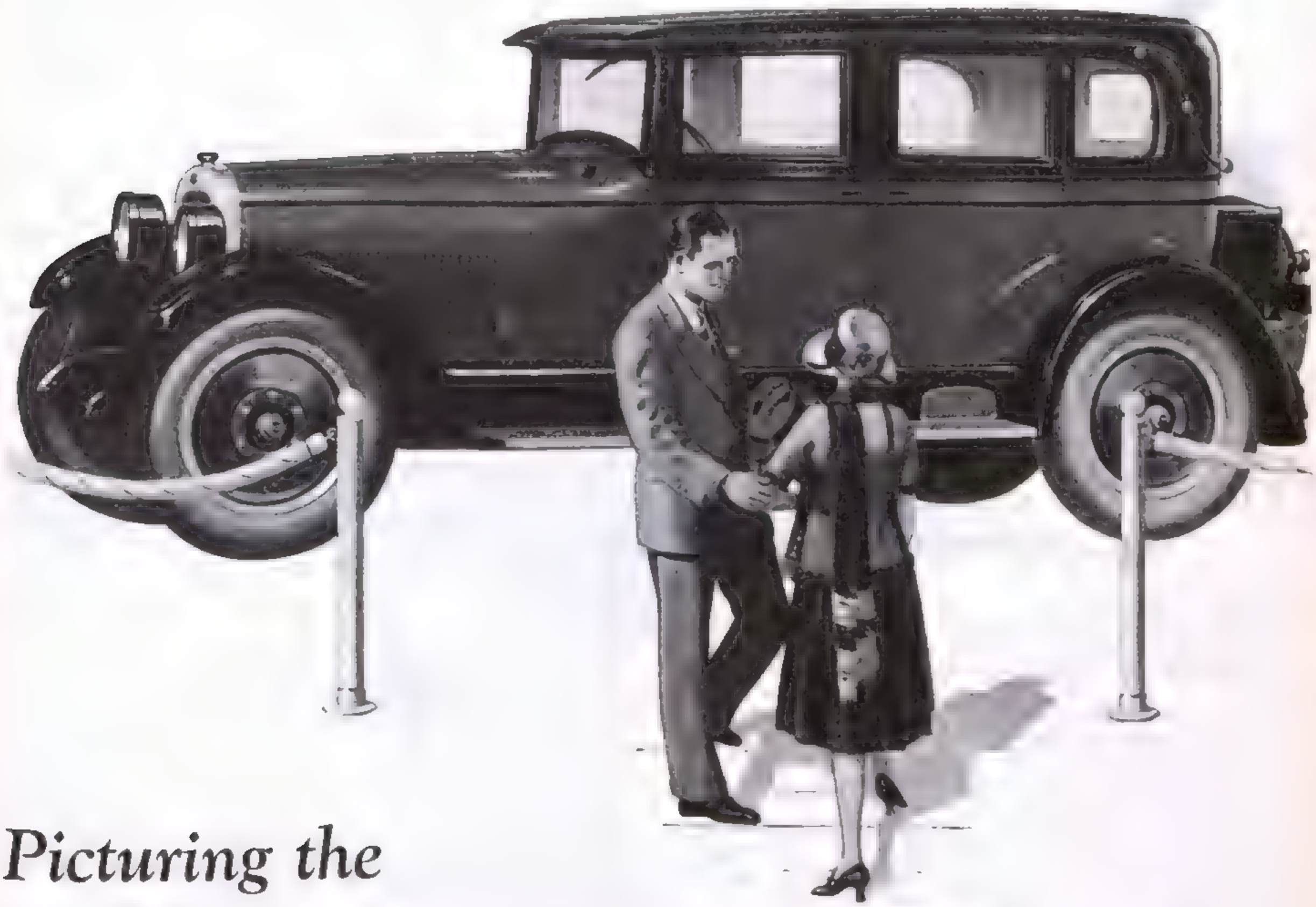

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(Continued from Page 74)

crooked he was he wouldn't have had no chance to clean us out. Reckon they's something to it too. Hadn't no business trusting Murchison like I did. Hadn't no right to go traipsing down to Dundee to see a girl and leave Murchison go after that there money. No, sir, it don't matter a heap to me if you do get him and the cash. Nobody in the county's going to forget it was me that hired Murchison and left him light out with every red cent in the safe. Bank won't be busted if you get that there money back, Cole; but I am, sure enough."

"Don't have to stay here, do you? Reckon they ain't no law to make you stick in a dead hole like Tyre and knuckle under to a lot of hill-billies. Ain't no place for a man like you. Lit out long ago if I was you, I would."

"Reckon I got to now, anyhow. Couldn't get me a job chopping cotton in Hewitt County—not after this." He rose, stretching his arms wearily. "About beat out, Sim. Reckon I'll go over to the hotel and lay down till suppertime. Leave me know if you hear any news."

Cole watched him lock the doors and walk wearily over to the hotel. There was nothing to do until Mackenzie came back on the afternoon shoofly from the Junction and Cole killed the time pleasantly in oracular discourse for the benefit of the group that joined him on the jail steps. He was so engaged when Ranny Cooper's tin-pot car jingled up to the pipe rail and old Dan Mackenzie climbed out of it. Cole moved quickly to meet him.

"See Barlow, Sim?" Mackenzie's voice sounded very tired and Cole noticed that his wide, straight shoulders were swung a little forward. He repeated what Barlow had told him about the extent of the bank's loss.

"It ain't fair, the way folks blame him," he added. "Barlow, he's plumb low in his mind about it."

"Wouldn't wonder, Sim. Where's he at now?"

Cole told him. He seemed to reflect a moment.

"Reckon we better go see him."

He led the way across to the hotel and up to Barlow's room on the second floor. A sullen voice answered his knock and steps sounded on the creaking floor boards. Barlow stood in the doorway, deep lines of weariness and worry in his face.

"What is it, sheriff? I'm plumb wore down by this yere business—don't know can I stand much more chat about it."

Mackenzie moved past him into the stuffy little bedroom.

"Sim was saying you felt kind of low-spirited," he said. "Figured maybe you'd ruther have comp'ny till suppertime, 'stead of staying up yere alone, frettin'."

Barlow's face lightened a little.

"Right kind of you, Mackenzie. The way the directors been lighting into me all day, I begun to wonder did I have a friend left in the county. Reckon I ain't got many, neither." He frowned. "I was telling Cole I couldn't get me a job chopping cotton, without I went somewheres else to hunt for it. Reckon Hewitt County's done with me, sure enough."

"Figuring on getting out when this yere bank business gets straightened out?"

Mackenzie leaned against the peeling wall. Barlow shrugged his shoulders, his eyes on the dingy rug beside the bed.

"What else can I do? Everybody in the county's lost money by me. Reckon they ain't going to forget that in a hurry."

"Folks forgets a sight quicker 'n what you might expect," said Mackenzie. "Ain't only three months since they was all talking about Sim, yonder, and how he shot Fess Durie. Reckon Sim's about the only man in the county that ain't forgot it by now. Wouldn't have remembered it myse'f if it hadn't been for seeing Saul Durie over to the County Farm this morning." He shook his head. "Even Saul's forgot it, Horner says. Don't 'pear to know Fess is daid. All he remembers is Fess' notion 't they was gold in the bottom of that there well. Kep' a-telling me and Sim about it. Horner says they've ketched him four-five times sneaking off with a spade, plumb bound to get back home and he'p Fess dig the gold outen that well." He drew in his breath. "No, sir. Folks 'll forget most anything, give 'em time." He turned to Cole. "Come on, Sim. Reckon it's most suppertime."

Cole followed him down the whining stairs to the dining room. Mackenzie ate deliberately, taking no part in the talk except to answer a direct question now and again from one of the tobacco buyers. Barlow came down after most of them had finished and gone out to the porch. He nodded across the table at the sheriff and his deputy, but did not speak. Mackenzie pushed back his chair.

"Reckon we better go over to the office and see can we ketch up on them tax bills, Sim. Been leaving 'em slide a sight too long."

Cole followed, grumbling a little. There wasn't any need for night work on those tax bills; there'd be plenty of time to get them all out before the first. Mackenzie paid no heed, striding on steadily until they were well out of earshot of the group on the porch.

"Reckon we might 's well put in an hour, Sim. Won't keep you no longer'n that."

Cole glowered at the pad of bills, resenting the steady scratch of Mackenzie's toiling pen, the faint sound of voices that drifted up from the hotel steps, the swift fading of the brief twilight. A car hummed somewhere; a white flare of headlights moved across the windows as it turned. Mackenzie spoke without looking up.

"Notice whose car that was, Sim?"

"Barlow's, by the sound of it. Reckon he's going down to see that there girl in Dundee."

Mackenzie said nothing. His pen resumed its labored scraping. A quarter of an hour passed before he stood up, so suddenly that Sim was a little startled.

"That'll do for tonight, I reckon. Go get the car, Sim. I'll lock up and meet you out front."

"Car?" Cole rose. "Where you figure on going this time o' night?"

"You go get the car. Ain't right sure where we're going, but I reckon I'll find out."

Mackenzie switched off the light above his desk, and Cole, grumbling under his breath, did as he was told. Mackenzie was waiting when he stopped before the courthouse.

"Might drive a ways down toward the Junction," he said as he climbed in. Cole twisted the wheel and let in the clutch with a jerk. Mackenzie said nothing until they reached the forks.

"Straight ahead this time."

"Might tell me what you're aiming to do, anyhow," said Cole. "Reckon I'm deputy, ain't I? No sense to this myst'ry business."

"Trying to make some sense outen it, Sim." Mackenzie spoke gently. "Never was much of a hand to go talking with my mouth when I wasn't only guessing.. Tell you soon's I rightly know what they is to tell. Know all I know as quick as I know it myse'f."

"Know something you ain't told me," persisted Cole, "or you wouldn't be traipsing clean down to the Junction at night, when they wasn't no reason why we shouldn't start right after supper."

"Had a sort of notion they might be a reason, Sim. Wouldn't mind telling you my guess, only it might be wrong, so I'd look foolisher 'n you figure I am, even. Might turn in yonder past them pines."

"Ain't only a wood road," Cole protested. "'Cain't get to the Junction thataway."

"Reckon we ain't going to the Junction. Turn in, anyhow. Know mighty soon about one of them guesses."

Cole slowed for the sharp turn. The car clawed through the shallow ditch beside the road and jolted over tufts of bunch

(Continued on Page 78)

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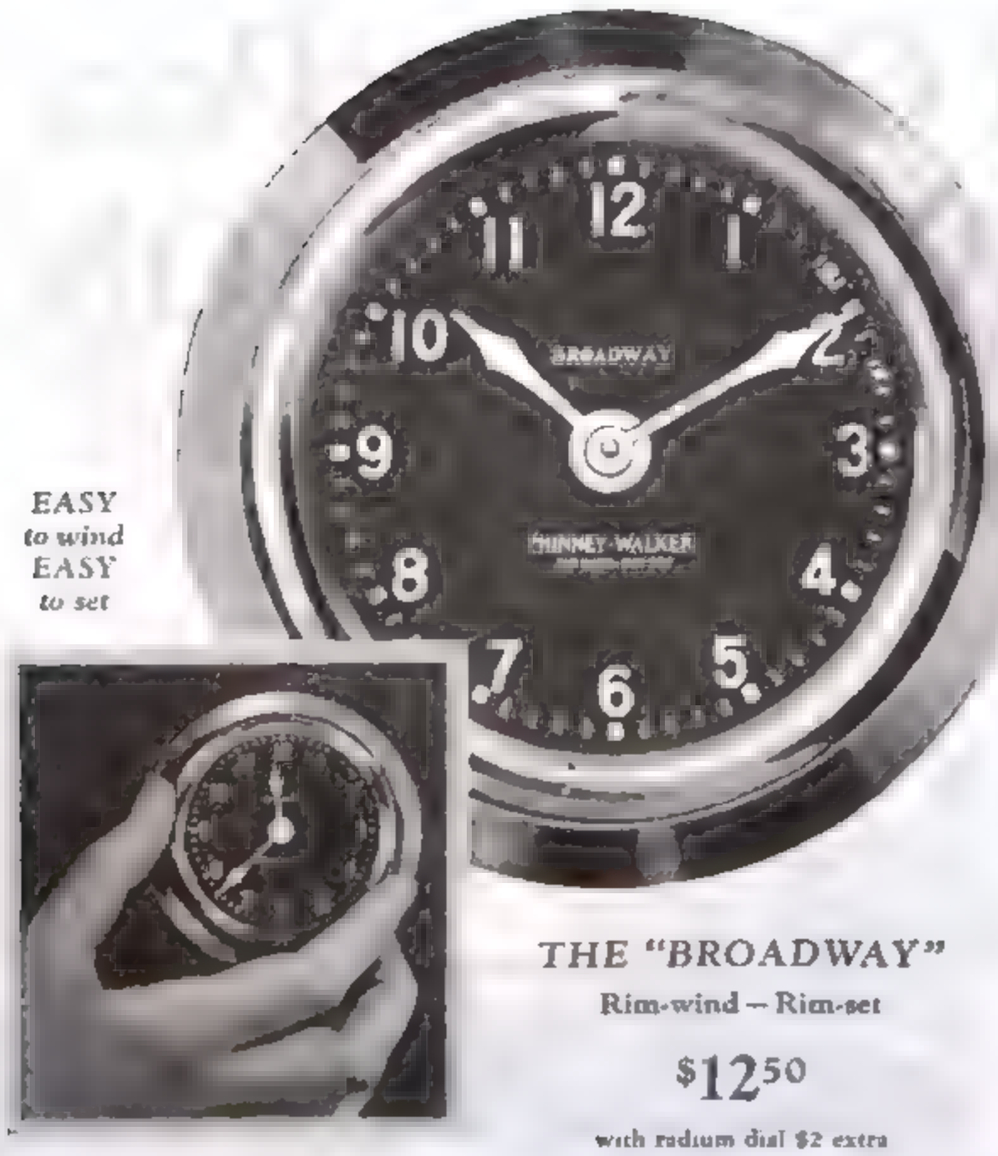

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(Continued from Page 76)

grass that had grown up in the bed of the abandoned wood track. Mackenzie leaned forward, straightened.

"That one's right, Sim. Been a car through here right lately. See them tracks?"

Cole saw them easily enough in the beam of the headlights. His curiosity overcame his irritation.

"What's the rest of it, sheriff? You figure Murchison might be in that there car?"

"Reckon he's been in it, anyhow. Ain't studying about Murchison right now. Know where he's at. Aim to find out ——"

"You know where Murchison's at?" Cole stopped the car just short of a stout young pine. "Then what else do you want to know?"

"One thing, mostly. It ain't enough to know where Murchison's hid up. Ain't enough to know where that there money's at, neither. You and me got to find out one other thing, Sim—who else knows?"

The sudden hardening of his voice puzzled Cole.

"What do we care who else is in it, long as we get Murchison and the money?" He stopped, remembering. "Said you'd tell me anything you knowed, sheriff. All right, where's Murchison?"

"See can you guess without me telling you. Had as much to go on as I did when I found him. See can you study it out, Sim."

"As much to go on? But I ain't got nothing to go on, right now."

"Reckon you had maybe a mite more'n what I did," Mackenzie insisted. "You was right there when——" He stopped. "Maybe that don't matter, neither. But you was up to Bascomb's with me. Knowed as soon as I did about Murchison's wife. That was what started me straight. Didn't make sense some way—man that'd starve himse'f like Murchison done, account of a woman, and then go get himse'f in a jam so 't he couldn't ever dast go near her no more. It don't fit, Sim."

"It don't matter. We know he got that there money offen Bruce McFee."

"Taken Bruce's say-so for it, didn't we?"

Cole stiffened.

"You mean it was Bruce? Mean to tell me Bruce McFee ——"

"Only aimed to show you 't we wasn't only guessing about Murchison. I ain't seen Bruce's book, and I don't need to. It wasn't Bruce. Don't know much about the sheriffing business, but when they's a mean trick played I mostly go look for a mean man back of it. Bruce don't fit into this here case no better 'n Murchison."

"Nor Ranny Cooper, neither," said Sim. "I give up, Mackenzie. If it wasn't neither of them two, I don't see but what "

"Reckon it wasn't nothing only a lucky guess, maybe. Started down to the Junction after I left you, with the notion that Murchison got robbed of that there money somewheres between the station and Ranny Cooper's place. Figured whoever robbed him must 've killed him, or he'd have got to Ranny's or the station before morning. If he was daid, he was hid somewheres where the buzzards wouldn't find him, or Ranny or Bruce would have seen 'em sailing overhead and gone to see what was under 'em. Struck me 't it wouldn't be so easy to find a place for a daid man. All at once I remembered what Saul Durie kep' a-whispering and ——"

"Durie's well!" Cole spoke under his breath. Mackenzie's quiet voice went on:

"——cut acrost the woods to the clearing. They was some tracks in the dirt around the well, but I couldn't make 'em out at first. Found a plainer one. Somebody'd been in there with guano bags tied around his feet. Couldn't see anything in the shaft, though, and I was jest starting to climb down the slats when I noticed the long boards was knocked loose so's to leave the casing settle. They was a rusty ax handy—reckon it was the same one Fess was going to brain you with—and I carried it down with me. Broke in the bottom boards with it and found Murchison. Satchel was there too. Reckon all the money's in it. Saul was mighty near right this morning when he kep' a-telling us they was gold down to the bottom of the well. Wonder if he knowed. Heard half-witted folks have second sight."

"But who done it?" Cole broke in.

"Reckon we don't need to do no guessing about that, Sim. Had to be somebody 't knowed Murchison was going down after the money; had to be somebody that could meet Murchison, accidental-like, where the Dundee road crosses the track between the station and Ranny Cooper's. Had to be somebody that could get inside the bank afterward and empty the cash outen the safe so's it'd look like Murchison 'd taken it. Had to be somebody with a car so's he could ride Murchison to the end of Durie's lane before he shot him; had to be somebody strong enough to tote him up to the well on his back afterward so's they wouldn't be no tire tracks in the lane. Reckon we could make out a pretty case without ketching nobody down in that there well trying to move the money before Saul Durie gets loose from the County Farm and comes over with his spade and bucket."

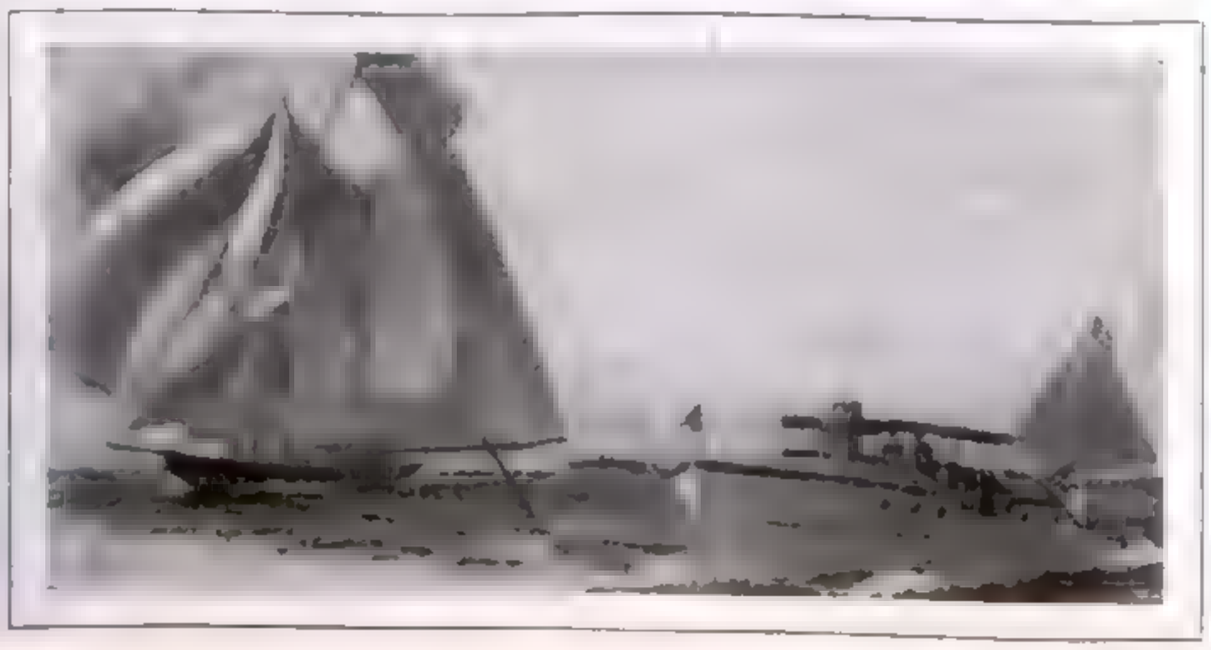
Cole recognized the bushy trees of Fess Durie's abandoned orchard. He stopped the engine as the headlights gleamed on the car that stood beside the shaft.

"He's down yonder yet, sheriff! We got yere in time to ketch him! Figured he'd beat us by 'most half an hour, with the head start you give him."

"Aimed to give him a-plenty." Mackenzie climbed down without haste. "Reckoned he'd stay outen that there well if they was headlights in sight behind him, and I knowed if he went down he'd wait till we got yere. Taken a heap of trouble cutting 'most through them bottom rungs of that ladder one by one as I clum' offen 'em this evening."

He leaned over the edge of the pit; the slender beam of a pocket flash reached down to a white, upturned face.

"Needn't holler thataway, Barlow." Mackenzie's voice was colder than Sim had ever heard it. "Me and Sim Cole aim to h'ist you outen there soon's you tell us where's the money you taken outen the safe."



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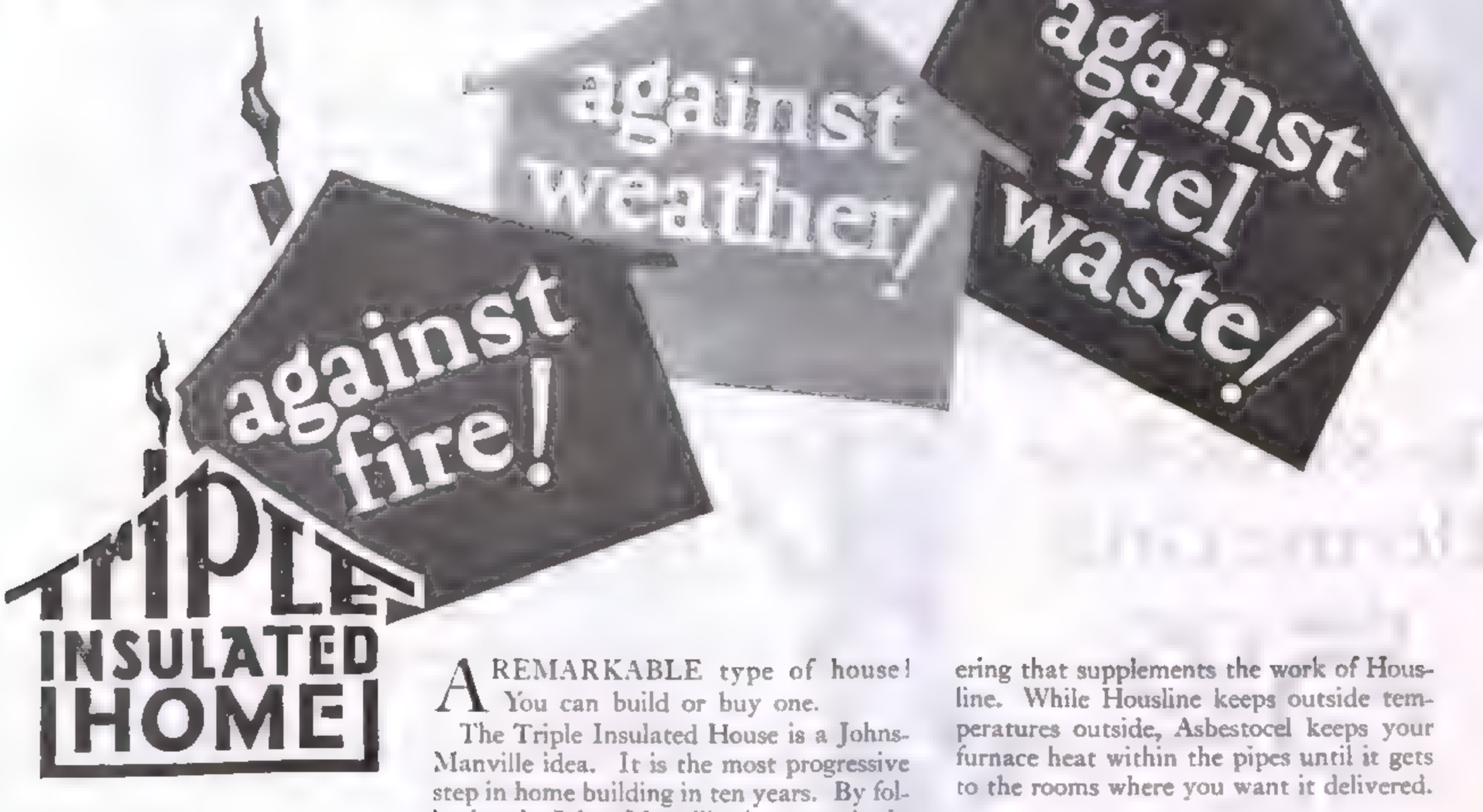

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The STAR-Rite Electric Grill

$5.95

A Compact Cooking Service

AT last—a practical electric table cooking unit for $5.95! Does anything that the much higher priced grills can do and does it quicker—by actual kitchen test. Think of it—all these strong, practical cooking utensils that nest together as a unit that takes up no more space than a cake pan—plus the convenience of electrical cooking—all for $5.95!

Built to last—stand on it and see—the heat element so placed as to give an unusual degree of heat. Cooks anything from eggs to chicken—fries, boils, stews, broils, toasts—and does it better and more quickly. The STAR-Rite Grill is a triumphant success.

In the STAR-Rite Grill you find the same lasting quality and perfect workmanship that have ever characterized STAR Rite products—a quality and perfection that have made the name STAR-Rite nationally famous.

The Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company,
Torrington, Conn.
Please send me, without the slightest obligation on my part, a free copy of the booklet, "Cooking The STAR-Rite Way."

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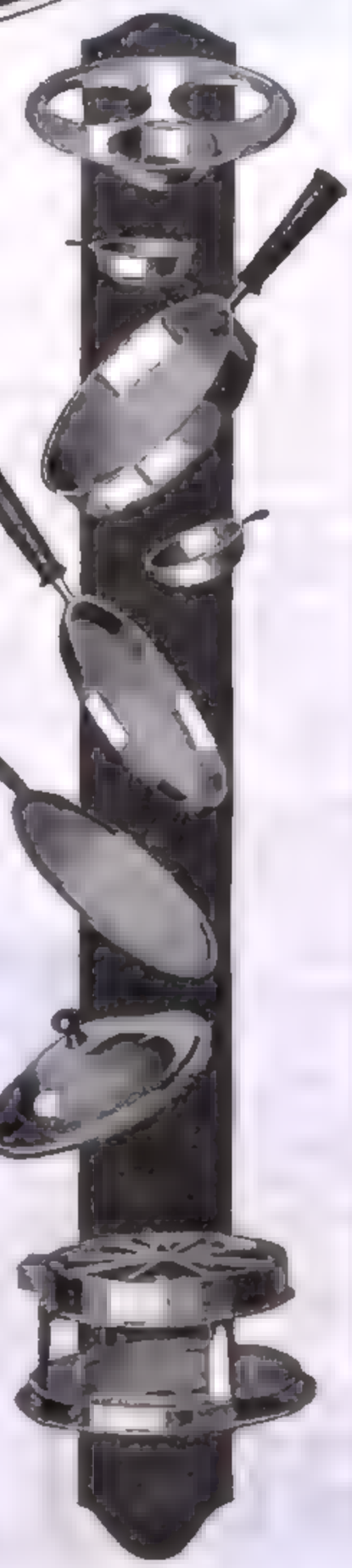


STAR-Rite
ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING CO
Torrington, Conn

Canadian Fitzgerald Co., 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ontario

Dealers:
Samples of this great new profit maker sent on request—no obligation

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 42.

out. I have tried so hard, but the shoe pinches at the toe."

"There, there, mother," Rosebud consoled, "I can give our house a good shine. Some day, somehow, we'll be well heeled." With these words she left for work.

That night Hal Stuyvesant came into the life and heart of Rosebud O'Flaherty. They met at the Last Hope Mission, where Angelic Rosie did Settlement work.

"An angel like you needs another kind of an angel like me," said whole-hearted Hal. "Let me see you to your home?"

"Oh, sir, I'm ashamed of it," said the modest Rosebud.

But Hal Stuyvesant was no snob. His ancestors had chewed tobacco and worn wooden legs. "It's at least a comfortable shoe—I mean house," he said.

"May I marry your daughter?" asked Hal of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"Gladly," she said, "as I have so many children I don't know what to do."

Came June, and Hal and Rosebud, after a honeymoon to Europe, moved into a swell Park Avenue apartment hotel, where the door man was a grand duke in full military regalia.

And Mother O'Flaherty and her twenty children, minus one, no longer were forced to live in a shoe, as big-hearted Hal bought them a whole pair of shoes with galoshes for rough weather. —*John Forbes.*

The Great Man is Indisposed

HELP!!!! Help!!!!
The Mr.'s got the tummyache!
Who's got the tummyache?
Don't ask WHOOOO!
The Mr.'s got the tummyache!
Potts, run for the doctor!
Oh, my Lord! What'll I do? What'll I do?

Where does it hurt, Joe?
Biggs, call the hospital!
Where? Right there? Does it make you feel sick?
Send for a trained nurse!
Phone all the newspapers!
Jane! The hot-water bag quick, quick, quick!

Potts! Call an ambulance!
Jane! The bicarbonate!
Oh, my Lord! What'll I do? What'll I dooooo?
Jane, run and fetch the clinical thermometer!
Get into bed, Joe!
It must have been the stew.

Where's the hot-water bag!
Call out the fire department!
Notify the police force
The Mr. feels ill!
Broadcast by radio
The Mr.'s got the tummyache!
Joe, does it hurt much?
Try and lie still!

Why isn't the doctor here?
Potts, where's the ambulance?
Did you call for a trained nurse?
Why don't they come?
Jane! You forgot the salts!
This water isn't hot!
Oh, my Lord! Aren't some people dumb!

Where does it pain, Joe?
Try not to groan so!
Let me see your temperature!
Don't go 'way, Jane!
Ninety-eight and seven-tenths!
A tenth above normal!
Why doesn't the doctor come?
Does it still pain?

There goes the doorbell!
Put the salts here, Jane!
Run! Run! Open the door!
Must I show you how?
Here comes the doctor, Joe!
Here comes the ambulance!
Here comes the trained nurse!
Here come the correspondents!
Here comes the fire department!
Here comes the police force!
Here comes the cabinet!
Well, doctor! Well, doctor!
All right in ten minutes?
Nothing to be alarmed about?
Yes, two after meals.
I see! I see!
Just keep him in bed today?
I see! I see!
Thank you very much, doctor!

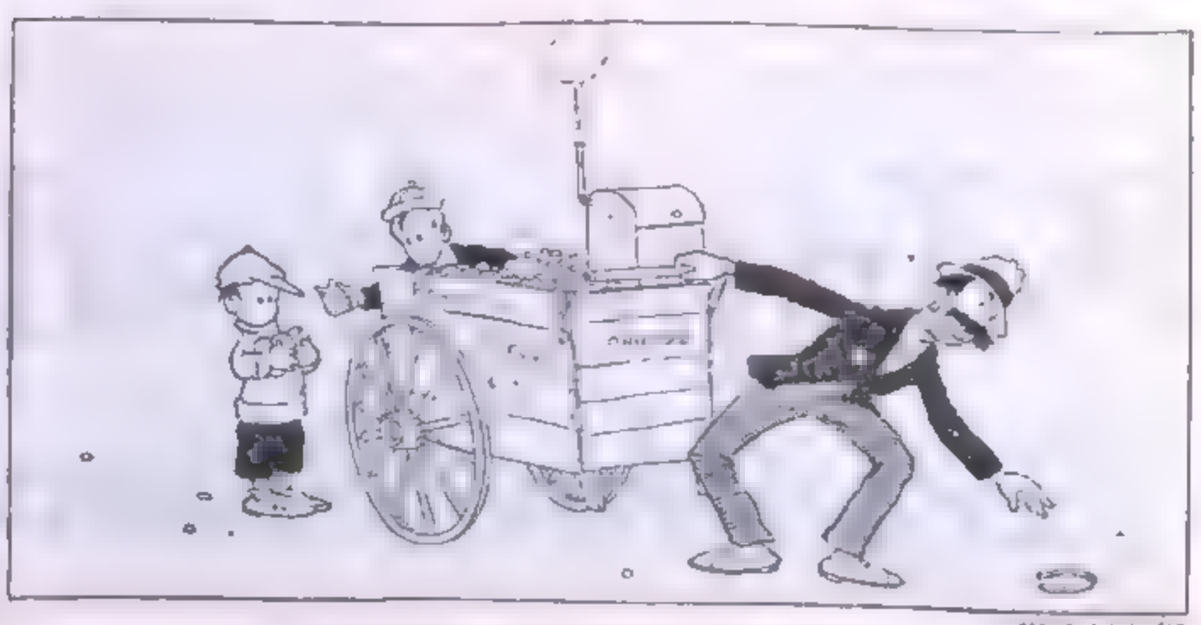
Jane, please go downstairs
And tell the crowd waiting there
There's nothing to be alarmed about—
The Mr.'s all right again.
He was a trifle indisposed, but he's all right now. —*Baron Ireland.*

The Stain

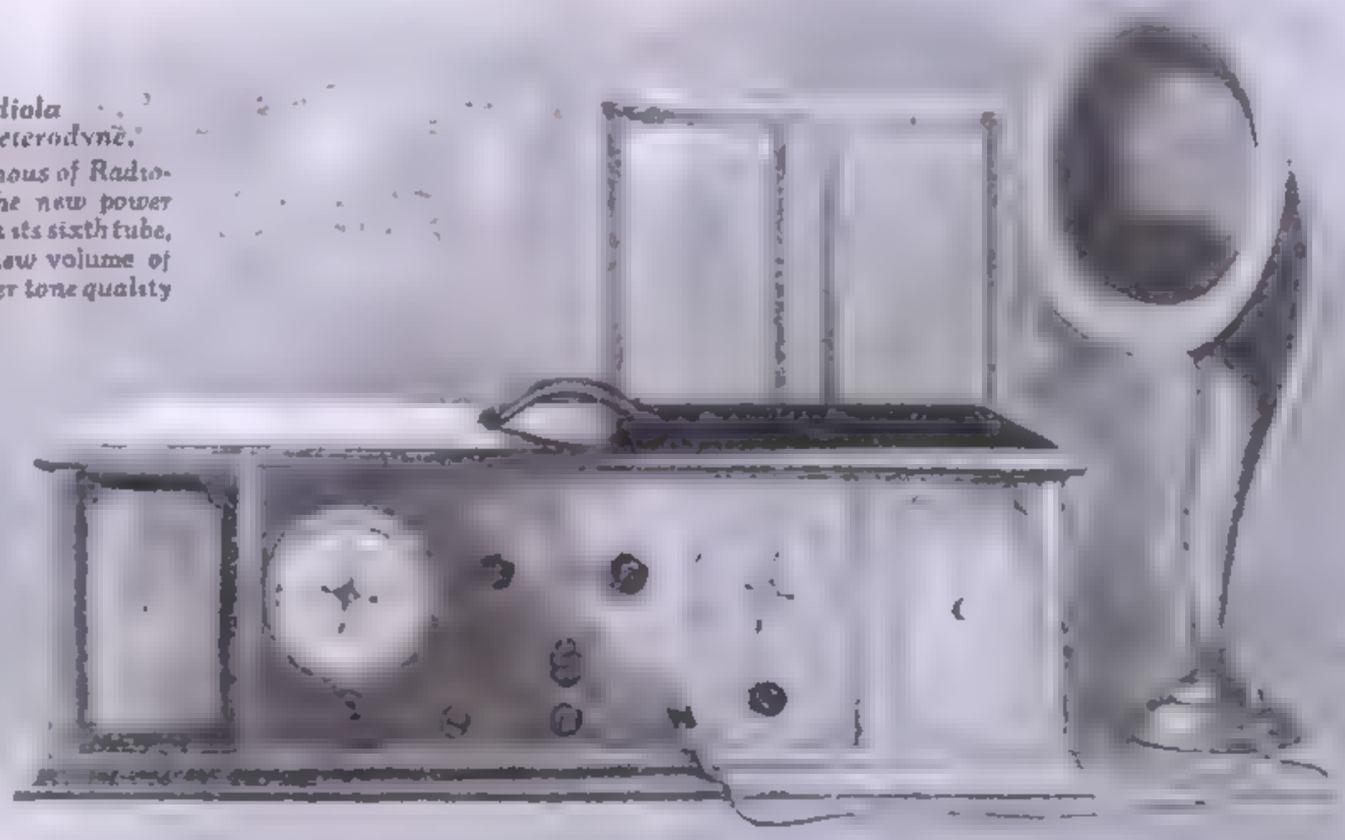
I TRY to be extremely Continental;
My manners have a touch of Latin grace;
I'm usually behindhand with the rental;
An embryonic mustache guards my face.
I lean toward coats distinctly double-breasted;
My ankles are equipped with racy spats;
At the haberdashery they have learned to bow to me,
For I know just what is what in socks and hats.

I always swing a neatly shaped Malacca,
And ride about in motors, not in cars;
I cannot smoke domestic-brand tobacco;
I patronize cafés, but never bars.
In fact, I radiate a breath of Europe,
And yet my soul of gladness is bereft;
For the mentally obese do not care to hear of Nice,
And what went on in Paris when I left.

Correctly groomed, immaculate, exquisite,
A Chesterfield in morning coat and cane,
I act as though I'm merely on a visit
Before I hit the boulevards again.
But no one ever asks "When are you sailing?"
And so the situation brings alarm;
I am worried, I confess—do you think that folks can guess
That my home's in Minnesota on a farm?
—*Edwin Rutt.*



Good Fortune at Last Smiles on Tony Spumoni



Radiola Super-Heterodyne, the most famous of Radiolas. With the new power Radiotron as its sixth tube, it achieves new volume of tone and finer tone quality than ever

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When you buy a Radiola Super-Heterodyne, you are buying something more than the popular radio set of the day. Proof of its quality lies in the fact that it is not only the product of the radio laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America, but has behind it—both in research and in manufacture—the world-famed skill of Westinghouse and General Electric.

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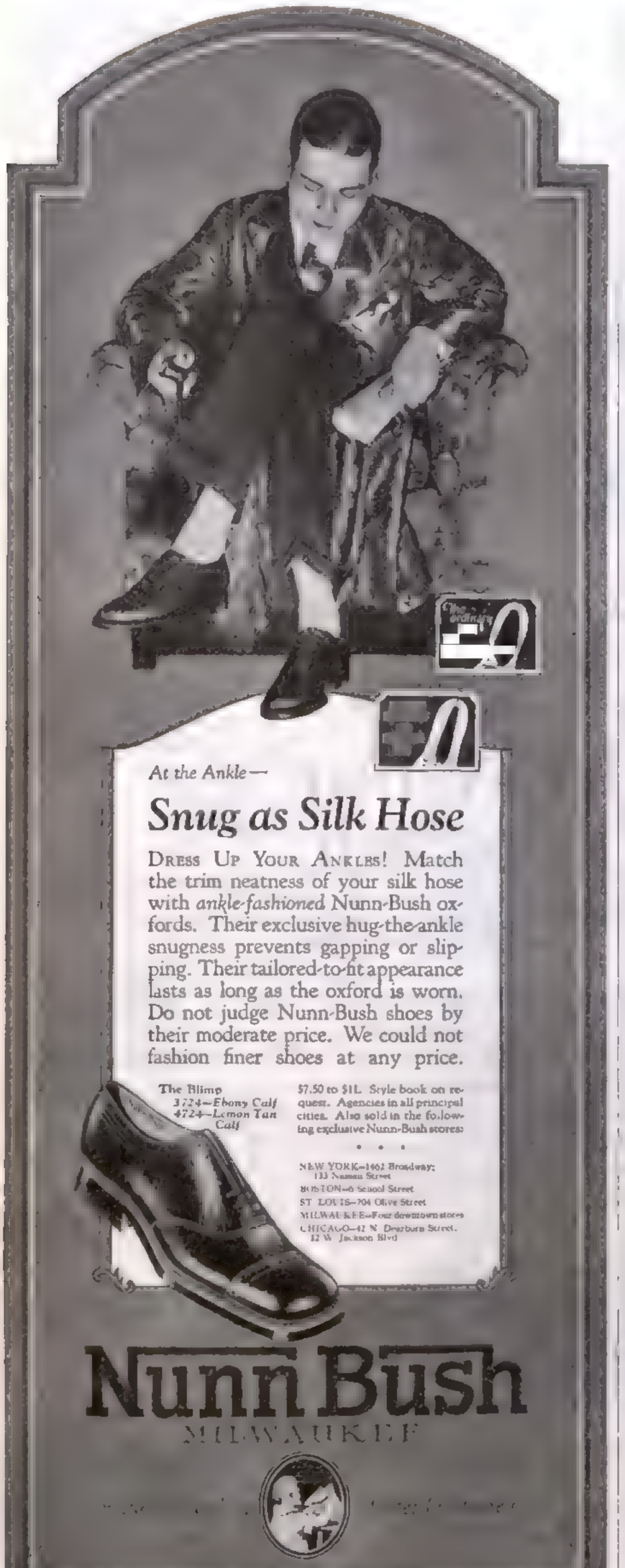
At the Ankle—
Snug as Silk Hose
Dress Up Your Ankles! Match the trim neatness of your silk hose with ankle-fashioned Nunn-Bush oxfords. Their exclusive hug-the-ankle snugness prevents gapping or slipping. Their tailored-to-fit appearance lasts as long as the oxford is worn. Do not judge Nunn-Bush shoes by their moderate price. We could not fashion finer shoes at any price.
The Blimp
3724—Ebony Calf
4724—Lemon Tan Calf
$7.50 to $11. Style book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in the following exclusive Nunn-Bush stores:
NEW YORK—1462 Broadway; 133 Nassau Street
BOSTON—6 School Street
ST LOUIS—704 Olive Street
MILWAUKEE—Four downtown stores
CHICAGO—42 N Dearborn Street; 12 W Jackson Blvd
Nunn Bush
MILWAUKEE

SCENERY A CASH CROP

(Continued from Page 41)

On this showing, $90,000,000 for the entire season looked altogether too small. It was found that the transportation estimate ignored expenditures for tires, repairs and other automobile incidentals, and covered only gasoline and oil at $2.30 a day. The estimate limited the season to 120 days, in spite of the fact that thousands of tourists came outside of that seasonal limit. The average allowance for personal incidentals was placed at one dollar a day. The calculations allowed a subsistence cost of two dollars a day for the 90,000 who did not patronize hotels and five dollars a day for hotel guests.

Clearly, this estimate failed to take into account a very substantial volume of income from visiting tourists. An appeal to the Duluth Chamber of Commerce drew the information that the railroads brought to Minnesota resorts 73,800 out-of-state visitors last season and that the Great Lakes boats increased Minnesota's tourist business by $3,250,000. This authority also says that out-of-state tourists last year invested more than $1,000,000 in Minnesota farms, cottages and camp sites for summer homes; that they spent $250,000 for automobile repairs, accessories and miscellaneous supplies; $500,000 for guides, boats and fishing and hunting equipment; $250,000 for extra clothing and miscellaneous personal-comfort equipment; and $78,000 for fishing and hunting licenses. The total of Minnesota's annual tourist income is thus seen to be at least $150,000,000.

Vermont has been stepping out a lot of late. Not only has the shy Green Mountain State moved to the center of the stage politically but she has also impressed the nation with her scenic charms as never before and is reaping a rich financial reward as a result.

There's a story behind this sudden tourist popularity of the most maidenly and reserved state in the Union—one which sketches with graphic clearness how much one man of vision accomplished in protecting and selling the scenic crop of his state. Last year, when the news reached the Vermont hills that President Coolidge would spend his summer vacation with his father at Plymouth, among the friends of his boyhood, the common reaction in the minds of his old neighbors and associates was expressed in the remark: "Well, Cal's coming back to spend the summer; we'll have a chance to see him again."

Eliminating the Lunch Carts

But there was a big man at Ludlow to whom this news meant much more than a chance to renew his acquaintance with the Plymouth boy—whom he had known from childhood—who had become President of the United States. Instantly John Garibaldi Sargent saw the roads leading to Plymouth crowded with automobiles, all headed for the little hamlet in the hills—more motor cars than had ever passed through The Notch in all its previous existence. A clear vision of what would happen to the sleepy, remote, unprepared little village flashed before the mind of this man who had become one of the foremost lawyers of New England.

At once he summoned Timmie, his chauffeur, protégé and inseparable companion, and told him to get out the big car. They stopped at the office long enough to allow Mr. Sargent to postpone an important court hearing and then sped up the Black River road to The Notch.

Apparently his visit was wholly social. But, incidentally, he did transact a little business with virtually every owner of property in and immediately about Plymouth Notch. Also, as usual, he gave legal advice to a dozen or more of his old friends. When Timmie again took the wheel and they started down the hill to Plymouth Union, John Garibaldi Sargent chuckled and explained what he had been doing

"Timmie, I've rented every foot of space in The Notch that hasn't a building on it. When the hot-dog and the pop-corn venders wake up you'll hear a howl that will echo all through these hills. I've got 'em shut out tight. There will not be a stand anywhere in Plymouth. The village folks haven't any idea what an avalanche is going to descend on The Notch—an avalanche of automobiles and folks. They're just thinking about seeing Cal. And as for the army of camp followers that this will bring—they can't see 'em at all.

"Florence Cilley comes nearer having a notion of what it's going to mean in a money way than anybody else. I showed her that the fewer chances there were for visitors to spend money outside her store, the more they'd spend in it.

"Of course, I've got fish to fry in all this—two of 'em. I want The Notch to look to the President just as it used to look when he was a boy—not all cluttered up with hot-dog, soft-drink and pop-corn stands. That's about the least we can do for him. The others would have done it if they had thought of it, but they didn't."

A Big Day in the Notch

"What's the other fish?" inquired the shrewd Timmie. Again the big lawyer chuckled.

"This is Vermont's big chance to sell her scenery to the whole country. But she's got to put her best foot forward if she does it. Mr. Coolidge is President, but that's only part of the chapter. We're in a presidential campaign which is going to center in Plymouth for the next few weeks. Politics is going to draw more people to Plymouth Notch than ever came up the Black River road since the first water bar was put across it—important people from about every state in the Union. So far as they're concerned, these hills right here are going to represent Vermont. We've got to have it look right to 'em. That means a lot of out-of-doors roadside housecleaning and a lot of careful attention to the way the roads ride as well as to how they look. That's why we're heading now for Montpelier to see the State Highway Department. It's going to take several gangs to keep these roads in prime condition under the pounding they'll get from the automobile avalanche."

At that time John Garibaldi Sargent hadn't the slightest idea of ever becoming Attorney General of the United States. He wasn't out for anything except to make the home-town vacation of the President as pleasant as possible and to give Vermont's natural scenic charms a fair chance to sell themselves to the country. In both respects he did a good job—as he generally does in whatever he undertakes, whether shaving a scythe snath, tinkering a clock, catching a trout, cooking a meal, trying a lawsuit or giving political advice. He put Vermont scenery on the market in a big way. About 60,000 automobiles carrying at least 270,000 persons visited Plymouth last year, and they entered by gravel roads of almost incredible smoothness.

Having been one of these Plymouth pilgrims, and having motored most of the main highways of Vermont while President Coolidge was there, I am able to give personal testimony to the riding quality of those Green Mountain arteries, to the efficiency of their traffic police, and to the thoroughness of the outdoors housecleaning in which the state indulged.

The most frequent remark heard in Plymouth last season was "How beautiful! We're coming again!" This threat has been made good. Those who came went out and told the world of the intriguing loveliness of the Vermont landscape, with the result that the present tourist season is the greatest the Green Mountain State has ever known, in spite of the fact that

(Continued on Page 84)

FRANKLIN

Heavy Demand Forces a Doubled Production

Clearly, Franklin has developed another outstanding success in this New Coupé. For those who want an extra car, or one more compact than a Sedan, it is the feature car of the year. There have been good personal closed cars before this, but never one with so much style and dash, so many custom features, such generous space for trappings, or such zestful, tireless performance. A three-passenger, leather-trimmed, clear-vision car with power and comfort which make the longest tours a pleasure. Styled by de Causse in the finest Continental manner, and priced only $50 above the Touring model. Its popularity continues to set new records. Demand has pushed production this month to double the number originally scheduled.

Also SEDAN · TOURING · SPORT SEDAN · CABRIOLET
SPORT RUNABOUT · ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE

Franklin Series 11 comes ready for the road—fully equipped with appropriate accessories, spare tire and cover—at the catalog price. Only tax and freight are extra.

Hot whole wheat! Add golden years!

The fragrance of hot whole wheat! Delicious golden Wheatena! What an irresistible temptation to your appetite. How you relish each hearty, piping spoonful. And children, they just love Wheatena. Watch how eagerly they "dig" into this nut-brown cereal. Don't be surprised if they ask for a second, or even a third helping. Give them all they want. There's nothing better for them than this muscle-making, bone-building, health-preserving, easily-digested food that adds golden years to their lives and to yours.

Just the plump golden kernels of choicest winter wheat are selected for Wheatena—roasted and toasted, delicious golden heart, bran and all, to give that distinctive flavor and perfect nourishment.

Get Wheatena today—for breakfast tomorrow. Your family will be grateful.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Nature's perfect food—on your table in three minutes at less than 2¢ a pound

Wheaten

(Continued from Page 82)

President Coolidge this year chose the Massachusetts shore as the location of the summer White House. The little hamlet of Plymouth Notch has been compelled to double its capacity for entertaining guests and the prosperity harvest of the scenery crop has swept the entire state.

Here is an inspiring example which many citizens of other states and communities may follow to the great profit of their commonwealths. All worthwhile crops have to be nourished, cultivated and protected; the scenery crop is no exception to the rule. Perhaps it pays a higher dividend on the attention given it than do most other crops.

If some shrewd enthusiast for the cause of social democracy had applied his talents to the end of inventing a device to level social distinctions and bring all classes into contact on a common ground, he could not have produced a more effective instrument for securing a democratic mixture of all kinds of Americans than the modern tourist camp.

Now that out-of-doors recreation has become, in many states, a well-organized industry, and furnishing service to campers and tourists has become recognized as a profitable state policy, making well-regulated and carefully protected camps the rule rather than the exception, the number of careful persons who have taken a chance on the democracy of camp life has increased immensely.

Realizing the importance of this protective feature of camp life, the recreation interests of several of the north Middle West states last season employed Major A. J. Lytle, an overseas veteran, who was a timber cruiser before his enlistment, to give a comprehensive down-to-the-minute answer to the questions, Who is the camper? Why? What is his economic importance in the job of harvesting the scenery crop of today and tomorrow? What is the future of the automobile touring camp? In finding the answers to these questions, Major Lytle, with his wife, drove more than 22,000 miles and visited hundreds of camps in various states. As a camperologist, Major Lytle is undoubtedly entitled to top rank.

"The answer to the first question," declares Major Lytle, "is, almost everybody. The discovery of this fact gave me the biggest kick of my experience in placing the species *Autocampus* under the microscope Here is only one of many experiences which taught me that it is unsafe to discount the social or financial status of a man simply because he tours in a tin can and cooks his own grub instead of traveling in a limousine and stopping at hotels."

Roughing It at Sixty

"When we pulled into the municipal camp at Superior, Wisconsin, and I began to give the pilgrims the once-over, my attention was immediately attracted to a man and his wife who appeared to be about sixty years of age. They were very friendly and approachable. In the evening the woman made this confession: 'I've wasted forty years of fun and fine wholesome pleasure. Since I was a girl, I haven't had my hands in dishwater until ten weeks ago. My life has been very sheltered and easy and my domestic duties have been entirely supervisory.

"'We have one home in New England and another in Florida, with the usual equipment of automobiles and servants. From the time of our marriage, my husband has consistently urged me to go with him on outing trips and get a taste of roughing it. He is an incorrigible devotee of out-of-doors life in its rougher phases. We have often compromised on European trips and have spent several seasons in Hawaii. I could never understand how he could get so much enjoyment out of roughing it. He has always insisted that if I would try it once I would become as thorough an enthusiast as he is. Finally, ten weeks ago I surrendered and told my husband that I would go with him for just two weeks and play the game even-handed with him.

"'Well, we started out just ten weeks ago in the little old flivver sedan, and I am so enthusiastic about this kind of life that we are going to keep on until it is time to go to Florida. Then we are going to drive there with camp acquaintances, and instead of immediately opening our Florida home, we are going to have a taste of camp life in various parts of the state.

"'This has been a wonderful experience to me in every way. I feel that I have just begun to live. It has been a revelation to me as to almost every side of life. I've come to know people as I never knew them before. It has been very broadening. I used to think that I was always rather keenly appreciative of scenery and natural beauty of every kind; this trip as a camper has taught me that my acquaintance with the beauties of Nature was more limited, if anything, than my acquaintance with people before I turned camper.'"

Buying Vacation Spots

"Recruits to the ranks of the highway pilgrims from this class of people have increased immensely in the last two years and will increase at a still greater rate in the immediate future. Last year there were at least 1,500,000 campers—probably considerably in excess of that number, because thousands of campers do not get to the national parks and forests.

"Camping is the best possible way by which to select a permanent vacation home, and many tourists of the highways have this in mind. For example, we stopped on the shore of Lake Vermilion, which is well back from Tower, Minnesota. A little way from the beach was a very artistic log lodge which commanded one of the most beautiful vistas of lake and shore I have ever seen. Only one camper besides myself had stopped near this place. A stranger not experienced in judging camping people probably would have concluded, from a glance at this man's outfit, that perhaps he was camping because he didn't have a home.

"Pointing to the lodge and the view which it commanded, he declared that he had been hunting over several states to find just such a location and that he was going to buy it if the owner would sell. When he went to the house for water he learned from the wife of the owner that the place contained about eleven acres and that she would be willing to sell it for $7500. Her husband came in later and stuck for $8500, with the result that the camper took him to the nearest bank and there arranged a cash payment for the property.

"Lake and river frontage in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan is being extensively bought today, and generally by campers whose bank accounts are much more formidable than the appearance of the men themselves would indicate. The owner of good scenery who has a mind to part with his holdings makes a mistake when he does not greet the camper with the glad hand irrespective of appearances. Title deeds to a lot of picturesque scenery are being taken over today by men who fry their own bacon and wash their own dishes as they explore."

According to this expert camperologist, the new type of camper—the most desirable kind—prefers a pay camp to a free one. Desirable campers demand but few things and for these they are willing to pay well. They want protection for themselves and their property, a lighted camp, well supplied with good water and clean toilet facilities, and with gas fires. The better camps of today not only have gas plates for cooking but also they are supplied with shower baths, electric washing machines and have day-and-night caretakers whose business it is to keep out undesirables as well as to look after the comfort of the campers who are admitted.

The tourist camp is no exception to the rule that everywhere there is someone to take the joy out of life. The campers' pet pest is the sob sponge. This is a family rôle and cannot be played without juveniles

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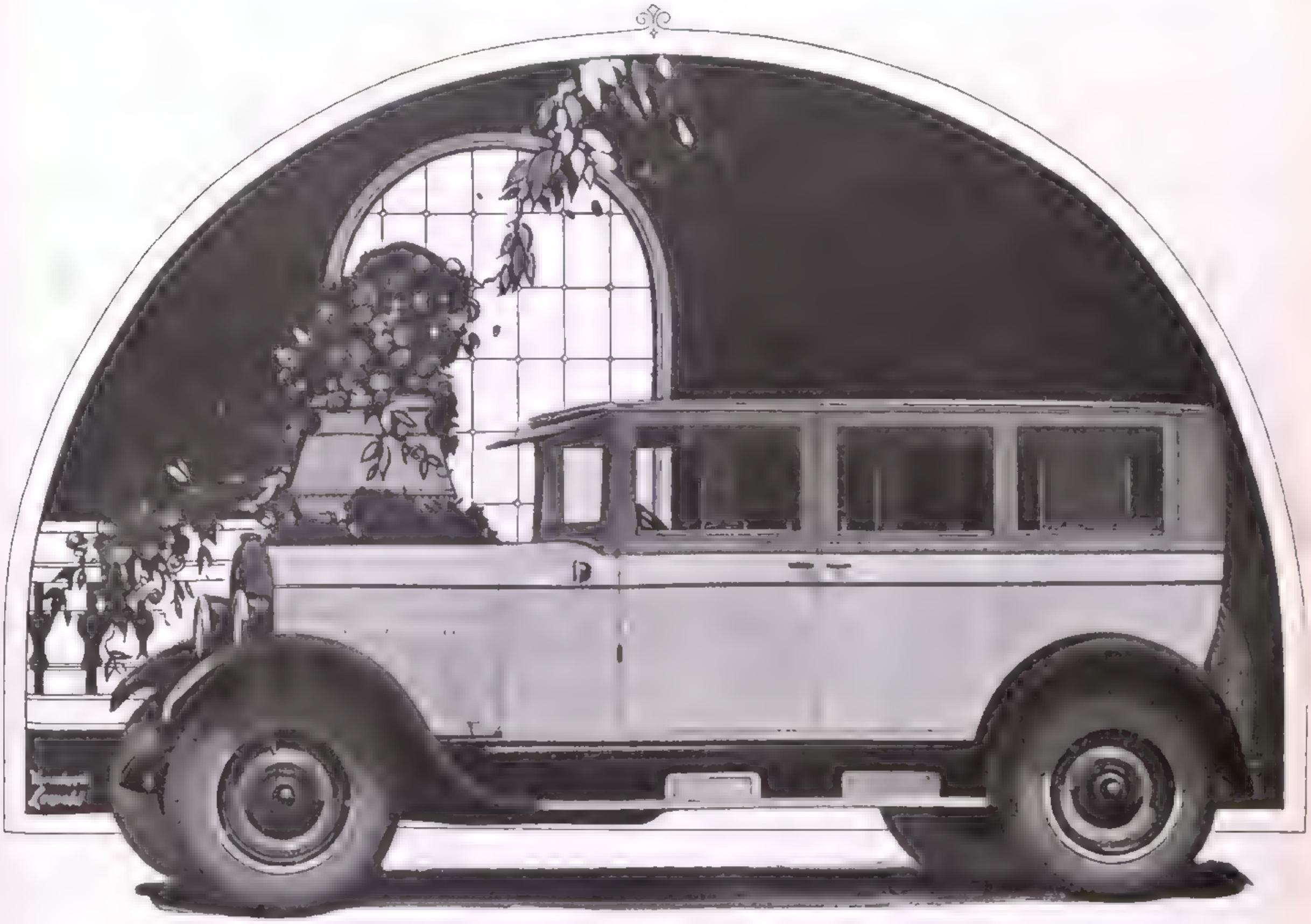

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—Generously dimensioned for five adult passengers.

—Four-door roominess and convenience.

—Six-cylinder, fifty horsepower engine.

—Mounted on the standard 120-inch Reo double-frame chassis.

—New modish design; clean, graceful lines.

—Smart two-tone color scheme.

—Richly upholstered and durably finished.

—Four genuine full-size balloon tires on steel disc wheels.

—New and improved gas and spark control.

—Cleanly arranged front compartment, with the exclusive Reo Safety Control.

—Cluster assembly of instruments on a richly finished nickeled panel, located on walnut finished board.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

(Continued from Page 84)

"Taking up collections," says Major Lytle, "in the better class of tourist camps for the benefit of some family 'in hard luck' has become almost a daily occurrence. It has become a very popular and profitable species of panning. A child appears at a camp fire and gazes hungrily at a meal cooking there. Sympathetic questions are asked and shortly a big-hearted man or woman is making the rounds, taking up a collection. This game is played with many variations.

"Camp caretakers are becoming increasingly alert to protect campers against these modern mendicants who ply their tin-cup trade in transcontinental tours in tin lizzies. In general, it should be said that camping is becoming increasingly safe; camp policing and protection is becoming systematized and coördinated and the standard of camp service is each year improving."

Our national parks are the great magnets of American tourist travel, the major destination points for those millions of automobilists to whom the motor car has made private transportation in family parties a financial possibility. The circus press agent would say, "The national parks are the grandest aggregations of scenic magnificence of the Western World"; they have been made the nation's playgrounds because of this fact. Perhaps no public policy of the national Government has had a more complete justification than the preservation of these immense scenic areas for the free use of the people—of generations of Americans yet unborn.

But those farsighted leaders of public opinion and congressional action who pioneered the establishment of our national-park system had only a vague vision of the extent of the army of pilgrims who would, so soon after they were set apart in perpetuity, visit these scenic shrines. The gypsy corpuscles in the blood of the nation were suddenly released by the general family ownership of the means of independent, unhampered long-distance travel; the lure of the open road fell upon the whole people like a national passion. "Let's go," became the family slogan, and the national parks and forests drew millions of pilgrims where they had before drawn thousands. As a result the people of America have, *en famille*, absorbed geography through eyes, ears, nostrils and pores—the nation's children with their parents.

Probably a better way of teaching patriotism has never been devised than touring the national parks. It seems impossible that any American could, for example, stand on the rim of the Grand Cañon or drink in the grim grandeur of the great peaks of Glacier Park without acquiring a broadened sense of the greatness of his country and the privilege of citizenship in the United States.

The See-America Club

Again, the human contacts incident to journeying to and from these great scenic attractions must be included in the educational valuation of America's scenery crop. The purely recreational and health value of this general passion for gypsying is not to be lightly considered. How fast this passion has developed is little appreciated. About 1,500,000 persons visited the national parks by rail and auto last season as against about 500,000 in 1917.

How much money these visitors spent is largely a matter of conjecture. For example, Yosemite is a nimble harvester of visiting shekels. Careful estimates indicate that the visitors to this star scenic attraction spend annually about $2,500,000 within its borders and more than $5,000,000 additional within California. Eliminate the Yosemite National Park as a scenic attraction and California would next year be out of pocket more than $10,000,000. Yellowstone National Park is a close running mate for Yosemite in yielding a rich harvest of out-of-state dollars to Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, which divide its tourist crop.

In the year ending July 1, 1925, Uncle Sam spent $1,000,000 on roads in national parks; this season's expenditure for this purpose will be $1,500,000, and an annual road outlay of $2,500,000 has been authorized for 1926 and 1927.

Uncle Sam has been taking on new national parks and plans to continue to do so. The major scenic features of these undeveloped accessions must be made reasonably accessible by automobile. It is not the policy of the Government, however, to destroy the wildness of any national park by an elaborate system of motor roads. The side trips on horseback and on foot will remain to challenge the interest of the adventurous.

The extent to which the national parks have gripped the interest of the people is indicated by the confession of a business man located in a typical Western town:

"The leading merchants and professional men of our town are going to see at least one national park each year, and keep on until we make the entire round. We've made a start and we like it so well that any other sort of a vacation isn't considered. For months beforehand we study about the park to which we're going. If the national-park service has any better customers for its literature than our home-town See-America Club, I miss my guess. We'll know considerable about America and her scenery before we get through."

A Super-Switzerland

The number of clubs and classes visiting the national parks for systematic study is increasing each year.

The domain of the forest ranger has achieved amazing popularity with seekers of out-of-doors recreation. In 1924 about 12,000,000 visitors to the national forests were reported by the rangers; 10,323,821 came by automobile, 792,000 by railroads and trolley lines and there were almost 1,000,000 hikers. The hotel guests numbered slightly more than 1,000,000, the campers 1,587,000 and the picnickers 1,874,000. The total of transient tourists was 6,724,000. Of course, these figures include duplications.

Clearly, the forest ranger is a hot favorite with the automobile tourist. He gives service, exacts discipline and inspires confidence. The camp sites of the national forests are models of selection and arrangement. There are probably no better teachers of the art of camping than the rangers. They speak with the voice of Uncle Sam and their word goes, even with those who are inclined to be lawless.

The pulling power of a great scenic attraction is perhaps best illustrated by Grand Cañon National Park in Arizona, for the reason that this is slightly off the main line of travel to California—a side trip of about sixty-five miles, involving, as a rule, only a short stop-over. In a word, for the most part only those tourists who are true scenery hounds visit the Grand Cañon, which last season had more than 108,000 visitors, of whom more than 66,000 came by train. Although motor travel to the Grand Cañon has increased nearly 400 per cent in the last five years, the scenery crop of this magnificent attraction will come into full harvest only when the automobile highways now planned and under construction within the park itself are completed.

Scenery development is fast becoming a highly specialized form of engineering. Often it calls for large investments on which the returns must be soundly predetermined before the project is undertaken. The commercial returns must be as carefully estimated as those of a big city subdivision into which generous development funds must be poured before any return can be expected. The proposed opening of the Piute Pass region of California is a case in point.

This is the Switzerland of the High Sierras and is today inaccessible to automobile travel. Although only one-quarter the area of Switzerland, it contains more high peaks and beautiful lakes than the scenic mecca of European travel. In it are 145 mountain peaks more than 11,000 feet high. Among them is Mt. Whitney, the highest in continental United States. The California legislature has recently made an appropriation for a preliminary survey of this little-known American wonderland. One of the leaders in this scenic enterprise says as follows:

"Making this marvelous region easily accessible to motor tourists is more than a mere matter of business. It involves making a major contribution to the scenic wealth of our country; placing within reach of Central California automobile travel this group of majestic peaks, now visited by only a few score of venturesome travelers who are willing to take two or three weeks by strenuous pack train in order to enjoy their beauties. This may be compared to importing Switzerland and setting it down bodily in Fresno and Inyo counties, California. In its high peaks, its lakes and its remarkable forests of great trees, the Piute Pass region is literally a super-Switzerland.

"Importing Switzerland—what an appeal such a possibility would have made to P. T. Barnum! But that veteran showman would have regarded this enterprise with shrewd and calculating eyes. That is a test viewpoint for the champions of any scenic enterprise to take; therefore look at this matter from that mercenary angle. The town of Bishop would be the eastern terminal of the proposed Piute Pass route. In the season of 1924 about 10,000 automobiles from outside the state passed through Bishop, carrying an average of three and a half persons.

"Of the 35,000 persons visiting Bishop, less than 100 procured pack-train outfits and penetrated to these concealed Alps of America. Practically every car passing through Bishop would have taken the Piute Pass route if that motor boulevard had been a physical fact instead of a project on paper, because it would greatly have shortened their travel to Central California.

"Also they would have made an average stay in this American Switzerland of not less than ten days. Their expenditures would have been not less than $5.50 each, or a total of $192,500 a day for 35,000 persons. This would mean a seasonal income for the Piute Pass region of $1,925,000 from the traffic already passing through Bishop on its way to the many already accessible attractions of California. This calculation leaves out entirely the additional volume of tourists which would be drawn by an opportunity to see this supreme attraction. Now consider the cost side of this scenic development enterprise. Careful estimates indicate that the thirty miles of highway involved in this project would cost $1,000,000. And it has waiting for it an already existing traffic which will yield nearly $2,000,000 income the first season—a return of virtually 200 per cent on the investment."

Unharvested Scenery

"But when once this hidden Switzerland is made easily available to any automobile tourist it will inevitably attract a vast volume of new traffic. Looking at this matter just as if I were figuring on opening up a big city subdivision, I am willing to go on record as saying that within two or three years after the opening of the Piute Pass route its addition to the tourist income of Fresno and Inyo counties will be about $2,000,000.

"The Lake Tahoe region eventually will be developed for winter sports. The Big Bear Lake country back of San Bernardino likewise has entered the recreational subdivision class.

"Even in California, we are not yet fully awake to the fact that scenic beauty is one of the greatest natural resources of our state, a cash crop which stands well toward the head of the list. In the communities which the Creator has favored with an uncommon wealth of scenic attractions, leading citizens may quite profitably stand by on the crossword puzzle for a while and put in a little time figuring losses through failure to develop and harvest the scenery crop. As a civic pastime, this kind of puzzle solving holds substantial possibilities."

Irrespective of whether this Californian's figures on income lost to his state and community by failure to realize upon a great scenic attraction are correct, his example is good. As a patriotic or civic sport, calculating state and community losses by failing to cash in to the full on scenic assets is to be recommended.

There are at least two clean-cut examples of the extent to which the scenic beauty of a locality may be enhanced by harmonious architectural development, by buildings and improvements which conform to the topography and the flora of their setting, which reflect its historic traditions and are suited to the character of its climate. These are Ojai and Rancho Santa Fé, both in Southern California. They are inspiring demonstrations of what architecture and other artificial improvements can do for scenery when incongruous variations of individual taste are largely or wholly eliminated.

A Village With Vision

Ojai is the more interesting because its development involved community coöperation; therefore it presented a much more common development situation than the creation, out of hand, of a scenic picture in which every building, every improvement is required to fit and contribute to the beauty of the canvas as a whole, as in the case of Rancho Santa Fé. It is said that, prior to 1916, Ojai was an architectural potpourri of buildings expressing the usual divergence of individual taste and makeshift development characteristic of thousands of American villages.

This is difficult for the visiting stranger of today to believe, because its unsightly and incongruous architectural features have been so nearly eliminated as to leave the impression that the start was made with a clean canvas. Its name signifies The Nest, which is peculiarly appropriate in that the village nestles in a cup formed by richly wooded hills.

The change of Ojai from a common and haphazard collection of human habitations to a thing of unified beauty is the work of a man of wealth with a keen vision of the possibilities of scenery as a cash crop, of the beauty of this landscape with its charms enhanced by appropriate architecture instead of defaced by a motley and discordant assemblage of structures. And he was able to implant his vision in the minds of the Ojai merchants and business men to an extent which has made this valley and its civic center the admiration of all who visit it.

Had it been transplanted bodily from Southern Spain, its picturesque charm could scarcely have been more consistent and compelling. But as an example of intelligent community coöperation it is a more important achievement than considered solely as an artistic performance.

Rancho Santa Fé is a striking example of accomplishment with a clean canvas, a clear and unified mental picture and the brushes and pigments of virtually unlimited financial and artistic resources at its command. Its development has been unhampered by conflicting ideals, taste and vested interests.

It is not a composite of community compromises, but represents almost a complete surrender of individual taste to the making of a harmonious scenic picture. Every individual builder must have his plans approved by the chief artist who conceived the picture as a whole, else he is not permitted to come into the scene. The location of each building, as well as its other characteristics, must conform to the general background. This scenic canvas is 9000 acres in extent and was originally the celebrated San Dieguito Ranch; some of

(Continued on Page 91)

1925
10,000 Men

1924
6085 Men

1923
3800 Men

1922
2120 Men

1921
1050 Men

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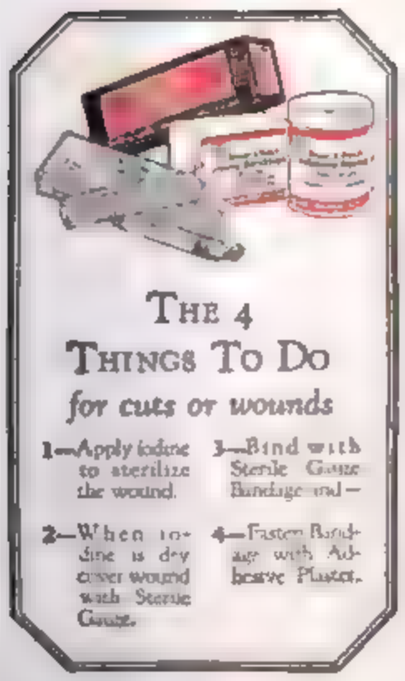
Through 45,000 Drug Stores— boys and girls are sending reports to Bauer & Black of First Aid Service rendered to injured playmates and buddies—when neither the doctor's services nor parental help was within reach.

Five hundred $10 *gold pieces* for the 500 boys and girls who perform *the best First Aid in 1925*

Does your boy or girl know what to do in an accident emergency away from home? Send coupon for free Junior First Aid Book and details of $5,000 First Aid Contest.


THE 4
THINGS TO DO
for cuts or wounds
1—Apply iodine to sterilize the wound.
2—When iodine is dry cover wound with Sterile Gauze.
3—Bind with Sterile Gauze Bandage and—
4—Fasten Bandage with Adhesive Plaster.

LITTLE Miss Martha Dentler, of Warren, Pa., had read her Bauer & Black First Aid lessons very carefully.

One day last May, her father tore an ugly gash in three of his fingers, while working in the garage. Martha stopped the bleeding in a twinkling, swabbed the wounds with iodine, and applied the right First Aid dressings.

When the doctor came, he inspected Martha's work, and called it a perfect job!

This is a sample of the thousands of heart-warming reports pouring in to Bauer & Black from boys and girls of everywhere, who are studying and applying the Bauer & Black First Aid Lessons.

Reading between the lines of these reports, one learns of serious infection averted by prompt and proper bandaging; of pain assuaged and disfigurement prevented by skillful First Aid treatment; of the injured made comfortable, in major accidents, while waiting for the doctor.

Indeed, to read these reports is to read the annals of a Young American Knight Errantry!

Still available to boys and girls the country over

On April 23rd, Bauer & Black founded The Junior First Aid Legion—providing a fund to equip a quota of boys and girls in every town with First Aid instruction.

On July 18th, the Legion's roster was filled and closed. But Bauer & Black are still supplying First Aid lessons, without charge, to any boy or girl who will apply for them.

The coupon below—or a post card—will bring your boy or girl a graphic First Aid instruction book; also the privilege of competing for one of the prizes in Bauer & Black's $5,000 award for the best First Aid service rendered by boys and girls in 1925. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send The Junior First Aid Hand Book and details of your $5,000 First Aid Award.

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OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 86)

the buildings erected by its first owner, Don Juan Maria Osuna, are still standing.

It passed into the hands of the Santa Fé system some fifteen years ago. Its development, from a scenic and artistic viewpoint, has been one of the most ambitious projects in the country. Its engineering and architectural development have proceeded hand in hand. The San Dieguito River was dammed, forming a lake holding three times the amount of water required to irrigate every acre in the holding; the steel and concrete water mains reach the remotest points of the tract.

Its roadways of decomposed granite—fifty-three miles of them—clearly have been placed to pick out and embellish the scenic attractions of the domain ceded by the king of Spain to the first alcalde of San Diego, rather than to shorten distances between points or follow lines of least resistance.

The familiar highway legend Winding Road would apply to every mile of the system. The town is virtually in the center of the ranch tract. When this picture, in the pigments of a living and humanized landscape, is finished it will be an agricultural community, occupying fifteen square miles, having a civic and social center. At present about one-half its area is privately owned. Seeing it from an airplane, the Eastern visitor would probably regard it as one vast park. Every structure is of Colonial Spanish architecture. There are few expensive homes in Rancho Santa Fé.

Probably the most expensive orchard home did not cost more than $20,000 and the cheapest $7500. In the civic center no home is built costing less than $6000, while the most luxurious one can scarcely have cost $10,000.

The impression made by these architectural improvements upon the visitor is pleasing out of all proportion with their costs, because they harmonize with their setting and with one another. No shabby cottage elbowing a mansion or a villa. A sure and relatively easy way by which to get big money out of good scenery is to keep it unspoiled by jarring architecture.

Florida's Glad-Hand Work

Probably Florida furnishes the clearest example of official state appreciation of the value and possibilities of scenery as a cash crop.

In proof of this, witness the fact that its legislature has outlawed state inheritance and income taxes. This has made Florida look mighty good to a lot of tired business men with fat bank accounts and an inclination to rest from their labors.

They are also looking for a soft and safe spot in which to relinquish their hold on material things and pass their earthly holdings on to their heirs with the comfortable assurance that a large portion of their estates will not be fed to the tax hounds. Here is something for the legislatures of other scenic states which compete with Florida for winter-tourist trade to think about.

As an example of glad-hand work, the taxation law of Florida is a masterpiece. Millionaires are flocking to Florida and declaring citizenship there. There is good reason to believe that in the coming year Florida will spend $1,500,000 advertising her charms—a very considerable part of this sum raised by taxation.

For people living under the alleged enervating influence of a hot climate, the Floridians are certainly fast workers. Their lawmakers evidently work with instead of against their railroads, their chambers of commerce, their development and travel bureaus and all their come-on agencies.

Lately certain interests sent a trusted representative to Florida with instructions to get the facts of the travel and real-estate situation there. He makes this interesting admission:

"First, I attempted to learn how many visitors came into Florida by rail, but the railroad offices were too busy handling passenger traffic to give out any information. I had to get at it myself by learning the number of trains and cars arriving daily from the North and West and figuring on that basis.

"My conclusion was that 550,000 persons came into Florida by train last season. Jacksonville is the most important automobile gateway to the Florida resort country. I learned that 33,611 out-of-state cars paid toll last season to pass over the Jacksonville Bridge in November, December and January. But there are other gateways and my estimate is that 200,000 winter visitors entered Florida by automobile in those months. That makes a total of 750,000 by rail and train. Many came by the sea. Probably for the whole season the number of visitors was 1,000,000—perhaps more."

A Place for Spenders

"These visitors are spenders. One has only to look at the motor cars there to realize this. But the surest way to become convinced of what it costs to play in Florida is to pay a few hotel bills. The wealthier the visitor, the longer the stay. The percentage of those who stay three months or longer is certainly large.

"I am quite certain that the average expenditure for the season is at least $500 a week and those who insist that it is $800 or more have arguments to sustain this figure which are hard to disprove. It must be admitted that when scores of these visitors spend $500 to $800 a week and stay for three months they help mightily to boost the average. Then very few small spenders invade the Florida resort country. It's no place for pikers!

"These estimates do not cover railroad fares or real-estate investments on the part of visitors. If real-estate purchases by outsiders are to count in estimating the value of a state's scenic crop, then I'm obliged to grant Florida's billion-dollar-a-year claim. I was told, on apparently good authority, that sixty-seven millionaires had, in the season, switched their residence to Florida and were establishing homes there, many of them acquiring costly estates. About $50,000,000 is right now being spent for luxurious hotels—one of them to cost $10,000,000. I counted twenty private yachts at anchor in Miami Bay and sixteen at Palm Beach. When it comes to selling scenery, Florida certainly is a pace-setter. Call it the Riviera of America and you're not far from a plain statement of fact."

Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, may be roughly classed as the off-the-beaten-path states. Here thousands of Easterners and city folks who hunger for the "great open spaces where a man's a man" are proving more profitable than herds and flocks. It is the region of Indian pueblos and reservations, of prehistoric ruins, of native Spanish-Americans, of snow-capped peaks and turquoise afterglows.

In these states, as in California, the tourist is an all-year crop and its importance is increasingly recognized. Mr. H. B. Watkins, general manager of the Phœnix, Arizona, Chamber of Commerce, says that 261,000 automobiles crossed Arizona in 1924; that about 50,000 visitors came to Arizona by train and 10,000 toured Arizona but did not pass through it. The growth of Southern Arizona, as a winter-resort section, is typical of what is taking place in other favored sections of the Southwest.

"About 25,000 visitors came to the Salt River Valley last winter," said Mr. Watkins, "and most of them remained for several months. They are mainly people of wealth who are out-of-doors enthusiasts and entertain on a generous scale, shipping in their polo ponies and their autos.

"Salt River Valley is a rank misnomer; the name will be changed to Roosevelt Valley, as the valley gets its water from the Roosevelt Dam impound. Unsightly signs are being eliminated in this district and cottonwoods are being supplanted by palms and other beautiful trees. A part of the movement is to secure more attractive farmhouses by furnishing without cost the services of an architect."

Colorado, also known as the Switzerland of America, is doing very nicely with its scenery crop.

Colorado has 155 peaks more than 13,000 feet high, or ten times as many as all Europe possesses, and forty-two peaks that reach over 14,000 feet up to the sky. Its tourist harvest in 1924 amounted to about $49,000,000. E. E. Jackson, general secretary of the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce, says:

"Our out-of-state visitors spent nearly eight times as much in Colorado in 1924 as it cost to run the state and its institutions, and seven times as much as the value of its gold output. Is it any wonder that Colorado is building automobile roads on a huge scale and doing a lot of other things to make the tourists remember this state pleasantly? Last year we had 276 tourist camps for the accommodation of visitors well-equipped and well-regulated camps too.

"Converting old railroads into modern automobile highways leading into the heart of the Rockies is a form of civic enterprise in Colorado today. The roadbed of the abandoned Colorado Midland through 300 miles of magnificent scenery is an example; the old Short Line Railroad to Cripple Creek is another example of converting obsolete railroads into automobile highways at relatively small cost. Colorado knows that its scenery is its best crop, and it is out to make the most of it by making it easy of access to the motoring tourist and by making the patrons of our scenery crop happy while in the state. We have fifteen national forests, also Rocky Mountain and Mesa Verde national parks."

Seeing America en Famille

The pioneering of the present-day easy trails for the scenery hounds was done by the transcontinental railways, whose steel rails laid across plains and mountain ranges first made accessible the national parks and national forests of the Far West. These railways still function as a necessary part of long-distance vacation trips, supplemented by local motor services from railheads to and through the outdoor lands that God did not forget. The average haul of the touring automobile is constantly increasing and its numbers are multiplying from year to year.

More and more the American people are learning to play. Perhaps the most wholesome form of play in which they have learned to indulge is that of seeing America *en famille*.

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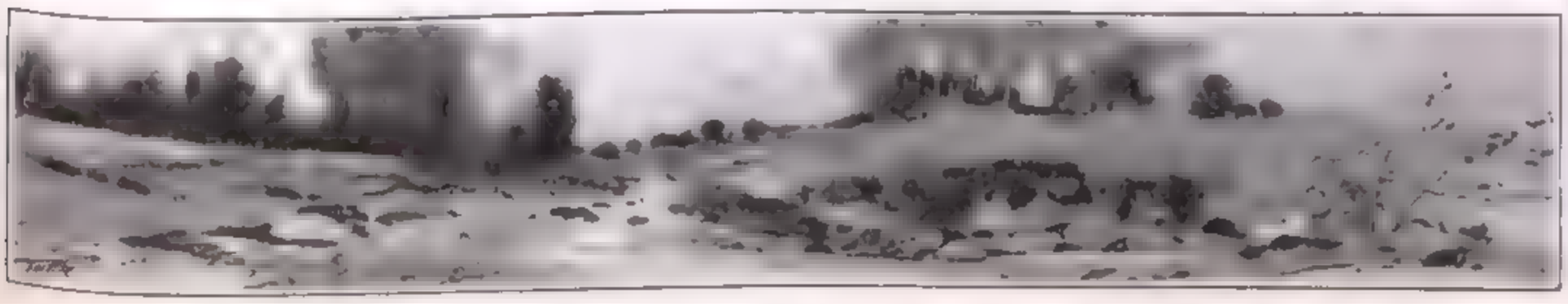

RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 39)

"And my own side can't call the tune that I'm to dance to," I retorted.

"So long as the tune follows the laws of music you can't stop them."

"We shall see."

"Yes," said Marshall, "and we shall see very soon. There's to be a meeting at the Colonial Office tomorrow which you are invited to attend."

I stared. "Who's done this?"

"You could hardly expect Ribault to sit still."

"I shan't support him," I said. "I warned you—warned you both. I shall deny ——"

"You won't deny anything; there's nothing to deny. All that he has done is to offer a price for the land, and terms. They are terms too. The meeting I spoke of is for the discussion of those terms and the claims of the rival companies. You will be wanted as an expert witness. What's wrong with that?"

"And having got me there, I shall be interrogated in detail, questioned in such a way as to prove that Prothero has been acting with bias."

"Not necessarily. The answers you give will be your own affair."

"Just so, Marshall. But I know James Ribault. Do you think he hasn't worked out my mental attitude to a hair? Of course he has. He knows well enough that when I find myself up against Boas and Prothero I won't be able to prevent myself from letting out. He's relying on it—relying on me to pull Prothero off his perch and show up that bunch of crooks."

"Well, perhaps he is," Marshall admitted. "And why not—and why the devil not?"

"Exactly," I said. "Why the devil shouldn't I?"

"I take it then you won't refuse to come; as a fact, it's impossible for you to do so."

"No, I shan't refuse; but tell Ribault not to expect too much. My evidence'll be based on the merits of the case."

"Right!" said Marshall. "We'll leave it at that. And now I'm going to send you off to Cadogan Gardens for Marian to have a go at. You have been pickling here quite long enough. The car's at the door and I told your fellow to put your luggage aboard."

I had no choice but to accept. I had promised as soon as the charge against me was withdrawn I would stay with them. It would have been an act of grace to have shown a little enthusiasm, for I was unlikely to prove a cheerful guest. That, however, was beyond me. Marshall took a taxi to his chambers, so I was alone in the car. But I did not go straight to Cadogan Gardens. I drove first to the Haymarket, where I collected a packet of letters from my bank.

It was queer at such a time, when my thoughts were entirely self-centered, that I should have remembered Marshall's youngsters. There was an old tradition when I stopped with them that the children should unpack my baggage, for I always put a few toys and things among the shirts to give a fillip to the job. It was an aim at popularity, I suppose. By a fluke it came into my head as we were passing Hyde Park Corner. I told the chauffeur to stop at a store. What I bought there I stowed into odd corners of my Gladstone. It gave me a queer satisfaction, which was increased when the children, three of them, gathering in the hall at the sound of my arrival, cast covetous eyes upon my belongings and made tentative inquiries as to whether they should conduct the unpacking.

"Rogers is a bad unpacker," said Mavis—"most bad."

"I'll leave it to you," I said. "If you happen to find anything, stick to it."

A joyous procession went upstairs.

"That's more than divine," said Marian, shaking her head from side to side. Then for the first time in her life she kissed me.

"Don't," I said ungraciously. "Please don't, Marian dear."

She looked at me closely, then nodded. She understood, even though her feminine instinct resented the motive that drove me to bolt down my emotional safety valves.

"Poor Nigel," she said. "I see—I do see. But you won't be bitter, my dear. You won't let an injury turn you sour." Then, as I made no answer: "There; I'll say no more and ask no more questions. We are going to have lunch together and then you shall take me to a matinee. After that I must spend an hour with the children, and p'r'aps you'll help amuse them."

Oh, strange dishonest sex, who invalidate most sacred promises by the subtlest half tones of expression! Marian kept and broke her promise by every word she spoke and look she gave. In the hours we spent together, though she clung desperately to the commonplace, speaking only of matters most trivial and remote, yet never once was the inflection of sympathy absent from her voice. She wrapped me round with a warm garment of compassion and of friendship, treated me as if I might have been a child—even to taking my arm when we crossed a road. To this day I do not fully understand her motive. She must have known the strain she put upon my emotional resistances.

With women there is ever a set purpose and deliberation that govern their acts. Their most incomprehensible moods, contrary to belief, have little to do with accident. I think perhaps she may have been battling for the honor of her sex, seeking to prove by her own gentleness the value of woman's gentleness in this hard and hobnailed world. Herself a true woman, she could not bear hatred either of herself or of other women. The illusion of affection at all costs had to be preserved. At the back of her mind was a fear, no doubt, that because of what had befallen me I should turn away from women in distrust and bitterness. And so she fulfilled a duty to her sex and fought for it with tender determination and force that were irresistible. And because the contrary nature of man will rather ask for than receive a favor, I kept myself willfully aloof, neither accepting nor acknowledging the sympathy she offered. Had she been hard and cynical, I might have acted otherwise and sought what then I declined. Barren complexes were at work that afternoon.

It was after five when we arrived home. Upstairs the children were laughing and shouting to one another. Marian said nothing, relying no doubt on those young voices' contribution to the work she had been at. Her silence was as expressive as a scored point.

Then: "There are drinks in Marshall's study; go and have one. Come upstairs if you're bored. Perhaps you'd better not, though. It's their shampoo night and they simply will fling the soapsuds about." She left it at that.

I paused a moment in the hall, doubtful whether to follow. A yelling altercation burst out at Marian's arrival. Bedlam was let loose. No, I couldn't go—not yet. I lit a cigarette and opened the door of Marshall's study.

Standing with his back to the fire was Prothero!

XL

OUR surprise was mutual. I stopped in the doorway. The little man stiffened like a ramrod at the sight of me. By common consent we bowed; I ironically, he with a stiff formal nod of the head.

I said, "I didn't know you were here, sir."

"Nor I that you were here."

Under a frown I saw his eyes settle on my cigarette as though I were guilty of an impertinence. It was typical of a man who never escaped a sense of his own superiority.

"Sir Marshall will not be in before seven. Can I give him a message?"

"No."

I shrugged my shoulders and picked up the whisky decanter. "A drink, sir?"

"No, thank you."

As I mixed myself a whisky and soda my hand shook with an emotion I could not master. He noticed it with a hiss of intaken breath.

"No wonder, Mr. Praed; no wonder your hand shakes."

I set down the glass.

"Is the object of your visit to tell me that?"

His reply was indirect.

"As you are smoking, you will not object if I do likewise."

"Please. I would offer you a cigar if I were not afraid my motives would be misunderstood."

He took one of his long *cigarillos* from a breast pocket and lit it, staring at me over the match flame.

"Yes, yes," he said. "That was a mistake, eh?—but by a narrow margin. Three-quarters of an hour, to be precise. In the ordinary way I should offer you an apology, Mr. Praed; but I imagine you will be looking for something more lucrative."

"Have you come to find out?" I asked.

"Not altogether. I came to see Sir Marshall; but you, as a principal in the case, will do as well. You intend to prosecute, of course—unless you have other plans in operation."

"Sir Francis," I said, "the way I have been treated doesn't encourage me to take you into my confidence."

"That is understood. On the other hand, I intend to take you into mine. What I have to say will not take very long. It is a statement of policy and opinion. There is to be a meeting at the Colonial Office tomorrow morning."

"I am attending it."

"Just so. At that meeting I shall support the estate-development scheme of which Mr. Boas is the chairman. I shall support it because I believe it is sound and profitable."

"The profits," I said, "are not disputed."

"I shall support it," he went on, his voice rising, "with every ounce of influence I possess I shall support it, if need be, at the expense of my reputation and my position as governor of Ponta Rico. There will be those present who may think my determination is to be shaken by pressure from outside by fear of exposure Listen carefully to what I say, for it may save you disappointment. No blackmailer is going to make me dance to his tune"

"You say that to me, Sir Francis?"

"To you, yes—to you, you highwayman! I know what you've got. I know the use to which you mean to put it. Well, go ahead, put your letters on the table. I'll answer any charge that may arise from them in the proper place and time. Maybe I shall go under—you're welcome to any satisfaction that may bring to you. But first get this into your head and into the heads of your precious company as well—my mind is made up and, come what may, I do not budge one inch from the decision at which I have arrived."

As he spoke his body shook with passion like the flicker of a flame. He was a man with his back against a wall and his chin out. He stood before me with hands gripping the muscles of his arms, with nostrils distended and the light of battle leaping from his eyes.

"Sir Francis," I said, "haven't you discovered a conscience rather late in the game? Is this decision formed from such upright motives that you can afford to make a parade of impartiality? I know well enough how your consent was obtained. You were flattered, coaxed—and finally frightened into giving it. You saw in the scheme a certainty of maintaining a doubtful hold upon the governorship. Ponta Rico was unpopular; its military value nil. The job wasn't worth the price the nation paid for it. And that's not all—you had something to hide—something that syndicate knew all about."

"It's a lie! No one knew but ——"

"—— but a woman whom any man might have reason enough to avoid the tragedy of making his wife."

"I decline to discuss my friends with a blackmailer."

"Friends? She was a blackmailer herself—one of a syndicate. The whole thing from first to last is a conspiracy."

"I tell you no one knew ——"

"Then how do you suppose I got the letters? I got them as a result of a talk I overheard between Boas and Mrs. Nunez-Hunter." His eyes fixed me piercingly. "I got them when I was locked up in the cellars of the old Palazzo."

"All lies! You stole them from her. I've her word for it."

"Is the word of a blackmailer worth believing?"

"No!" he replied with point.

"You won't believe I was locked in the old Palazzo? Yet I could draw you a plan of those cellars one by one. You won't believe that I was drugged and dropped on a ledge of Amontado, or that when the wine grower's wife screamed on the night of the ball at Government House it was a deliberate attack against me? I know you won't believe and never would believe. That's why I have kept silent. I might still have kept silent if you hadn't taken a hand. You made your dislikes a trifle too conspicuous, Sir Francis. In your ambition to get the better of me you overran yourself. My reputation had to be broken, eh? My—my future happiness—everything a man might treasure had to be taken away—that you might put through this glorious scheme that basically is so sound and profitable. It's a little late in the day, I repeat, to come whining here, hiding your funk under a barrage of boasts. They deceive nobody, me least of all. It's a great day for the British colonies when they have men like you at the head of affairs."

He did not say a word until I had finished speaking. A cold dignity had descended upon him. His face had assumed an expression at once watchful and impassive. In the silence that followed my outburst he fastened the single button of his coat with a sharp snap.

"You have done?" he asked, and I nodded. "It's as well. The sentiments you have expressed doubtless would have been a credit to an honest man. You will be given an opportunity to repeat them at the Colonial Office tomorrow." He passed a hand across his forehead as though attacked by sudden weariness. "The case you have outlined against me is clear—very clear. Supported by what you possess, it might prove overwhelming. We shall see. A man in my position has many large decisions to make, and sometimes his decisions may be wrong. I am not concerned with your good opinion of me; but for the good opinion I have of myself I say that to the best of my belief the recommendation I shall make tomorrow to the public trustee and the Secretary of State for the Colonies will be a wise and a just recommendation. You have chosen to declare that certain personal affairs of my own have unduly influenced me. That is a lie. There is no connection between the one and the other. My private life and its difficulties are involved only to the extent of your imagination. So far as affairs of state are concerned, this is the first time I have ever acted under duress."

"Duress from whom?" I demanded.

"From you. What you will gain remains to be proved. You may think it is foolish of me not to come to terms." His voice stiffened. "I never come to terms. During the war, Mr. Praed, I was widely referred to as The Mule. I have known a mule refuse to move even though a fire was lit beneath him. Tomorrow may provide you with a parallel. Good night."

"One moment," I said. "Do you believe Boas to be an honest man?" (Continued on Page 94)

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OILCLOTH
GYPSUM HARD WALL PLASTERS AND BUILDING BLOCKS

RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 92)

"I believe him to be a man of the world, shrewd, practical and trustworthy."

"You mean that?"

"I do."

I thought for a moment and my hand went to my breast pocket.

"Would you trust him to the extent of giving him those letters that are in my possession?"

"They are not mine to give, Mr. Praed," he answered slowly.

"Assuming they were, and assuming I gave you my word that he is a knave and a blackguard?"

"I would sooner trust them to him than their present owner."

I took the packet from my pocket and held it out at the length of my arm.

"Take them, Sir Francis. They are no earthly use to me."

He hesitated. Eagerness came into his face, his fingers twitched nervously, then fastened round the letters.

"Look them through. I should like you to be sure they are in order."

He broke the tape and examined them one by one. Relief and perplexity passed in waves across his features.

"I don't understand this. You—you give these to me—you! Why—why?"

"Why? Because if you'd been a younger man I would have made a fire of the things and held you over it. Why? Because it may prove to you that some of your precious estimates aren't worth the time you waste in coming to them; finally, because it may convince you that if you were wrong about one man, you can be wrong about another."

Torn this way and that, he stared at me; then, turning, he suddenly dropped the letters in the fire and held them down with the toe of his shoe.

"So you don't trust Boas to that extent?" I taunted. "You take no chances, eh?"

He spun round and faced me.

"I'll not believe I'm wrong about you. This is a clever move, that's all; a move to win admiration for a sporting act. I warn you it won't succeed. My decision is made and I'll stick to it."

"Run your head into a wall," I said. "I'm through with you."

He went out with his hands clasped behind his back.

XLI

THE boy Budge slipped into Marshall's study and roused me from the reverie into which I had fallen—the boy Budge, whose holiday had been prolonged, thanks to a mild attack of German measles.

"I say," he said—"I say, it was frightfully decent of you to bring that along for me; but, my eye, it's pretty beastly! How did you know I had a projector? Dad only gave it to me last week. Did he tell you?" I looked at the boy in doubt. He seemed to be talking rubbish. "I suppose it's a bit out of some movie story, but if so, they are topping actors. It's awfully squirmy stuff. When our old friend marched on I was never more surprised. I suppose you got it off him. I never knew he was on the films."

"What's all this, Budge?"

"That bit of film, of course."

I sat up sharply.

"Film? What film?"

"In your Gladstone bag. Mavis rummaged it out when she was going through the lucky dip and I thought you meant it for me. Didn't you?"

"No, not exactly. I'd forgotten I had it. I rather wish you hadn't seen it, old man. Did any of the others?"

"No, I was all alone. I say, where did you get the thing?"

"I found it in some old cellars that used to be a German headquarters during the war."

The boy's eyes widened.

"But it isn't real. Lord, no! That's a silly question anyhow. Those chaps didn't shoot women—surely." Then, as I made no reply: "I say, sir, if it's real—golly, but it couldn't be, because I'd swear that that officer chap was —— And the woman, too; she's exactly like ——"

"Like who, old man?"

"Florence Braid."

"Budge, what makes you think that?"

"I've seen her statue in Parliament Square dozens of times. There's a picture of her, too, in a war book we've got. They shot her because she nursed an escaped prisoner. Mother has often read us the story, heaps of times, and how some Prussian captain ordered her execution and went along himself to see it done—Carl Haupenbauer. We tried to get him after the war, but the swine mizzled off."

"You've got the facts all right," I nodded.

"That's what makes me think the picture's a sham," he said. "It must be, or what's that beggar Boas doing in it?"

"Boas?" I exclaimed. "Boas? In heaven's name, what are you talking about?"

"I'll take my oath. Come and see for yourself. His face isn't one to forget in a hurry, and that kind of squinny look in his eyes."

I waited to hear no more.

"Upstairs, quick!" I said. "Quick!"

We had reached the foot of the stairs as Marshall came through the front door.

"Hullo, you two seem in a hurry. What's the game?" he queried. "Are you dodging me?"

Budge started to reply, but I waved him down.

"Marshall, come with us. This boy of yours—something impossible has happened."

"I want a drink."

"Afterwards."

I caught him by the arm and dragged him toward the staircase, protesting that if the top story was on fire we had better take a pail of water.

"It's serious," I said.

The boy Budge led the way, three stairs at a time.

"Oh, Lord!" Marshall complained as the door of the little room closed behind us and his eye fell upon the projector, a miniature screen and the apparatus for a cinema entertainment. "This is a nice way to treat a tired man!"

The electric lights were snapped out. The picture of a wall was thrown upon the screen before us and the boy Budge began to turn.

Into the picture, with an armed guard on either side of her, walked a woman. Never had I seen such perfect tranquillity on any face. Not by the quiver of an eyelid was fear betrayed. One of the guards held out a bandage, but she waved it aside and stood with her back to the wall, head up and arms straight to her sides. One saw her lips move to the words, "I am ready." The guards moved away, the camera pivoted and there was the firing party standing to attention with ordered arms, and there, a little apart paring a finger nail with a pocketknife and smiling easily to himself—stood Leland Boas.

I heard a sharp intake of breath from Marshall and his fingers closed round my arm.

Boas dropped the knife into his pocket, straightened his body and turned his head to the right. Slowly his brows came down and his eyes narrowed. That marksman's look!

And now the whole scene was before us—the small white figure in the nurse's uniform, the firing party and Boas. I swear I could hear the order to fire ring across the stillness of the little room. Mist curled from the muzzles of the eight leveled rifles. The white figure swayed gently and settled upon the ground like melting wax. The film ran out with a click and a rustle.

With a cry Marshall switched on the light.

For my part, I had no words. I do not think I was even conscious of exaltation. My enemy had been delivered into my hands; but after what we had seen, that was of small account. I remember looking across at the boy Budge and shaking my head. His features were contorted in that singular expression of one who is repressing a disposition to cry. He was knocking his mouth with a shut fist as though forbidding an outlet to unruly emotions.

Then Marshall said, "I knew her, of course. She nursed me at Bloemfontein during the South African War—a woman who never gave in. Never! Let's get a drink, shall we?—and—and ——"

He went out of the room very quickly.

XLII

I DID not sleep that night; a confusion of thoughts kept my mind in a state of restless activity. I lay on this side and on that, turned my pillow, tried to read, walked the floor; but all without success. Power to snap the cords of wakefulness was denied me. The traffic noises diminished into the low hum of a sleeping city, which in the darkness sounds like the sustained note of a violin. From the southeast came the regular chiming of Big Ben, supported and denied by lesser chimes. Below stairs a small clock rattled out its faulty opinion of time with a note like a man tapping the rim of a wineglass. The regular tread of a policeman on his beat came and went and came again. Dawn was heralded by snatches of song from a party of late revelers and the rumble of distant carts and lorries bound for the market at Covent Garden. An endless night, where sound and absence of sound contributed to the dull and wakeful misery.

Ribault, Marshall and I had stayed talking until nearly two. "Getting the guns in," as Ribault called it. Ribault, all lit up with enthusiasms, bristling with plans of attack, chuckling his delight at the turn fate had played in our favor.

"There you are, m'dear," he had said a dozen times. "The whole thing switches from the governor to the man we want to get at. It abolishes your objection, eh? Gives you freedom to strike at the root of the trouble?"

And Marshall, with his quick word, his logic, his lawyer mind: "This you can do. That you can't. Here's a point. Rubbish! Not like that!" His love of drama and inventiveness.

Had it been otherwise with me, had it not been that every inspiration of joy and even of interest was gone, that talk and the making of those plans must have been one of the great hours of my life. I had had my fight, crossed my rivers, and the end was in view—the end, but not the prize. Adventure and romance had been mine—mine for a little while, and then there was nothing.

Ever since the arrival of Philida's marconigram I had striven against one appalling realization—the realization that in the hour when most I needed her she had thrown me down. In vain I told myself it was not so; that she had discovered, as any might discover, that the love she had professed was not of the stuff that lasts. The ugly truth remained. Her trust was not equal to the strain. She had not asked to hear my case—had forbidden even that I should write to her. That she would know by now that the charge against me was a false charge brought with it no joy. With its withdrawal she had sent no word of regret nor offered any remission of my freedom. Here was proof positive of how little she cared. So, at least, it seemed to me. Not that I would have had her write. I did not want an acknowledgment of mistake, for the Philida I loved and had created in imagination was the woman who trusted in adversity and stood her chance for better or for worse.

As Nancy had said after the adventure on Amontado, "Where my man went, I'd go too. If love's worth taking, it's worth taking chances for."

That endless night and the thought whirl! Grumble of distant traffic—Philida—clocks chiming—Philida—her name went to the measure of the chimes—a woman lying dead beside a wall. She went bravely all the way. Reasonings and searching for reasons. "We'll say this and we'll say that." Old Ribault rubbing his hands. Somewhere about the house children sleeping peaceful blue sleep. Was Philida sleeping? Her kisses had been mine. Was that the extent of her loss? The boy Budge beating his knuckles against his mouth—Philida—and now the policeman again, passing. A man of forty in love and losing in the game. Stick to business; there's a surer profit. Stiffen up for that last round, Nigel Praed. Time the knock-out. Some satisfaction in winning a fight of this size. Heel on neck, Leland Boas—Carl Haupenbauer. Marshall, with the Haupenbauer *dossier* at his finger tips. Even in Prussia his reputation had not been tolerated. Five hundred thousand marks intended for Turkey went with him into the unknown. Clever idea to lose one's identity in an African jungle and adopt another man's. Philida and that man! Thank God, that danger would —— Dawn at last, pale lemon creeping into the gray, the outline of chimney stacks and against a scud of clouds the black silhouette of a cat arching his back upon the ridgepole of a roof.

Perhaps the door was open, for I did not hear Marshall come into the room. He stood a moment beside the bed, looking down at a soap dish half full of cigarette ends.

"Like that, is it? Are you tough enough for a swim in the Serpentine?"

Heaven be praised for the man who has no sentiment! He makes up for it by understandings of another kind.

XLIII

JAMES RIBAULT and I walked to the Colonial Office. Marshall had started ahead of us, having arrangements to which he wished personally to attend. Ribault did not talk much, but he hummed a great deal to himself and once or twice executed a dance step upon the pavement. As we were early, a halt was called at a confectioner's in Buckingham Palace Road. Here, greatly to my astonishment, the old man consumed an incredible number of cream buns, doughnuts and French pastries. These he severally referred to as capital, first-rate and delicious. His behavior was that of a schoolboy out for a bust. Instead of making him sick, these rich confections added surprisingly to his air of general well-being. He came out of the shop covered in crumbs and smiles.

"Food and a fight, my dear," said he; "they are the things that make life tolerable."

With that he took an immense cigar, gave half a crown to an urchin, and taking my arm set off at a good pace. We arrived at the Colonial Office one minute ahead of our appointment.

In the hall we found Mr. Zealer waiting for us. Zealer was the antithesis of Ribault. Whereas Ribault was like a huge India-rubber ball, Zealer was like a thin bar of spring steel slightly rusted from exposure. A chronic sufferer from dyspepsia, he subsisted mainly upon hot water and plasmon biscuits. I cannot recall an occasion when he uttered a remark in my presence. He expressed his opinions almost entirely by gestures of the head and the two sounds Y-e-s" and "N-n-n." He shook hands with me in silence, a sharp pressure and release like getting one's fingers in and out of a mole trap. We were conducted upstairs and down a corridor by an official. Thence we passed through a large anteroom to a smaller apartment beyond. In the anteroom were Chalice and Craven.

(Continued on Page 99)

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Mankind continually seeks to protect itself—the first instinct since the beginning of the world . . .

In our own time we have seen ships change from all-wood to all-steel. . . . Safety!

We have seen our railway coaches similarly transformed. . . . Safety!

The buildings we occupy, the bridges we build—these, too, have kept pace with all-steel progress. Safety again!

Now it is the turn of the automobile—and not one day too soon!

* * * * *

With more than 17,000,000 cars congesting our streets and highways, the whole country is doing everything in its power to prevent automobile accidents from becoming a national menace.

Where human life and limb are concerned, the automobile *body* is the *first factor of safety* in an accident. . . .

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In building the Budd All-Steel Body, Budd engineers have produced a masterpiece of craftsmanship in structural strength and in beauty—an electrically welded unit entirely of steel. . . .

In place of bulky wooden corner posts, here are steel posts that give full driving vision, yet are marvellously strong. Here is a new refinement of line throughout, made possible by slender steel construction. Here is more window space—more air, more light, better outlook. Here is a body that can't work loose or squeak or rattle. Not a wooden joint or member. Nothing to crack and splinter in a collision, or burn in a fire.

Every time wood and steel have matched their ability to guard human life, wood has lost out. Remember that when you buy your next car!

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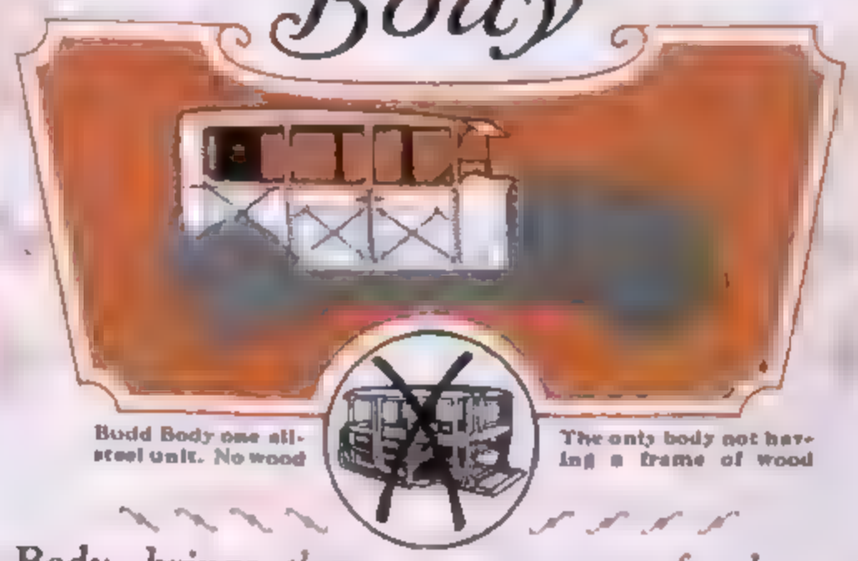

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PAINTS . VARNISHES . ENAMELS

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped main drive in the sawmill of the Taylor County Lumber Co., at Springdale, Fla.; inset photograph of the mill

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The Eight-Year "Extra"—and the G. T. M.

They sometimes wonder now, down at the Taylor County Lumber Company's sawmill in Springdale, Fla., what a Goodyear Belt would do if you gave it a "*permanent* job. They put one on "temporary" duty eight years ago, and it's been there ever since.

A very good belt, of another material, was holding the main drive job at the time this story opens. It was beginning to show need for re-working, and the mill officials were considering the purchase of an "extra" belt to take its place during the time it should be laid up.

The Goodyear idea that a belt should be specified to its task was altogether new then, and though many offered to sell the management another belt, it was the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—who proposed to find out first exactly *what kind of belt* would equip that main drive best.

He analyzed the drive, noting the pulley dimensions, measuring center-to-center distance, computing the load. He and the mill superintendent went over the special operating conditions in the plant, and took them into consideration. Where others "guessed" that a 6-ply belt would do, the G. T. M. recommended an *eight*-ply, 36-inch Goodyear Transmission Belt, and the management, liking his method of arriving at conclusions, decided to give it the "temporary substitute" job

"***For eight years now*** it has been in continuous operation, carrying the entire power for our mill, and during that time has not given us the slightest trouble," writes Mr. J. C. O'Rourke, the General Manager. "From all appearances, it will continue to run for a good long time to come.

"***This belt was made endless*** at the factory, and we have not had to take it up any since it has been in service. We consider this particular drive very hard on belts—it's an overhead drive carrying a load of about 500 horsepower—and prior to the installation of this belt we had used two other belts which lasted only two to three years on the same drive. We are pleased to recommend Goodyear Belts."

You can get the same service from the G. T. M. for your plant. The G. T. M. is an expert on mechanical rubber goods, has a particular knowledge of their specification and use in many industries, and is experienced in co-operating with plant officials. You may rely confidently on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Transmission Belts, Conveyor Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—that he may recommend under the Goodyear Analysis Plan, to give efficient, economical service throughout a long, long life. For full information about Goodyear Plant Analysis and what it has accomplished in your particular line of industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 94)

Chalice sprang to his feet as I came in, but responding to a touch from Craven, sat down with an air of embarrassment.

There were quite a number of men in the room, some of whom were strangers to me. I recognized Bryan Lewis, the public trustee, from pictures I had seen of him in illustrated papers; a sharp-featured man with very long fingers. To my astonishment, Sir William Manistry, the public prosecutor, was present. He nodded a greeting to me. I did not at first see Boas or Prothero. The latter was sitting at the big table, restlessly flicking a corner of his mustache with a thumb nail. He rose, bowed stiffly and sat down again.

Boas was leaning against a wall, talking to two other men, one of whom I learned was his solicitor. Standing inside the grate, with hands buried in his pockets, was Marshall. I could distinctly smell the scorching cloth of his trousers. A faultlessly dressed young man bustled through a second door and announced that the Secretary of State would not keep us waiting a minute. By tacit consent, the rival companies gathered at opposite sides of the table.

"Gentlemen, please," said the faultless young man.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies, several permanent officials and an undersecretary came in. Lord Medhurst was typical of the successful politician. He was at once affable and precise. He knew his own mind, but did not always reveal it. He was a good listener and conveyed the impression that other men's opinions might well prove as valuable as his own. After the formality of introduction he took his place at the head of the table, invited us to be seated and launched into the subject.

"I have," he said, "adopted an unusual course in inviting a general discussion upon a matter which in the ordinary way would be decided, without the introduction of outside influences, by this office, my friend the public trustee and by the custodian of ex-enemy property." Here he inclined his head toward Prothero. "In ordinary circumstances the recommendations of Sir Francis in matters dealing with the welfare of Ponta Rico would be sufficient to insure our approval. Unhappily, the present circumstances are not ordinary. They are not ordinary on two accounts; first, because by adopting the estate-development scheme which is before us we are reluctantly driven to reject the proposals of Messrs. Ribault, Zealer & Palatine for the construction of an aerodrome intended as a fuel port for the British United Transcontinental Airways, Ltd. I have no hesitation in saying, gentlemen, that both these schemes have the approval of the present government, whose ambitions, as you are all aware, are progressive. Were it geographically possible for both schemes to be made operative, there is no question that both would receive our support and encouragement. It is an unhappy accident of Nature that this is not the case. Just as there is only one site upon which a new town can be built, there is only one site suitable for the construction of an aerodrome. We are therefore forced to decide one way or the other.

"Now, gentlemen, it is an open secret that the finances of this country, still heavily burdened with war debts, are in no position to float loans for the carrying out of expensive enterprises. Our policy in absorbing Ponta Rico into the empire is one that has been severely criticized. We could never obtain the consent of the taxpayer for costly experiments to develop the island. Its development therefore is a matter of private rather than of public enterprise. The government is in the position of a ground landlord who, although not financing the operations which are to take place upon his property, retains to himself the right of rejecting or approving the plans.

"Sir Francis Prothero, in the dual character of governor and custodian of ex-enemy property at Ponta Rico, is of the opinion that we could not do better than accept the proposals made by Mr. Leland Boas on behalf of his syndicate. That opinion has not only my own support but the support of many of my colleagues in the cabinet. It is, I think, generally known that with the introduction of the new gambling act public gambling will be granted under license in certain specified localities. Ponta Rico, on account of its isolated position, its general beauty and favorable climate, would indubitably be one of the privileged places. I have to thank Mr. Boas for the figures he has prepared of profits that might be expected to accrue from a properly run and organized casino. His estimate is singularly free from exaggeration or optimism. The scheme as represented to us affords a new and important source of revenue."

It was here that Marshall yawned—openly, audibly and without an effort at concealment.

He had tilted back his chair and his feet were propped against the table in the approved parliamentary style. He yawned and the permanent officials gasped. Lord Medhurst stopped abruptly, frowned and cleared his throat.

James Ribault, startled from a reverie into which he had been cast by this long stream of velvet words, released the most crashing cough in the whole of his bronchial history. It swept the room like the bursting of a hand grenade. A heap of paper slips before him were blown this way and that. The whole atmosphere was changed, for whereas before the company had been lulled into a kind of casual insensibility, now everyone was alert and on guard, chairs were drawn up to the table or noisily pushed back. Noses were blown and Prothero rubbed his lean hands together with a dry rustle.

"I am afraid," said Lord Medhurst crisply, "I am occupying a great deal of your time in my analysis of the situation. I will be as brief as possible in what remains to be said. The Prime Minister has instructed me, before coming to an agreement with Mr. Leland Boas, to offer to Messrs. Ribault, Zealer & Palatine the opportunity of ventilating any grievances they may feel they have sustained. As a result of an act inspired, as no one will doubt, by a most zealous regard for duty on the part of Sir Francis, an unfortunate incident has occurred to which has been given a most unwelcome publicity. I refer to the arrest of Mr. Nigel Praed in circumstances which a less broad-minded and experienced man might assume to be the result of deliberate prejudice. I venture to hope an acceptable apology for this regrettable occurrence is now in preparation and will be published in all newspapers concurrently with the withdrawal of the charge.

"In saying I trust the apology will be acceptable, I feel I should add that, were it to prove otherwise, Mr. Praed would be in a position to embarrass greatly our present negotiations and cast a slur upon the reputation of a very gallant officer and gentleman. I am not making suggestions to Mr. Praed or to the firm in whose service he was employed. I am not disguising the fact that if they choose to resort to the law or the press they would excite in the imaginations of a vast number of their fellow countrymen contempt and ridicule for the persons and departments responsible for this involuntary miscarriage of justice. It is through exposures of such a kind government prestige is sacrificed. Mr. Praed and Mr. Ribault and my learned friend, Sir Marshall Livesay, are, I am certain, well aware that, whatever appearances may suggest, there was no thought of malice in the prosecution. I am confident these gentlemen, in the face of what must be an hour of disappointment, will state that their own future conduct will be equally without malice or desire to precipitate a national scandal. No one deplores what has happened more than I and no one is more anxious that amends should be made."

He paused and looked at me with an expression of innocent interrogation. Marshall caught my eye and nodded.

"Go on," he said.

As I rose to speak I saw Prothero stiffen in his chair.

"If you will forgive me, My Lord," I said, "I think you are concentrating on a difficulty that has not arisen."

Somebody, I don't know who, ejaculated, "Eh?"

"I have no grievance against Sir Francis Prothero. He did not approve of the proposals it was my duty to place before him, and he said so. He further said he had given his approval to the other scheme. Everything was perfectly plain and aboveboard. He gave me a hearing. I failed to convince him and that is all there was to it. In ordering my deportation from Ponta Rico he acted on advice from his A. D. C., who had seen me in Germany during the war and quite naturally was unaware of my true identity. Sir Francis believed me to be an alien with an unsavory reputation and took the precaution to have me removed. It is true in so doing he may have acted with more force than judgment, but his motives were above reproach. I confess I felt some bitterness when arrested on a charge of bribery, but I fully realize that when the charge against me was preferred His Excellency was unaware I had received a cable from my firm dispensing with my services. My treatment throughout has been distinguished by the most exact justice."

Lord Medhurst beamed.

"I cannot conceive a more generous attitude of mind," he said, "and I am sure Sir Francis will hasten to second that opinion."

There was a pause in which Sir Francis drummed his fingers upon the table. His mouth was tightly compressed and his brows knit.

"I am wondering," he said in a voice crisp as a sheet of ice, "whether Mr. Praed, in voicing praises of my impartiality, is himself acting with equal impartiality."

"Ah, tut! Come!" Lord Medhurst hastily interposed. "Isn't that rather beside the point?"

"It may be, My Lord; but as, in my previous dealings with Mr. Praed, he has always repressed his admiration for my acts and motives, I cannot help asking myself to what this altered attitude is to be attributed. When a man falls to flattery he is generally hoping to get something out of it."

"Isn't 'flattery' an awkward word in this relation?" said Marshall—"awkward, since it implies exaggerated praise for an inadequate cause?"

"I am not concerned with definitions, Sir Marshall."

"Precisely"—from Lord Medhurst. "Nor are we concerned, Sir Francis, with personal animosities. Mr. Praed has made a graceful tribute, which I had thought you would be the first to appreciate. We are all anxious to find a way out of this very uncomfortable dilemma. Mr. Praed, as the aggrieved party, has a right to express himself in what terms he thinks fit. I for one am satisfied that there was no irony in the phrases he used."

Sir Francis folded his arms.

"I ask him to indorse that," said he. "I ask him to deny that he wants something and believes he has a chance of getting it. Further, I suggest that what he wants is to put me in a position of public odium."

"Sir Francis ——"

"Let me answer that, Lord Medhurst," said I. "Sir Francis is perfectly right. I do want something."

"Ha!"

"But not what he suggests. Indeed, I wish to rescue him from what inevitably will result in public odium if his recommendations in the matter of the estate-development scheme are adopted."

Lord Medhurst looked at me severely.

"That, Mr. Praed, is outside your province."

"It is within the province of any British citizen," I replied, "to render what service he can to the state. I think Mr. Boas will agree that he is hardly the kind of person with whom a reputable government could have dealings."

(Continued on Page 101)

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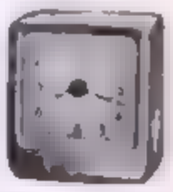

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IT WOULD hardly be fair to tell you her name; but she lives in a little town in Iowa, and she has to be very careful, for her means are exceedingly limited.

So careful, indeed, that when her house was heated with an old-fashioned stove, she allowed herself only two scuttles of coal a day. She had to wear her shawl most of the time and on very cold days, as she frankly said, "I just went to bed."

The heating dealer who installed her ARCOLA glanced at the thermometer in the living room while he was at work. Outside the temperature was zero; inside it was only 45°!

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(Continued from Page 99)

"And so the mud begins to fly!" said Boas. "I warned you, My Lord, to expect something of the kind."

Lord Medhurst held up a hand.

"What is the idea of this?" he demanded. "Surely you must realize that abuses of this kind are not to be tolerated."

"My Lord," said I, "I have abused no one. What I said is a plain statement of fact. Except with a rope, the British Government cannot deal with the murderer of Florence Braid."

"It's a lie!"

The words shrieked out like a steam whistle. Boas was on his feet, straining across the table toward me.

"Carl Haupenbauer is this gentleman's name, My Lord. In an adjoining room, which has been prepared for the purpose, is a section of film from a German official war series showing the execution of Florence Braid and those involved in it. By good fortune it came into my hands when, thanks to this man's agency, I was confined in the cellars of an old palace at Ponta Rico."

Seizing my coat from behind, Marshall jerked me back so suddenly that I lost my balance and fell full length. As I fell two shots cracked out in rapid succession. The great mirror over the mantelpiece split into fragments and showered onto the grate like rain. From the far side of the table came a shout and another shot. One of the permanent officials staggered back against the wall, a hand pressed to his thigh, his face twisted and a repeated "Oh, oh!" coming from his lips.

By then I was on my feet again. Prothero had a hand at Boas' throat and was fighting for possession of the pistol. It was the struggle between an ant and a wasp. Somehow Marshall had reached the other side of the room. My way to right and left was blocked by men and overturned chairs. I went for it headfirst across the table. A bullet splashed into the woodwork beside my hand. I swiveled off the surface as Boas flung Prothero away with a foot in the stomach. His falling body tripped me and I stumbled headlong into the muzzle of the pistol.

"A-ha!" came from Boas, and I knew my number was up. But before the crooked trigger finger had taken the first pressure Marshall struck. He struck with something black—a round ebony ruler. He struck and the weapon sank in like a hot knife into wax. The man that Bill Manistry, leaping in and collaring low, brought to the ground was dead before ever he reached it. He lay with a darkening groove across his forehead and the pallor of death creeping over his features. The pistol was still clasped in his hand and his glazing eyes, half obscured by fallen lids, seemed to be finding the range of eternity.

XLIV

IT WAS a very different atmosphere when, ten minutes later, we gathered in another room to talk in excited whispers of what had happened. The formal boardroom manner had been knocked out of existence by four revolver shots and an ebony ruler. There had been some difficulty to decide what to do with the body, for there is no private mortuary in a government office. An old charwoman, who at the time of the affray was washing the stone stairs outside the door, offered the practical suggestion that it should be put in the little room where she kept the brooms and pails.

"There's a nice table there," she informed us, "and I'll pop a sheet over it till the police comes along."

The suggestion was adopted. Nobody else wanted it. Bill Manistry, after his spectacular collar, got on the telephone to Scotland Yard.

It was the Secretary of State's private room to which we had repaired. Francis Prothero was given a chair by one of the windows, where he sat with hands hugged over his stomach, a drawn face and lips tightly shut. He must have been suffering acutely from the kick Boas had given him. He made no complaint however. In the general excitement it was some while before I noticed that Lord Medhurst was continually dabbing at me with a folded sheet of blotting paper.

"I'm afraid it's done for—quite done for," he kept murmuring.

"What is?" I asked.

"Your suit."

I saw then that I was covered with ink from head to foot. I had not seen Lord Medhurst pick up the huge lead inkwell and fling it at my assailant.

"A miserable shot too," he complained. "Nowhere near."

Marshall and Manistry were in a heated argument as to which of them was responsible for Boas' death.

"I tell you I smashed his skull with the ruler!"

"Well, you see if at the post-mortem they don't find his back's broken. I heard it snap as we came down together."

James Ribault was lighting a cigar, an example readily followed by others. Very soon the room was blue with smoke. With some diffidence I offered a cigarette to Prothero. He shook his head. The same distrustful look was in his eyes when they met mine.

"Heavy scoring, Praed," he said, forming the words with difficulty. "I take it this card was up your sleeve last night when you generously presented me with the rest of the pack."

"Until after you left I was not aware of its existence," I said, and turned away with a gesture of disgust.

But he recalled me with: "Come back. I—I beg your pardon. I am not a man who readily admits himself to have been wrong, not readily admits himself a loser."

"Nor am I, Sir Francis."

"You fought chivalrously and against heavy odds."

"I had retired from the fight," I said. "It was only an accident brought me back."

"Retired?" One of his eyebrows went up questioningly.

"You might have guessed that last night."

"I was looking for something at the back of it."

"You couldn't have looked far."

"My daughter?" he queried.

"It was difficult to attack you in the circumstances."

"But she'd given you the chuck, Praed. You were free to do what you liked."

"I did what I liked," I answered.

For a long while he looked at me. There was something queerly naïve in his expression. Presently, as though it were acting independently of instructions from headquarters, his right hand jerked out toward me.

"Care to?" I took his hand with an awkward laugh. We were both horribly embarrassed. "Don't imagine I enjoyed that," he said. "I hate to lose a good antagonist."

"If you never lose anything better worth having ——" I began, and left the sentence unfinished.

Boas' lawyer was speaking. He was very full of gesture and protestation. He had no idea of the identity of his client—always believed him to be a British subject of great integrity. It was impossible to credit that he was the murderer of Florence Braid. There must have been a mistake.

"Did his conduct suggest a man who had been unjustly accused?" Marshall asked sweetly.

"On behalf of other shareholders in the proposed company, there will have to be an inquiry—a most searching inquiry."

"Don't doubt it; there will be," said Manistry, short and crisp.

"Of course, in the present circumstances," the lawyer persisted, "it is doubtful whether our plans will mature. Mr. Boas was the force of the whole machine. He practically controlled the entire capital. The scheme had been registered as a limited liability company to protect his personal interests. I am afraid it will be some time before I shall be able to make any definite proposals."

"I think you may take it, sir," Lord Medhurst interrupted, "you will not be required to make proposals, definite or otherwise. You may further take it that negotiations in this affair are at an end. Good morning."

He turned his back and shook me warmly by the hand.

"We are certainly indebted to you, Mr. Praed, for rescuing us from a disastrous mistake—most disastrous—a mistake the extent of which can barely be realized. We have been badly advised in this matter." He screwed in an eyeglass and focused it upon Prothero. "There has been a precipitancy greatly to be deplored."

Then Prothero, on his feet and to attention, quickened by finding a new antagonist, red, bristling, prawnlike.

"I would remind you, My Lord, that the man was sent to me with an introduction from your predecessor in this office. If there is any doubt in your mind as to my conduct of this business, I shall be happy to tender my ——"

"Ah, tut! Come! No, no! But in the circumstances I feel that perhaps a rather less arbitrary attitude might be assumed toward these other gentlemen." His gesture traveled toward Ribault and Zealer in a distant corner of the room.

Francis Prothero nodded. "In the circumstances," he repeated, "my objection to their proposals may be taken as—as withdrawn."

It is strange with what little enthusiasm I heard these words. My object had been reached. Prothero's consent had been given. It mattered little to me after that whether the scheme went through. I had small doubt that go through it would, after the paraphernalia of cabinet meetings, angry questions in the House inspired by shipowners, claims by rival aerial navigation companies, criticism and argument in the daily press and great stacks of official correspondence. Yes, it would go through—borne on the wings of chance. Because I had fallen in love and scrambled over a lot of dustbins and been flung into the cellars of an old Moorish palace and slithered down the side of a mountain and fought a man at Atlantic Point and appeared in the dock at Bow Street and had my heart broken into many pieces, the throb of mighty engines would be heard and stout English and American business men, sucking fat cigars and studying the latest market quotations, would fly at ease high above restless waters of the Atlantic.

Old Ribault slipped an arm round my neck and with fat hand smacked me affectionately upon the cheek.

"Wasn't I right, my dear, when I picked you for the job? You're the best friend this firm's ever boasted. What's it going to be? House in Curzon Street, shooting box, grouse moor in the Highlands, salmon river in Norway? You've opened the door to any or all of 'em. You've only to choose."

"None," I replied with a touch of bitterness; "but if there's a job going in the Congo wanting a man who's used to the work and likes the climate, let me know."

I escaped from the room alone.

XLV

THERE was nothing to keep me in England and but for Marshall I should have left London that night.

"Can't be done," he said. "Your evidence is bound to be wanted at the inquest. Do what you like after that."

He was right. I was subpœnaed during the late afternoon.

I had the jumps—couldn't stop still. To occupy a chair, even at meals, was agony. My job was over and lack of occupation was more than I could bear. There was nothing to think about, to look forward to. Guided by a divine spirit of friendship, Marian violently quarreled with Marshall all through dinner that night. She was trying to prove, I suppose, what a villainous institution marriage was.

Marshall rather destroyed any effect she might have produced by petting one of her

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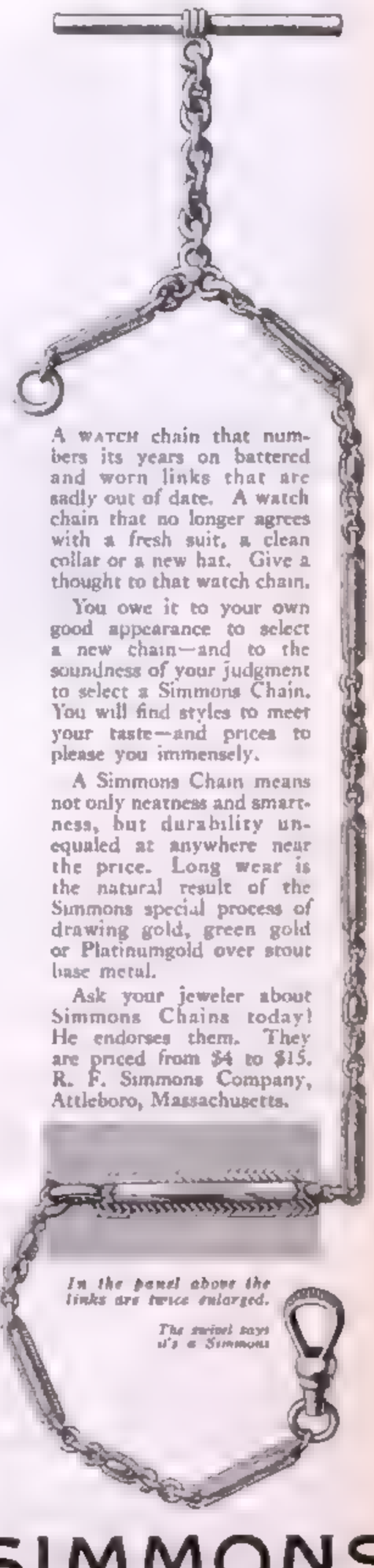

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hands. He dropped a remark to the effect that Mrs. Nunez-Hunter had left for the Continent by the afternoon boat train. Ordinarily that would have stirred my interest, but somehow it failed to do so.

After dinner they suggested doing a show, but I drew the line at that. Muttering something incoherent, I went out. The telephone bell was ringing as I shut the front door behind me. With no set purpose in my mind, I walked round and round Cadogan Square—dozens of times. A taxi driver, whose cab was waiting on the stand, asked if it was for a bet. He seemed a decent fellow, and although I hardly knew why, I stayed talking to him. We talked as strangers will, with lack of reserve, rewarding each other for the companionship gained with straightforward statement and confession.

He told me his difficulties and his aspirations, how many children he had and of the diversity of ways in which his wife had helped him.

"Ah, but they're queer—women," he said. "Lumme, they are queer! Thinkin', thinkin' all the time. And do we give 'em credit for it? It's a fact, we don't. Mind you, I don't say as a man's to blame in that. 'E 'as his work to do and 'is 'ands full; not much wonder if sometimes he don't follow 'er reasonin's. I'm going to tell you som'ing. Was a time when I was mad for the chance to break my old woman's neck. Now then, it's a fac'! I reckoned she'd played me up, d'yer see?—reckoned she was no good. And why? Solely 'cos I 'adn't the brain to follow 'er reasonin's. 'Appened this way—a few munce before our first come along, and me out o' work and worryin'. Lumme! I 'adn't the 'eart to look for a job; jest 'angin' round starin' at 'er, not bein' able to leave the 'ouse, if you understand me—wasn't enough food for one, let alone two. Fair breakin' m' backbone with the worry of it, I was. Then one day I 'appens to be out for a hour, and when I comes back she's gorn. That's right, sir—clean gorn, without a word. Best part of a year afore I sees 'er again. I'd a job then with the London General. Good pay and regular. Was 'avin' my tea when she walks in—the kid wrapped up in a shawl. Young Alf, that is. Reckon that's what saved 'er—the kid—for I'd got to my feet with my 'ands shut.

"'Well, George,' sez she, 'you've come through all right.' And, 'No thanks to you,' sez I. She jest shakes 'er 'ead. 'You'd never 'ave done it with me on yer 'ands,' she sez. Then kindo disappointed: 'Ain't you got no imagination, George?' I'm tellin' you the gospel truth, sir. Bin out to face it alone, she 'ad, with a kid comin', so's to give me a chance. That's the woman whose neck I wanted to break. There's a woman for yer! Ever sat down and cried? Lumme! I did, and 'er 'and strokin' the back o' my neck. When I was able to, you know, 'Lizzie,' I sez, 'if you was to know the things as I've thought about you!' And she ups and answers, smilin'-like, ''Sall right, old man; you wasn't supposed to understand.'"

He broke off short and stared at me.

"Good 'eavens, what's the matter of you, sir?"

I was gripping the railings, shaking from head to foot and mumbling.

"Why did you tell me that story? What's the idea—in God's name, man?"

He slipped an arm through mine.

"Set down in the cab for a bit. You ain't well. You're all of a tremble, sir."

"I'm all right, only—only ——"

"You do as I say."

He piloted me through the open door and plumped me down on the cushions.

"That's more like. Rest your 'ead back while I slip down the road for a drop o' brandy."

"Wait!" I said, and gripped him by the wrist. "Look here, drive me to Brown's Hotel."

"You'd much better ——"

"Go on, man, do it—do it!"

Shaking his head, he cranked up and got into the driver's seat. Of that journey all I remember is successive waves of hope and fear. At the bureau I asked for Philida.

"She went out half an hour ago, sir," said the clerk.

"Do you know where?"

"No, sir."

"Or when she will be back?"

"No, sir."

"I'll wait," I said.

But I couldn't wait. Five minutes convinced me of that. I went out without leaving my name.

"Back again," I said to the taxi driver. I stumbled out where first we met.

"I'd get home, sir," he said; "straight, I would."

There was no question of a fare. I'd forgotten it and he did not remind me. We drifted apart. As I came opposite the house in Cadogan Gardens the front door opened. Marian was letting someone out. She saw me, I am certain of that, for I was at the foot of the steps. She saw me and shut the door quickly, leaving the someone outside. It was very dark; the nearest street lamp was fifty yards away. The porch was in deep shadow.

Very softly a voice said, "Nigel."

I went up toward the goal of two white hands that drew me back into the shadow. I tried to speak, but no sound came. The white hands were about my neck, a wet cheek was crushed against mine. All that was worth having in the world was in my arms.

XLVI

HOW incurious is the state of happiness. I had thought if ever Philida and I met again that we should meet in a parliament of question and answer, a court of inquiry where not even the lightest pebble of those heavy stones that had burdened us would be left unturned. So much called for justification, so little for acceptance. Yet her two hands, groping out of darkness and finding mine, answered all questions, swept away doubt, smoothed and soothed and comforted. So without a spoken word, utterly content, her arm locked in mine, we crept away through the empty echoing square to where the taxi waited on the cobbled stand.

I have no memory of telling the driver where to go. There was no need; our destination had been reached; location was of no account—she and I were together. I remember how I gave him a thump on the back and how he replied with a grip of his oily hand and how Philida accepted him as part of the machinery of our happiness and how we all made idiotic and friendly noises to one another in which the engine rhythmically joined. After that, happy and huddled, we drove—where? I don't know. To paradise perhaps, or may be it was just Hampstead Heath, which is paradise enough for lovers of any station. I remember a church clock chiming an hour that must have been very small and for the shortness of which I can vouch. I remember streets and terraces that dwindled into houses, standing among trees and open spaces, and presently no houses, but only trees and open spaces and a sense of height and little lights glimmering in a great black hollow beneath, as gold dust sparkles in the dark pool of a river. There was water, too, with a streak of moon across its surface and the shadow of a pine. It may be we invented the nightingale that each one of us claimed to hear—it was not the season for nightingales to sing. But the owl was real that flapped whitely into the glow of our lamps, hovered, laughed and vanished. It was, perhaps, his hoot of reedy laughter that tossed a measure of sense into the silence we shared, startled us to a sudden wakefulness of mind and need of words.

And Philida said, "One doesn't know the bare meaning of happiness until one has crossed the rivers."

"There's something finer, better, more complete in what you give me, Philida, to need contrast or barrier to set its price."

"Ah, now!" she said, and smiled. "Now perhaps. Did you ever ask yourself what it cost me to give you your freedom?"

I shook my head.

"How could you believe it was ever freedom?"

"It was freedom—and that was the best thing I could give you."

"If you could only have known," I answered.

"I did know. I couldn't help hurting. Do you think if I hadn't known how much I should hurt you I could ever have had the pluck to set you free? They were all against you, Nigel—fighting you with unfair weapons. Through me your hands were tied. Would you have had me selfish enough to let them beat you?"

And remembering what I had suffered when I thought I had lost her, I answered, "Yes, a hundred times."

"Isn't it queer?" she said, grave eyes on mine. "But I wanted that answer. Just as I wanted—prayed—that when your hands were free, when you believed I'd failed you in the big moment, you would still fight fair; and you did, you did!" She straightened and stretched out her arms. "Do you know how I love you for that—how big it makes you for me?"

"For misunderstanding and misunderstanding," I repeated. "Philida, is there anything in this adorable you I really understand except that without you everything's nothing?"

The taxi driver leaned a little from his seat so that we could see the watch in the palm of his hand.

"It's no business o' mine," he said, and left it at that.

It was Philida who answered him.

"You couldn't have chosen a better moment. We've come to the most marvelous understanding."

XLVII

TO THE immense potentialities of a new day I awoke to find Marshall fully dressed, standing beside my bed.

"For mercy's sake, get up!" he said. "The sight of a man smiling in his sleep makes me positively sick. Anyway, someone's called to see you."

"Who is it?"

"Name of Craven. Know him?"

I grinned.

"A bit. We knocked up against one another in Ponta Rico."

"I'll send him up then." At the door Marshall turned. "How did you get in last night? Marian says you hadn't a key"

"Shinned up the portico and through the first-floor window. It was a bit late to disturb the household."

Marshall came back, shook his head and then shook my hand.

"A complete ass, of course," he said; "but so long as you're happy, I suppose it doesn't matter."

I was stripped to the waist, sluicing myself with cold water when Craven came in. In a light-colored lounge suit, fresh from the tailor's, he stood in the doorway, twisting his hat and poking at the toe of one of his brown shoes with the point of a cane. He looked very military and spruce, but there was a hint of discomfiture in his expression and bearing.

"I'm sorry to call so early," he said, "but I rather felt—er—that is—well, the last time we met, I

"Have a chair," I said. "Sling those clothes on the bed and sit down."

But he remained standing.

"I owe you an apology and I'm here to give it. I treated you like a tough, and—and it rankles."

"Rot!" I answered. "I look back on that little scrap of ours as a bright spot."

"It's decent of you to take that view, but I don't think you quite understand. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd honestly believed you were a blackguard; but honestly, I didn't believe it. My instincts told me you were all right; but I'd been going on for so many years, wanting to knock your head off for that show at Dusseldorf, that even if you proved you were the archangel Gabriel I wouldn't have missed the chance. And damn it all, Praed, even now that I know everything's O. K. and aboveboard, I can't see you standing there stripped without itching to get my coat off."

He looked earnest, but there were laughter and friendship at the back of his eyes.

"Look here, Craven," I said, "I hate to disappoint any man that way; but last night Philida Prothero promised to marry me, and if you think I'm going to risk what little beauty Nature has given me to the mercy of that long reach of yours, you're mistaken."

"By gad, has she?" he exclaimed. "I'm glad. It's a bit early, but how about having a small drink together instead?"

I suppose that was how I came to forget breakfast that morning and accepted from Marian something compounded of sherry and eggs. It may also explain my sudden rush of sympathy for the rest of the world and Hugh Chalice in particular.

"For," as I said to Philida a little later, "he's a good boy and he loves you, and this day that means everything to me'll be a tough fence for him to scramble over."

I thought her attitude a shade unsympathetic.

"You're awfully wrong," she said. "Of course he doesn't. And if it comes to that, there's Nancy."

"That's pure imagination," I said, and felt wretchedly uncomfortable.

"Don't color," she implored. "Who can help these things? Of course, if you really feel full of altruism and want to do the right thing, go and see the boy. He's staying with his mother at Kensington Court. We'll drive there now and I can wait in the taxi while you break the news and his heart. He's young enough to recover, I expect."

She treated it all so lightly.

"Not from you," I said, and was serious.

"People do recover from all sorts of calamities like you and me, Nigel."

Thus, to prove her wrong, which I take to be an earnest of man's devotion to a woman, I hired the first taxi and drove to Kensington forthwith.

And faithful to her word, Philida waited below while a lift hoisted me to a level above the tops of trees.

And here, much more exactly dressed than he was wont to appear at Ponta Rico, I found Hugh Chalice. As a matter of fact, he nearly embraced me when I was shown into the room—a room that bore all the tokens of reception, being rich in roses, tidiness and conveniently delidded cartons of chocolates.

A trim maid had barely opened the door when Hugh Chalice, from an observation post at the window, projected himself toward me with every manifestation of delight.

Strange to say, before ever he reached me 90 per cent of his enthusiasm fell from him like a cloak. True, he greeted me with some measure of cordiality, but it was a cordiality tempered with surprise and disappointment.

In an awkward fashion he offered me a chair and even a chocolate, for which I had neither heart nor inclination. He then appointed himself by the fireplace and shuffled his feet and seemed to be waiting for something which I was at difficulty to provide. After all, the task of blighting a young man's life in his mother's drawing-room is something disagreeable to a person of sensibility. My own happiness was marred by the thought of the pain it must inflict. For that reason I myself fell to shuffling and raspings of the throat and other evidence of embarrassment. It was clear enough that Hugh Chalice, good fellow as I knew him to be, was anxious to help me out, for he kept glancing at door and window, tapping his teeth and framing opening words for sentences that never found expression. He must have anticipated the object of my visit, but was at pains to avoid the actual issue.

At last he said, "It's first-class you should have come through with flying colors, Praed, and any other time I'd be all out to celebrate the victory and so forth; but—well, it is a bit awkward ——"

(Continued on Page 107)

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Today Famous Players-Lasky Corporation with Paramount Pictures is the leader by any test of an industry which represents an investment of fifteen hundred millions of dollars in the United States and Canada alone.

(Continued from Page 102)

"Yes, it is, old chap," I nodded, and added some tripe about one man's gain being another's loss.

"Being dead may help him not to feel the loss," was the startling reply.

"Hang on! It can't be as bad as that," said I, jumping up and gripping his shoulder.

"Well, I don't know. After that clip with the ruler your pal handed him, the trials of this world aren't likely to concern him in the future."

Willfully he had switched the allusion to Boas. I wiped a moist forehead with the back of my hand and went at it.

"Look here, Hugh, Philida is going to marry me," I said.

He showed no emotion beyond squeezing my arm.

"Good egg; but it was foregone stuff, old man. 'Course she is."

He was a sportsman all through. Not a squeal in him.

I don't know whether I could have said any more; anyway, the opportunity was denied me, for into the room walked Nancy Vansiter. And at once it seemed to me that there were only two people in that room, Nancy and Hugh; and further, that since last we had met Nancy had been in the company of fairies. All the practical shrewdness of her lovely little face had vanished into a mist of glory. As for Hugh, he seemed to approach her on all fours. It was idiotic.

In frowning amazement, I stared from one to the other.

When presently it dawned on Nancy that in a dim and distant past she and I had been casually acquainted, she turned to me with a twisted eyebrow.

"Don't stand there like a corseted bloodhound, Nigel Praed," she implored. "All kinds of things happen in a boat at sea when stars are out. I guess, apart from ourselves, there's nothing too wonderful in this." Then, as I was unable to say anything coherent—"Don't forget your Philida is waiting in that taxi by the sidewalk."

Hugh Challice came forward with the offer of a cigar—and it was patent to me that in his mother's drawing-room a cigar would not be appreciated.

"Thanks," I said, "I'll go without the bribe."

They kept me to my word eagerly.

In the taxi Philida was laughing, and continued to laugh as we drove on.

"Of course," I said, staring at her, "I'm terribly glad, but feeling for you as he did—that boy—it amazes me."

"And of course," she replied in mock gravity, "I'm terribly glad, but feeling for you as she did—that girl ——"

"Oh, rot," I said.

We drove on past the Albert Memorial—token of enduring affection.

(THE END)

BABES IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 25)

is a business man down South and she is trying to get him to sell out and come here. He won't do it, so she's using the child's future as the basis of her campaign. She thinks, if she can get the little girl into the movies, she can convince her husband that he is standing in the way of a great career by refusing to move here.

"And she didn't tell me this," adds Miss Blank, who is possessed of much sagacity, "but I'll bet anything she thinks the child will be able to support her, so that if her husband does refuse she can give him the air. I've had them as good as tell me that they wanted their children in the movies so they could be independent of their husbands."

Perhaps, of all the importunate company, one little boy's name and address will be taken and he will be told to report for one day's extra work—at five dollars. His jubilant mother thinks his fortune is made and that this is the first step to a long-term contract.

But Miss Blank knows better. This studio, a comedy lot, uses children more continuously than any of the others; but it has only seven under long-term contract, and it is, perhaps, once a month that Miss Blank rummages through her over-crowded files and chooses from one to twenty boys to work a few days in a picture.

Few Juvenile Stars

In spite of the hopes and beliefs of the hundred thousand parents, the studios no longer want infant phenomena. The tide came in with Jane and Katherine Lee, rose with Jackie Coogan, and has been receding ever since. Ten-year-old Jackie remains the only child star in full-length features. He has his own company, which works on a percentage-of-the-profit arrangement with the producers to whom he is under contract, so it is not possible to say just what his earnings are; but I have it on the best authority that the figure is about $250,000 a year.

There are only some ten other children in Hollywood actually under long-term contracts. There are none at all in the large studios, the so-called dramatic studios, though occasionally these may put a child under contract for the length of time it takes to make one picture—a month or two.

Nor are these ten what is generally understood by the term child stars. The best known are five boys employed by a company which makes a feature of two-reelers with children only. Another is a two-year-old girl who has just been signed by another comedy company. Two more have contracts with a studio which goes in for many Westerns and adventure serials, and it has been planned to use them in a series of short films based on the mishaps of a boy, a girl and a dog out of a comic strip. One is a year-and-a-half-old baby boy. The highest salary, that of $500 a week, is paid to one of the five boys in the children's comedies. These youngsters are of the élite.

Below them in status, as far as earnings are concerned, the latest screen directory lists twenty boys as recognized film actors, and half a dozen girls. There are many others, of course, who recognize themselves as such, if no one else does; but these twenty-six are actually in some demand for real parts, as the little chee-ild who brings them together; or in youthful sequences, as the hero or heroine. Of them, perhaps half a dozen are in such demand that they earn a handsome competence. The mother of one boy of seven who has been on the stage and on the screen since he was two, and whose name has professional value, set this competence at about $10,000 a year. His price is $500 a week, a top price, but he seldom works more than twenty weeks in the year.

"Among all the studios," the head of the largest service bureau told me, "there aren't more than twenty children a week, including those under contract, working in real parts or bits. We average two calls a week for child extras. It is impossible for me to say how many we place; sometimes none at all, sometimes 150 in a week; but these are extras, who get paid from $5 to $7.50 a day, you understand, and they work usually one day, seldom more than six."

These children form the great middle class, a group of about 100 of all types and ages—to fifteen for the boys, twelve for the girls—who have had some experience and who work, more or less regularly, in the tiniest of bits at fifteen dollars a day or as extras.

They circulate through the crowd in mob scenes; they play in the streets in tenement scenes; they are local color; they are infants in arms. And all the big and little producing companies will need scarcely 100 such girls and boys among them in a week.

Yet their lot is better than that of the proletarians, the dozens who make one or two long-sought-after appearances in a mob within the year; and the thousands in whose parents' breasts lives the hope that will not die. Each new baby may be the baby, who may have what Elinor Glyn calls "it," and what the casting director calls personality, or who may be magically a type and bring the family name to honor, not to speak of the family purse.

To be a type is great good fortune. The highest paid boy in comedies walked around with his father, a one-time vaudeville performer, for many discouraging days, looking for a day's extra work. They tried only the big-time lots, where the casting directors could see no dramatic value in the boy's wide Irish grin and freckle-covered face. One day, as they crossed the street opposite a comedy lot, a director popped out of his car and seized on Mickey Daniels.

"Looking for picture work?" he said. A foolish question in the whole of Los Angeles. Mickey's freckles were harnessed.

A fat boy who graces the all-children comedies simply put in his appearance and he got the job.

Unfortunately, since there is only work for the one freckle-faced boy and the one fat boy, the numerous others are out of luck for the present at least. But what little chance there is for children on the comedy lots, and even the others, is not for the prettified ones, and is more for boys than for girls. Of the children under contract, the majority are boys. Of those who earn a good living, the majority are boys. Even in extra work, boys are preferred. The reason seems to be partly that children are used oftener to furnish comic relief than for pathos, and that boys are the better comedians. Also, as one director pointed out, "Boys have a better picture personality than small girls, because they are usually more natural."

The girls get full revenge later, for the older the boys grow the less picture value they have. At twelve their earnings begin definitely to recede, and at fifteen they must usually retire for a time. They are not old enough for juvenile parts on the screen and too old for children's parts. The girls, maturing more rapidly, are quite ready at fourteen to take their places as young leading ladies. The recent flapper boom was a godsend to them; they didn't even have to put up their hair. A number of girls from fourteen to sixteen are in good standing, with regular contracts as juvenile leads; notably Sally O'Neil, sixteen, who has been starred in two pictures; Virginia Lee Corbin, Fay Wray, Martha Sleeper, and, lately, Lois Moran.

The Young Geniuses

The gradual tapering off as age descends upon the young actors can be traced in the casting-office files. Any large studio has at least 5000 children card-indexed. Though it is recorded that even newborn babes have played their parts before the camera, unofficially, the authorities don't officially allow children less than three months old to act. At this earliest possible age, then, the files begin, and they swell to the most enormous proportions with those between one and seven years, the ages evidently when most children become geniuses to their parents.

It is a disastrous blow to the ego of anyone over the age of prodigy to look through these files—perhaps that's why the casting director so seldom does. Here's a child of seven who has reached some of the heights of human eminence, led a navy dress parade

(Continued on Page 109)

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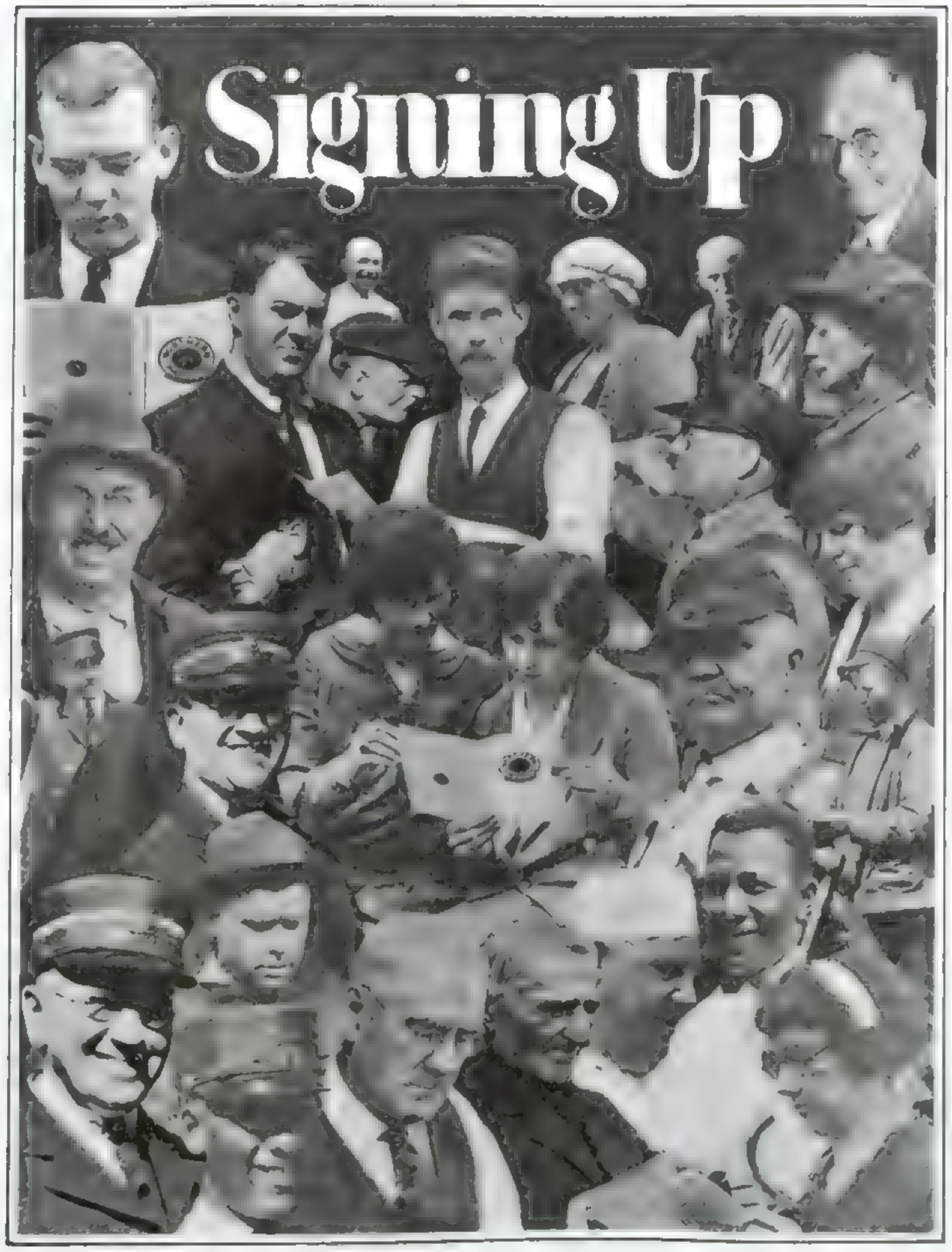

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(Continued from Page 107)

and baptized a battleship, and he gets fan letters from China and Sweden; a baby of three who is an expert at ballroom and character dancing; a boy of five who rides, swims, dances, fights, dives and is a trained acrobat; an experienced actress, aged twenty-six months, who has graced twenty-six pictures.

This last is one of the results of the present deluge of babes. Even the Westerns use them now, but the comedy companies are popularly supposed to have been the first to realize their sure-fire screen possibilities. Let a baby crawl across a room, and the audience will follow its creeping with an absorbed smile. Let a baby laugh gleefully out of a close-up, and there will be an answering explosion in the audience. They make life easy for the gag writers, and move to tears the few directors who have the unutterable patience to work with infants. Making babies crawl or laugh—the directors' business—is a matter of luck, trickery and patience which has added not a few gray hairs to their heads, and not a few thousands in lost time to the cost of making pictures. It takes miles of film to get a ten-foot shot of a baby in the correct action.

The Baby and the Feather

For two days I once watched a director trying to coax a baby to laugh. He was a fat, sunny child about a year old, and he knew how to laugh—his mother had photographs to show that; but he sat in his high chair now as sad as a sick monkey. The director danced in front of him with a rattle, howling mirthfully. The assistant director, a bland Englishman, contributed his little mite by calling in bright tones from odd corners of the set, "Cheerio!" A prop man stood on his head. Another waved the most enticing toys, and everybody laughed, laughed, laughed at the top of their voices—everybody but the baby.

Next morning, still laughing through their tears, they tried a new trick. They put him in a crib on a feather pillow, and he lay uncomplainingly, kicking his legs in the air, while the staff went through their whole bag of stunts. He was not amused. He crushed his head rather tightly into the pillow in his boredom, when suddenly a little feather squeezed out and flew up. That baby opened his eyes in the most delightful surprise, following the feather, which fortunately was within range of the camera, and he giggled so hard he nearly had hysterics.

"For Pete's sake, shoot!" yelled the director.

It was probably the best gag, or bit of business to make the public laugh, in that picture, and it was evolved quite by accident.

The next time that baby had to laugh, the same old ritual was performed, with the same results. Suddenly the director took a silk hat, and standing directly in front of the infant set it sideways on his head. The baby giggled, the director dashed out of the way, the camera cranked.

The funniest things that very young children do on the screen are the result of some chance like this, or some bit of trickery. Until they are four years old they cannot be managed with anything like the exactitude of a police dog. Directors can only pray for the chance, do everything in their power to precipitate it, and then order the camera to grind. They trick infants into showing emotions that seem natural on the screen, as one director tricked a year-and-a-half-old baby into a close-up which showed him clapping his hands at the sight of a balloon which flew about the room. For hours he stood behind the camera and played pitapat with him, while a property man dangled the balloon; and, in due course of time, the baby caught the spirit of the occasion and became absorbed in striking his tiny palms together. He could hardly be stopped to go on to other business.

Even after children have reached the comparative maturity of four, the director will still base his best hopes on the happy accident for a laugh. I saw such an incident recently when Farina, the four-year-old negro boy who is one of the biggest laugh-getters in pictures, was told to open a jar marked Raspberry Jam in a section of a Pullman train, arranged to joggle just like a real train at crucial moments. Out of the jar, when opened, would pop an artificial snake, but the child didn't know this. The director merely hoped that his natural reaction to the snake would prove funny.

Farina obediently took off the cover and made as if to stick in his fingers, when the snake jumped onto his arm. He did not move, his face didn't even change a muscle; he just looked at it out of enormous black and white eyes, evidently doubting its reality.

"Blah, just blah!" muttered the director.

Just then the train joggled a homemade little joggle, and the snake of rubber fell on the child's foot. He made a natural and indescribably funny wiggle of surprise—and there was another big laugh in this comedy.

Despite an enormous belief to the contrary, few infants from one to three really earn any money. Directors who have been inveigled into judging baby shows—some of them sponsored by newspapers, which dangle a chance for film fame before mothers—say that not one infant in 5000 is different enough in type to be of any use before the camera. The comedy companies now and then find such a child and put him under a six months' contract—never any longer, because they grow into quite other types too quickly. They don't get more than from $50 to $150 a week, and usually for far too short a time.

Over all the children in the movies, but especially over infants, the board of health and the board of education of the city keep a rigid supervision. They must pass a physical examination every three months in order to get the coveted permit. A mother or a nurse must come to the studio and follow the baby's routine. The child is brought on the lot at nine, works an hour and a half, has his nap and rest for a couple of hours, is fed, and works three hours more, with rest periods, till four o'clock, unless he grows tired or fractious. The rule of the lot is that the director, not the mother, judges whether an infant has been overworked; and the expert baby director often is more considerate than a parent, because babies, like animals, have an unerring instinct for people who are not kind to them, and won't work for people they don't like. Besides, the directors have a real fondness for their charges. I have seen them playing with a baby for hours, rocking it tenderly, lavishing caresses on it after a scene, till the fractious infant crooned in ecstasy.

Opening the Tear Ducts

There are three well-known directors of children, Robert McGowan, Eddie Cline and Alf Goulding, who are sometimes called in as consultants when everyone else has failed. All got their experience in comedies. To watch them in action is to see the performance of a trained combination kindergarten teacher, nurse and mother's helper. They bear up nobly under the hardships of their lot—at least under all but one hardship, and that, though you mightn't believe it, is making a child cry. This often has the best-laid plans stumped.

Some of the cleverest child performers have devised their own methods. Jane and Katherine Lee, for instance, used to have a neat trick of starting the tears at will by imagining one or the other was dead. Jackie Coogan always asks to be taken in a corner and lightly spanked. For the average child, the most effective trick seems to be to call him off the set and say, "Now, Dick, I'm going to send you home. You can't do anything. You're no darn good!"

This usually opens the tear ducts. If everything fails, then glycerin—very old-fashioned nowadays—is the final resort.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

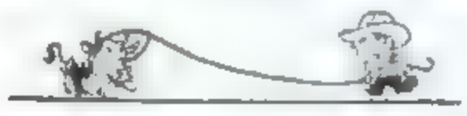
Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

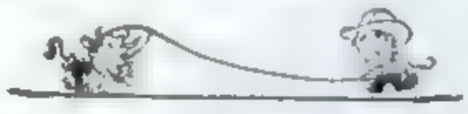
My little boy, thirteen years old, has just returned from a trip to the Mediterranean. He was just at that age when there was no doing anything with him at home, so I sent him over there to see what he could find out for his old Father, who had never been any farther away from home than the barn. He spent two weeks in Egypt, and

visited the Tombs of the old Pharaohs. In fact he prowled around in King Tut's Tomb.

Now I am a great believer in ancestry. I hate to see new things or new people come up with no tradition or backing behind them. So when my Young Hopeful returned from a three months' cruise, he informed me of a historical fact that even I (as a Harvard Man) didn't know. He said the most prized thing dug out of King Tut's Tomb was a sacred Bull, which the Egyptians idolized as their God.



The wrapping, on close examination, was found to be of empty "BULL" DURHAM sacks sewed together by those ancient people. And when they reached the inner tomb or sarcophagus of this old Pharaoh, or Bull Worshipper, the pocket of his pajamas was found to contain a sack of "Bull"



Durham, proving that "BULL" DURHAM is older than the ages. Now, my own boy told me this and he don't lie. He ain't old enough to have to.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

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Robert McGowan, by virtue of having made thirty-eight children's comedies over a period of five years, is the most authoritative of the baby tenders. Stepping into his corner of the lot on a day when it was pouring rain, I stepped into what sounded at first like the corner of a Mohammedan school. In the damp darkness, shot with studio lights, a huddle of mothers sewed, read and chatted, while from many bundled-up children rose a murmur of spelling, reading and arithmetic. They were doing their lessons with teachers hired by the studio, according to the requirements of the board of education, while cameramen and electricians fussed with the set.

The children happened to be using a borrowed studio temporarily. On their own lot they would have been studying in the little red schoolhouse which the company has erected for their convenience. In fact most studio equipment now includes a schoolhouse for the use of occasional extra children. The law is adamant that each child, not supplied with a private tutor, must have from two to four hours' schooling on those days when he is working in the movies.

At the far end of the interior the ten-year-old boy whose freckled face is his fortune marched the fat boy and the thin boy and the curly-haired, angelic-looking bad boy and a dozen blond extra boys, all nattily hatted and coated, up and down, till they scattered among a pile of lumber.

"We're playing war," he shouted back to us.

The fourteen-year-old vamp—the plot of the comedy called for the children to be making a movie in a barn—finished her lessons and draped herself in her costume, an old shawl. Over one ear she wore rakishly the shining aluminum cover of her mother's bake pan, and from her wrist dangled a glittering bracelet—the bathroom stopper. Her mother convulsed us later with an imitation of the father of the vamp, who had tried to take a bath only to find that the indispensable stopper had been transported to the studio for the vamp's wardrobe. The vamp conversed in her own version of the French language.

"Carr-rr-amba, I am ze mamwazelle Renee Dalore, oh, San Fr-r-ranceesco!"

The leading lady, aged nine, peered at her wistfully from blond curls and hiked up her flowing pink evening dress.

"When I grow up, Mr. McGowan," she said, "I'm going to be a vamp. I like to wear jewelry."

Playing in Front of the Camera

All morning the children studied. Then we had lunch. The box lunches are provided by the company on location, and any investigator must have admitted that these movie children were at least well fed. Each box contained a ham sandwich, a jelly sandwich, a hard-boiled egg, potato salad, a piece of apple pie, a banana, an apple and a bottle of milk.

It was two o'clock before the shooting started. Then the youngsters merely transferred their play within range of the camera. It was a drama of Eastern deceit and passion. The fat boy became a Chinese idol with a huge fly swatter in his hand. One of the blond boys was director, in a top hat and evening clothes. All the little extra boys bowed before the idol, and as they bowed he swatted them heartily with the swatter, and they turned once, twice, with all the clowning instinct of children, and tumbled into the arms of the freckle-faced boy, the ringleader, who stuck them in a corner. Mr. McGowan had explained what each of their parts called for. He left the artistic touches to their own fancy.

"Imaginative children are natural actors," he explained. "We never rehearse scenes. I tell them what I want, and they go ahead and figure out just how to do it. If I told them where to stand and how to move, they would obey me to the dot and spoil all their naturalness. They play their parts while the camera grinds, sometimes ten or fifteen times, until I think they'll do."

Naturalness is at a premium here—naturalness and obedience. Each child learns first of all that while the camera grinds he must go through the required action. Even the tiny colored boy who has toddled after the others since he was a year old, and who is made the butt of all their mischief, knows that when a hose, which he has innocently grasped under orders, begins to spray water on him he must hold it till the camera stops shooting. Then he may run and bury his head in his mother's lap, in anguish of spirit at the trick which has been played on him, and he may refuse stubbornly to work any more that day; but before the camera he has learned the first principle of the studio—to carry on.

"I follow one rule for obedience with the mothers and the kids," said Mr. McGowan. "When I have a group of fifty or sixty, as I sometimes do, I must establish discipline at the start. I choose the mother who's causing the most trouble, and in front of the other mothers give her a talking-to. If the children are bad, I find the meanest kid among them and send him home in front of all the others. That usually works."

Why Angel Face Likes to Act

"We have never had any accidents with these children in five years' work; and if you ask me whether I think it's good for them, I can only reply that my own two boys do extra work for me and other directors. For professional reasons I couldn't feature them in the comedies; but if they like the work I have no objection, any more than I would have if they wanted to earn their own way by cutting the neighbors' grass or delivering papers."

The stars in the comedies, all of whom but the little girl are under contract, get from $100 to $500 a week. There is nothing of little Billy Whoozis or little Emmeline Love about them. They answer promptly and pertinently when spoken to, and go gladly away to their games when the interview is over, until they are called on the set. They are as obedient and poised as the children of a good school, and of an admirable straightforwardness.

"Do you like to work in the movies?" I asked the angel-faced bad boy after the usual asinine manner of grown-ups.

"Sure," replied Angel-Face. "I make money—buy me a hat, buy me a coat, buy me a car, buy me lots of things." And he went without ceremony back to his whittling.

Sitting determinedly in corners—for the mother who makes herself conspicuous around a studio is not popular—were the parents and guardians, including one father who acts in pictures himself, but subs for his wife when he is not working. There were ten little extra boys on the set that day, and their mothers formed a group by themselves. They told the exploits of their children in terms of pictures. Johnny had just finished a part with Monta Bell, and Mabel had had three weeks' work with Mary Pickford, and Dick had had to turn down another very good call that day. It was a cold morning and some of them wore ermine and caracul jackets obviously not earned by their children's occasional checks in extra parts. One mentioned her motor car of a brand not usually associated with a child who gladly draws a five-dollar pay check.

"Some of them drive up in cars with fancy names to collect their kids' extra pay," one of the casting directors had sniffed. And I began to see that it might be true, for they were all in accord in one particular.

"It's not the money," as one mother explained to me earnestly; "my husband owns a string of stores. But my boy has talent. He even gets fan mail! If he can act, I want to further his career."

No, it can't be the five dollars essentially that makes these mothers spend weary days haunting casting offices and sitting around studios. It's the—it's the principle of the thing, the underlying vanity which so often causes a mother to want to see her child admired by large numbers of people, that accounts for the rush on the casting office, and for the fact that such well-known baby directors as Mr. McGowan must have their personal telephones disconnected.

A youngster of five arrives in his agent's office to be presented to some directors who feel a picture with a child coming on them. He struts in, self-assured, jumps on a chair and revolves slowly like a model.

"Well, here I am, look me over," he calls.

His mother has a prideful grin on her face. He is so very cute!

Or a little girl of six gives vent to some such ancient wisdom as this, the result of many overheard conversations in studios:

"When I grow up," she says, "I'm not going to be like most of these actresses. I don't want to go out on parties, drink gin or fool around. I want to lead a good clean life and save money."

Laudable words, to be sure, but hardly in keeping with the infant lips which give utterance to them so gravely.

This acquired precocity seems to be the most objectionable feature of work in the studios. The actual appearance before the camera is not taxing, for of the eight hours spent in a studio only two or three can be devoted to work. Four must go for study and play and there is an hour for lunch. Jackie Coogan, himself, a shining example, only makes two pictures a year—that is ten weeks in the studio—and his daily schedule when he must be on the lot runs like this: Seven A.M., rises; eight-thirty A.M., breakfast; ten A.M., made up and on the set. Usually he gets an hour's study time on the set in the morning and an hour's work. Twelve to one P.M., play; one P.M., lunch; two P.M., study time; three P.M., on the set; five P.M., finished. This means only three to four hours of actual work.

Prodigies and Their Parents

Motion-picture actors and actresses, many of whom have spent their infancy in theatrical dressing rooms, usually will have nothing to do with studio work for their children. Partly, this is for business reasons—the eyes of the public being focused so much more sternly on the movies than on the theater—partly, it is because they can so well afford not to let their progeny earn a living; and largely, as they confess at last, it is because they know so well the hysterical light and life of a studio, and fear the effect on children. A few directors, notably Chuck Reisner, have allowed their youngsters to appear before the camera; and Buster Keaton once used his children in a picture as a good gag; but in general the nays have it.

The largest classes of children in the movies seem to be, first, those of some theatrical heritage or training; and secondly, those who have had the movies thrust upon them by some fortunate chance. The parents of the former see no reason why they should not start their youngsters in a well-paid business whose ropes they know. Sometimes their own histrionic services have been refused, while those of a child have been eagerly seized upon. It then becomes a nice problem. Shall they go back on the road, dragging the child along with them to the existence of failures, or shall the whole family settle down comfortably on the adequate earnings of the child, if he is lucky enough to be in demand?

"I came out here with the money I saved up from years in vaudeville," the father of one of the fortunate boys under contract told me. "I bought a small business and lost my money. Then I tried the movies. My boy went along with me. I couldn't even get extra work; but some director picked on the kid as an extra, and later he offered him a contract. The boy is a born actor. He'd have gone on the stage anyway. So I thought why not the movies, especially when we are in such need. It's true that some of the money he makes goes to the support of the house. I work too; but the only thing I know is acting, and I'm lucky if I average twenty-five dollars a week throughout the year in bits. We do not live luxuriously. We save most of the money toward the time when the kid will outgrow his parts and have to retire. And if he never wants to be an actor again, he'll have a good bit to start in business with. If I had gone back to the stage, assuming I could have, we'd all be half starving in second-rate boarding houses now. Would that have been better for him?"

Another vaudeville performer, whose boy is not under contract, had found the business of being the father of a prodigy so distinctly uncomfortable, and even unprofitable, that he contemplated giving up.

Where the Children Come From

"My boy gets $350 a week—when he works," he explained. "Out of that I have to pay a tutor, because his time is so subject to the calls of the studios that I can't register him even at a private school. He's five years old now and will probably be earning only five more years. I can't do any work, because I have to spend all my own time with him at the studios—he has no mother. What with agency fees, all the expenses of his education and keep, he just about makes enough to keep going. What stops me from giving up is that I realize that in vaudeville I'd make less money than he does now, and he could not be nearly so well looked after."

The second class of children, those who have had the movies thrust upon them, come usually from well-to-do homes. It is amazing how many of them have lived next door to directors or scenario writers or producers, who have said to the parents, casual-like, "We're doing a picture now that your kid would be perfect for. Why don't you bring him up to the studio?"

The year-and-a-half-old baby boy, who has just been signed by a certain studio, got his chance some months ago because he lived in the next apartment to a director who needed a child just in the stage of learning to walk. His wife had noticed the little boy, and he was hired.

Also many youngsters belong to people employed in some mechanical capacity about the studios. They are the first to know when a picture with children is to be filmed and they have first chance at the casting director.

The nonprofessional fathers, contrary to general supposition, not only actually work but many of them can quite well afford to do without their progeny's earnings. A comedy company lists among the fathers of its contract child players a cement contractor, a cameraman, a lawyer, a retired naval officer, an actor, a candy manufacturer, an advertising man. The father of one of the better-known boys, who does bits and extra work, is the managing editor of a newspaper; the adopted mother of another boy is a trained nurse. One father keeps a grocery store, one is a director, another a prop man, another a vaudeville agent. The children may provide extra luxuries with their earnings for themselves and their families, but their chief motive seems to be a career.

The smallest class of all are in the movies simply to earn money toward the support of their families. There is one way of looking at this, and there is also another way, explained to me by the mother of five children from two to twelve years old, who all work in pictures. Their mother is a widow.

"I can't earn enough to feed and clothe all five," she said frankly, "if they weren't in the movies. The older ones would have to help out after school anyhow. They have no particular talents and I don't think they'll ever make a great deal of money; but isn't it better for them to work for four hours now and then in a studio, and be well fed and well kept, than to depend on my small earnings—and want?"

Among the five, these children usually average two days' extra work a week, and now and then a bit more—some ten to twenty dollars weekly—and mighty few babes abandoned in Hollywood are showered with more.

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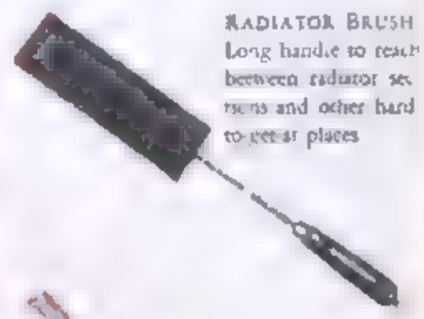

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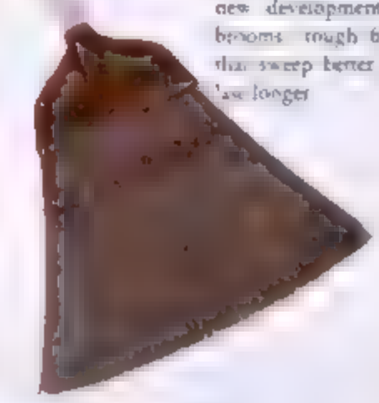

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CLEANING THE CRAIG CLAN

(Continued from Page 13)

He stopped speaking abruptly and glanced sidewise craftily at Wallace. It was not his habit to babble needlessly to a stranger. He decided he would have to get better acquainted with the Craig clan before he told them what he knew about that spotted pony.

However, Wallace finished the sentence for him.

"Yes, he has a spotted pony. Mostly white like a circus horse, with a few splashes of roan red. So I've been told. I thought Smead intended to ride him this year."

"Not this year," the jockey said.

"Next year then," Wallace commented. "Maybe by that time the old brown mare won't be as good as she used to be. That's the idea, is it? Well, the Craigs still have some fast ones to select from. Maybe we'll have to train a few to run against Elmer's pony. That's going to be your job," he added carelessly—"breaking some colts and training them to run against the bay gelding and the spotted pony. We'll ride and bring them in after we get back to the ranch."

Eddie Greig was a product of the cities and the tracks. His knowledge of horses did not extend beyond his knowledge of the Stud Book, the track and fenced pastures. It did not occur to him that the Craigs would have fast horses running wild on the desert.

"Ride and bring them in?" he repeated. "What do you mean? And where have you been keeping those colts?"

Wallace gestured in the general direction of the desert to the south.

"Out there somewhere with the rest of the fuzz tails," he explained. "We'll go and bring them in, you and Murray and myself. You'll like Murray. He's a good kid to know. Come on and meet him."

He introduced the little rider to his brother and to the other members of the clan; and they accepted him—on probation of course—as a member of the clan, howsoever distantly he might be related. Not until the next year's free-for-all had been run did the jockey learn they had misunderstood his name—that they thought he was a Craig instead of a Greig. After the courtesies of the occasion had been exchanged, Wallace, speaking in an undertone, suggested to Eddie that Murray would be pleased to have him offer to ride the brown mare back to the ranch. Thus, diplomatically, did Wallace make it possible for the jockey to withdraw gracefully from the scene, thereby avoiding any possible clash with Ronnal or Smead during the closing days of the fair.

One morning the following week Wallace and Murray called him from his bed long before dawn.

"We'll be riding for the colts today," Wallace explained.

Eddie did not enjoy that day's experience. He did not mind warming up a race horse; but riding hour after hour in a stock saddle was a different matter—particularly when one rode hour after hour and mile after mile across a desert range where there were no landmarks to guide a stranger. Occasionally they would sight a band of wild horses. Then would follow a mad race through the sage, across dry washes and down through precipitous cañons and then back to the level desert again, until Wallace or Murray would signal with uplifted hand that the colts they were seeking were not in that particular band.

They had no luck that day. At twilight, as they rode down through a break in one of the high basalt rims, Eddie gave a gasp of astonishment upon perceiving the home ranch in the valley below them. During the day he had lost all sense of direction and had begun to fear they were so far from human habitation they would have to spend the night out in the open.

Eddie had not enjoyed the day's experience. That night he dreamed of the desert—dreamed he had become separated from his companions and was lost in a limitless, undulating desert of sage and sand and barren flats of alkali, where there was no hill, no cañon, no landmark of any kind to guide, and where the dancing heat waves blurred the distant horizons, blending the white of the sand, the gray of the sage and the colorless void of the sky into an infinity of parched waste where nothing survived but fleet horses—wild horses that fled from the sight of man as he in his dream was trying to flee from that engulfing desert.

The next day he refused to ride again—refused positively and none too politely.

"Better come along," Murray urged. "Most likely we'll find those colts today."

Eddie refused to be persuaded.

"When you ride in with those colts I'll be sitting on the top rail of one of the corrals waiting for you," he promised.

That was exactly where they found him when, late in the afternoon, they drove a band of young horses up the converging lane that led to the corrals. He remained there while they took their jaded mounts to the barn and cared for them.

"Well, Eddie," Wallace said, when they returned to the corral where the horses were, "which one are you going to ride in the free-for-all next year?"

The little rider pointed to two of the colts.

"I'll want to handle those two a bit," he said. "And there's a clown horse," he continued, pointing to an ungainly appearing black horse that stood on the far side of the corral. "A clown horse," he repeated, speaking more to himself than to the Craigs. "Look at him! Look at that big Percheron body set on long coach legs, that long thin ewe neck, and the dainty little Thoroughbred head. He looks like a cross between a hippopotamus and a giraffe. Can either of those beasts run? No matter. I'll bet he can, the homely black pup. I'm going to call him Eboneaser. That means a black flash."

Eddie leaned down then and spoke directly to Wallace and Murray.

"Have you ever read the Stud Book?" he asked. "It tells about the Godolphin Barb. A long time ago an English king sent his stable boss out scouting for some good stallions, and the stable boss found the Godolphin Barb working on the streets of Paris hitched to a dirt cart. A great sire the Barb proved to be."

Wallace chuckled.

"And you think that stallion was the great-great-granddaddy of this black colt?"

"No," Eddie answered patiently; "but he's the direct daddy of a dirt-cart idea I'm going to make use of. Next summer I'm going to get me a white horse to work with Eboneaser, and along about a month before the fair I'm going to drive down to Prineville and start in the draying business. I'm going to give everybody a chance to get acquainted with Eboneaser. Then some day when the play comes right, and when I have Elmer Smead all hemmed in by an audience, I'm going to begin kidding him about a spotted horse of his that he thinks can run. Yes, I am. I'm going to get so excited I'll finally offer to bet that I can take any old work horse—even Eboneaser here—and beat him and his spotted horse."

Wallace and Murray nodded gravely.

"And suppose he also should get excited and call your bet?" Wallace suggested.

Eddie grinned.

"In that case Elmer will eventually lose his nickel."

"Good boy!" said the Craigs in unison. Then Murray added, "Some day, if you want to tell the details, we'll be glad to listen."

Eddie nodded and turned back toward the colts. He sat for a time studying the black, then nodded again.

"Does Ronnal or Smead know about this fellow?" he asked.

"We believe not," Wallace answered. "They don't run any stock on this part of the range; and so far as we know, there has been no particular comment about the colt even among our own riders."

Eddie nodded again and smiled.

"Glad of that," he said. "As a usual thing, what a man doesn't know doesn't hurt him. But in this case, what Ronnal and Smead do not know is going to hurt quite painfully."

He slipped down from the top rail where he had been sitting and started across the corral toward the black.

"Be careful," Murray called. A wild horse, like any other wild animal, is dangerous when cornered. "That horse has never been handled," he added by way of explanation. But the rider paid no attention to the warning. He padded softly up to the colt, and the black, instead of trying to escape, stood with his head down, his long neck outstretched, as if to greet a friend. Eddie, talking in an undertone, held out his hand for the colt to smell; then began petting the outthrust nose.

Wallace and Murray, watching from outside the corral, looked at each other wonderingly.

"Can you beat it?" Murray commented. "If either of us had walked up to the colt like that he would have reared up and tried to stomp us to death."

"Eddie sure seems to know his stuff," Wallace said. "Guess I'd better go and get a rope. He'll want to begin breaking the colt to lead, if I'm not mistaken."

"Too late to do anything tonight," Murray told him. "We'll run the black into the breaking corral with the two other colts he wants to handle, and leave them there until morning."

"Correct you are," agreed Wallace. "Then we'll eat and call it a day."

Eddie had already adapted himself to the routine of the ranch work; had taken for his own task the care of the horses and the barn. After he began working with the three colts he spent most of his time with them. He was secretive about his methods even with the Craigs; and they, satisfied that he knew his business, were content to let him work in his own fashion.

About a mile from the road and the ranch buildings, concealed by a low ridge from the curious eyes of chance passers-by, was a level pasture, where he laid out a roughly oval track. Here it was that he trained and exercised the colts. Even during the winter he worked regularly with them. Late the following summer he told Wallace and Murray the colts were ready for the race.

"In every way but one," he qualified. "They haven't yet learned to start with a bunch of fast ones. I'd like to have both of you ride out with me for a few days and help me teach them to get away for a fast start." Eddie had just brought the black colt in from its morning exercise, and was still in the saddle. "This fellow doesn't need any more training," he added. "Watch us!"

He rode across the barn lot, and then, crouched above the black's long neck, spoke to him. The colt turned ponderously, and like a huge draft horse forced to unaccustomed speed, his hind feet moving in a slow dignified trot, his front feet going through the motions of an equally slow but undignified gallop, lumbered back across the lot.

"How's that for an exhibition?" Eddie demanded. "Can you feature this cross between an Eohippus and a Dinoceras giving a demonstration of speed down the main street of the metropolis? A born clown horse, I'm telling you."

Wallace smiled but made no comment. As the lad rode back to the barn he spoke to his brother.

"What's the idea?" he asked. "I haven't yet figured out how he can use that colt for any practical purpose."

It was Murray's turn to smile. He and the jockey had become close friends, and he

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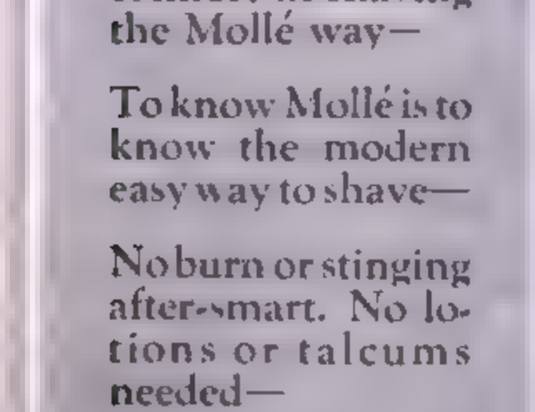

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had learned something of the little fellow's plans.

"If you fall for his stuff, Ronnal and Smead will," Murray said. "The black colt is lots faster than anyone would think just to look at him. You know that. Hasn't he led every band of wild ones that he ever ran with?"

Wallace dismissed consideration of this fact with a movement of his hand.

"Oh, he's faster than he looks, of course," he agreed. "Over a long route he might be almost as good as the Maisie mare. But for a mile event—why, the rest of the horses would be finishing before he could get started!"

Murray shrugged his shoulders, refusing to argue the matter; but he repressed an inclination to smile. Everybody, he believed, would be just as positive as Wallace about that little matter.

Posters announcing the annual fair had been distributed throughout the country, and Eddie was ready to turn the colts he had been training over to the care of buckaroos regularly employed by the Craigs. Wallace furnished him with a wagon, harness and a gray mare that had been used around the ranch for light work and riding. As Eddie was hooking the gray mare and black colt to the wagon, just before he started to town, Wallace suggested the clan would like to know definitely what he planned to do. For answer the jockey unbuttoned his shirt and from a money belt took several packets of bills.

"Here's the savings of a long and wicked life," the little rider said lightly. "When the play comes right I want you to follow my lead and bet the money for me." Without waiting for a reply he turned and began to pet the black colt. "You should see Eboneaser facing a barrier," he said. "He goes sidling up as if he were ashamed of himself for acting so frivolous. Yes, he does. Just picks up one big foot at a time and then sets it down again. Honest, you never saw such a horse before."

Prineville had forgotten the quiet, gray-eyed lad who had ridden Luke Ronnal's bay race horse the preceding year. One day the merchants learned that a new teamster had established himself in the town and was bidding for their business. They soon became acquainted with him and with his mismatched team. Some of them wondered vaguely if he would be able to make a living; later concluded he must be doing well enough, because evenings he was usually to be found in the card room of the hotel, always ready for a game of pinochle or rummy or cribbage. But the first night Elmer Smead came into the room after the lad had established himself in the town, several of the old cattlemen who made the hotel their rendezvous recalled that they had seen him before.

Eddie was sitting at a card table, facing the door, when Smead entered and greeted him.

"Hello, Monk," he said. "Haven't seen you for a long time. Why don't you ride out to the ranch occasionally and spend a day with your friends?"

The jockey answered with an unpleasant epithet.

"When you speak to me, don't call me Monk," he added. "My name is Mr. Greig."

"Anything to please you, Mr. Greig," Smead said contemptuously. "What are you doing in town? Thought you were busy training race horses for Wally Craig."

"Yes, I've been training some colts for the Craigs," Eddie answered. He had laid his cards down and put his hands in his lap so the men at the table wouldn't observe their uncontrolled trembling. "But they haven't any exceptionally good ones except the brown Maisie mare. So I came down to see if you would let me ride that spotted pony of yours. A fast little horse, that. With a good rider like myself up, you and Ronnal should be able to make a killing this year."

Smead did not reply. For a moment he stood looking malevolently at the jockey; then turned and left the room. A moment later one of the men at the table spoke.

"What's this about a spotted horse? I thought Smead was slated to ride Luke Ronnal's bay gelding in the free-for-all this year."

Eddie was suddenly reticent.

"Is that so?" he asked. "Someone told me he was going to enter a horse of his own."

The next evening Smead came into the card room again. Ronnal was with him. Eddie was seated alone at one of the tables, engrossed in a game of solitaire. Ronnal and Smead sat down at the table uninvited. The jockey immediately stopped playing and hid his hands in his lap. Day after day during the past months he had studied his hands, curiously, impersonally, for some sign of nervousness, for some tremor or quivering that might indicate a disordered state of mind or body. Always during those past months they had been as firm and steady as though sculptured of some substance less frail than flesh and bone. Now, with Smead near him, they were again trembling uncontrollably. And yet he felt neither nervous nor afraid.

Ronnal began the conversation.

"I hear you have a teaming outfit."

Eddie did not reply. He sat there silently, watching the two men, forcing them to take the initiative.

"That's no proper kind of work for a little fellow like you," Ronnal continued. "Too much heavy lifting. Besides, you're not making much, are you?"

"I'm eating regularly," Eddie said coldly. "And what I earn I get." He was referring to the fact that while working for Ronnal he had received no wages.

"I know what you are driving at," Ronnal admitted. "I was sore after that race, and when I'm sore I ain't reasonable. That race cost me a lot of money. But I know you did your best. I know you were riding to win. And if you are not tied up with the Craigs, I'll make you a cash offer to ride the bay again this year."

"I thought Elmer here was going to ride the bay," Eddie countered. Ronnal laughed.

"You know darned well he aims to ride that spotted horse of his." Then craftily—"What about that spotted horse? Is he as good as Smead thinks he is?"

Smead interrupted at this point.

"How could he know anything about it? He only saw the horse once."

Eddie jeered at him.

"Yeh, you poor boob, but that once was when you were in town with Ronnal. I figured you considered the horse pretty good—keeping him hid out at your homestead and never bragging about him. So while you were in town that day I took the spotted horse for a warming up."

Smead half rose from his chair.

"You dirty little ——" he commenced; but Ronnal pulled him roughly down again.

"What's the matter with you two, anyhow?" he complained. "Always ragging at each other. Now, Elmer, you behave yourself and keep your mouth shut; and, Eddie, you tell me what you think about the spotted horse."

"A flash," the jockey sneered. "A yellow pup! If he had the heart for it he might make a fair quarter horse. But for a mile event! Say, I could hook my old work team to a harrow and run circles around that spotted horse after the first quarter."

"Is that so?" Smead grunted, sulking because Ronnal was present to keep him from whipping the jockey again.

"Yeh, that's so," Eddie taunted. "Where did you get the idea he could run a mile? Say, that horse hasn't any more chance against the Maisie mare ——"

"That's what I've been telling Elmer," Ronnal interrupted. "Now you boys quit your squabbling and listen to me. First of all, Eddie, I want to know if you are going to ride for me or for Wally Craig?"

"Wallace is a good guy," the jockey evaded. "But he hasn't anything on the ranch that's any better than the brown mare, and Murray will be riding her."

Ronnal nodded.

"Well, then I'll make you an offer. The purse for the free-for-all is three hundred dollars. I'll give you one hundred, win or lose, if you'll ride the bay for me again."

"No, I'll not ride for you," the lad replied. "And I'll tell you why." Wallace and Murray had come into the room with several other members of the clan, and he raised his voice so they could all hear him. "Wallace," he said, "I told you these birds would be trying to frame you again this year. Smead is going to enter his spotted horse and Ronnal here is trying to get me to ride the bay again.

"Say, Murray," he continued, "let me ride the brown mare this time. I want to show these fellows up—particularly Elmer. He thinks he's getting to be a regular rider, Elmer does."

"Murray will ride the brown mare," Wallace said. "But if you want to show them up, you may take one of the colts you trained for me."

Eddie appeared to consider this for a moment.

"Too late to get one of those colts into condition," he decided. "Not that condition would make much difference when it comes to beating Elmer and his horse. But I'd like to beat the bay gelding, and the brown mare is the only cow pony on the range that can do the trick."

"Well, Murray will ride the mare," Wallace repeated. "But if you want a good cow pony to ride against Elmer's ——"

"Oh, anything could beat Elmer and his spotted horse," Eddie declared, speaking contemptuously. "Why, I could take one of my work horses and run circles around the spotted horse—if Elmer was in the saddle."

Wallace gestured impatiently.

"Oh, talk sense," he said. "With a good horse ——"

"I'm saying," the jockey insisted, "I could take a work horse and beat the spotted horse in a mile event—if Elmer was riding."

Smead had been fidgeting in his chair during this conversation, and now his temper got beyond his control. He rose, cursing, and struck across the table at the jockey. Ronnal caught his arms and forced him step by step backward out of the room.

"Boss," the angry man pleaded as the door closed behind them, "let me at him. I just have to whip that fellow again."

"You simple fool!" Ronnal answered peevishly. "Why couldn't you hang onto yourself a few minutes longer? Couldn't you see they were trying to frame something? Didn't you get that work-horse stuff Eddie kept pulling? What kind of horses is he using here in town?"

"I've seen them," Smead said. "A gray mare and a black colt. Stock that the Craigs unloaded on him. Neither of them much good. No, I don't think they were trying to frame us. That boy just doesn't like me, and every time he sees me he sets out to get me all riled up. Take his talk about the spotted horse, for instance. He couldn't have found out much by riding the horse just once. And if he did find out anything, he knows the horse is better over a long route than over a short distance. No, I don't think they were trying to frame us. Wally Craig is too smart for anything like that. Besides, I think he doesn't trust the jockey any more than we do."

"Well, I'm going to have a look at Eddie's work horses," Ronnal decided. "And after this I want you to stay at the ranch. Just as sure as you come to town again you'll get into a fight with him, and that won't make anything for either of us. So you do as I say and stay at the ranch."

Ronnal found time during the next couple of days to look at Eddie's team on several occasions. Once as the jockey left the main street on his way to the barn where he kept the team, Ronnal climbed into the seat with him. Eddie seemed quite friendly now that Smead was not present to annoy him.

"Where'd you get 'em?" Ronnal inquired conversationally, referring to the horses.

(Continued on Page 118)

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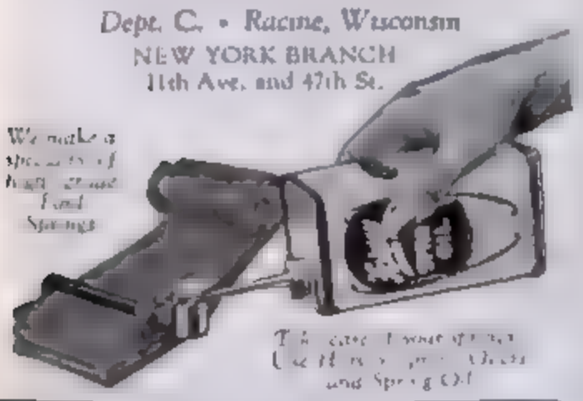

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(Continued from Page 116)

"From Wallace," Eddie told him. "See that black colt? I call him Eboneaser. But he should have been named Hippy. Did you ever see a hippopotamus run? Well, watch!"

He spoke to the horses and flicked the black with his whip. The team responded by walking a trifle faster. When urged again by voice and whip the horses began to trot slowly. Then Eddie began cracking the whip over Eboneaser's back and the big colt commenced his circus stuff, going through the motions of a gallop with his front feet while his hind feet continued to move at a ponderous trot.

"Did you ever see anything like it before?" Eddie asked. "But he can pull. Say, that black colt can lean into the collar and pull as much as any horse of his size in Oregon."

"Sure he can pull," Ronnal agreed. "How about the gray mare?"

Eddie hesitated just long enough to give the impression he was concealing something. Good acting, that.

Then he answered positively—a bit too positively, "You bet she can pull. As good as the black. Better than the black. Say, she's a regular pulling fool, that mare is."

Ronnal smiled. Later, as Eddie was taking the harness off, he saw that the mare was saddle marked and cinch marked. Old—old stuff, he thought, putting a fast saddle horse in harness. Ronnal loafed around the barn while Eddie was feeding the team; then returned to the hotel with him. He repeated his offer of one hundred dollars, win or lose, if the jockey would ride the bay gelding again.

"To tell all the facts of the case," Eddie admitted with a sudden show of confidence, "I'm more than halfway tied up with the Craigs. Wallace wants me to ride the brown mare if Murray gets to drinking or anything like that. Another thing," he added, still speaking confidentially, "unless the bay is in mighty good condition, he hasn't a ghost of a chance against the mare. She's better over a mile route than ever before. So take my advice and don't plunge much on the bay."

Ronnal seemed quite grateful for the information and advice; said he would keep his offer open until the last minute; hoped the jockey would decide to ride the bay for him.

Thus the matter stood until the evening before the race was run. During that evening the hotel and card rooms were crowded with ranchers and riders who had come in for the fair. As usual, Eddie sat at his favorite table. Wallace and Murray were with him. When Ronnal and Smead entered the room Wallace immediately spoke to Smead.

"Howdy, boy," he greeted, as if he had not seen the other for a long time. "Come in for the races, have you? I hear you've growed up to be a regular ridin' fool. Are you going to ride the bay racer for Ronnal? Or are you going to ride the spotted pony?"

Eddie answered for Smead.

"I've told you half a dozen times he aims to ride the spotted horse," he said petulantly.

"Oh, shut up!" Wallace exclaimed, as if irritated by the interruption. "Don't you suppose Elmer would have been bragging all over the range if he had a horse fast enough to run against the brown mare?"

Ronnal decided it was time to take part in the conversation. Smead usually stood tongue-tied during a bawling out.

"Yes, Elmer is going to ride one of his own horses this year," he said smoothly. "A good horse, the one he's going to ride. But not so good as the bay. I still think the gelding is faster than the brown mare. I have some money to back my opinion too."

"How about Elmer?" Wallace asked. "Is he going to bet on his spotted horse? Or is he just talking with his mouth as usual?"

Smead answered for himself.

"I haven't much money to risk," he said, habitually cautious. "And I'm looking for odds."

A number of the men standing around the table laughed openly.

"That's like you, Elmer, looking for odds," Wallace said.

"And I think I should have four or five to one, seeing this spotted horse was never entered in a regular race before," Smead continued "But I have a couple of hundred "

The jockey smiled now for the first time.

"Don't be so darned reckless, Elmer," he advised. "All the odds in the world won't help you when you haven't a chance to win. Odds!" Eddie began to laugh. "I'll give you odds. Your spotted pony is worth perhaps twenty-five dollars. I'll bet you fifty dollars against the pony that you won't show in the money. I'll do better than that," he amended. "I'll bet you one hundred dollars against the spotted pony that I can put a stock saddle on one of my work horses and beat you in the free-for-all."

"Oh, shut up, Eddie," Wallace said wearily. "Show a little sense."

The little rider looked at Wallace an instant, then continued speaking.

"This is my bet, Wallace," he said. "And I'm not betting against his horse. I'm betting against Elmer. I'll tell you why. He quirted me once—quirted me until I couldn't stand on my feet."

The jockey's unemotional statement carried to all parts of the room, and there came a sudden silence. There had been some talk of this quirting, but most of the stockmen who had heard it had dismissed the matter as idle gossip. Now by common impulse those in the room moved forward better to watch the players in this drama.

"Yes, he quirted me," Eddie repeated evenly, dispassionately. "But he didn't scare me a single bit." He paused and lifted his hands from his lap and held them out over the table. "Watch 'em shake," he continued, addressing the men gathered there. "Nerves! Every time I find myself in the same room with Smead my hands begin to tremble. I'm not afraid of him either. But he's beginning to be afraid of me. He's beginning to be afraid of me because he's beginning to wonder when I'll slip up behind him with a knife and square the account."

Smead's thin, mean face flushed. He had been wondering during the past months if the jockey would try to retaliate with a knife or gun. He had begun to be afraid. But now there was nothing to do but to brazen and bluff his way through.

"Go on with the talk, kid," he sneered. "Don't stop. You're just beginning to get comical."

Eddie nodded. He was standing now, his trembling hands still held out over the table; his cold, unemotional gaze still fixed unwaveringly on Smead's face.

"Look at him, men," he said. "Didn't I say he was afraid? Look at the sweat on his face. Can you understand now why I'm willing to give odds against him and his horse? His nerve is gone. After this he'll always be looking back across his shoulder to see if I am slipping up behind him with a knife."

Smead did not reply. Usually tongue-tied under a bawling out, he was silent this time because he was acutely aware that he had been doing just that thing lately—had been looking back over his shoulder with growing frequency. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and upper lip. The flush left his cheeks and a telltale pallor showed under the tan. Wallace, watching intently, decided to carry on the play.

"Elmer, you are scared," he said. "I believe Eddie is right. I believe that even in a horse race you would be afraid to let him ride behind you. I'll bet with you, Elmer—four hundred dollars against your two hundred that Eddie can beat you and your spotted horse. Not with one of his work horses, of course, but with any fast cow pony."

Still Smead did not speak; now was held silent by a sudden, unreasoning sense of impending disaster. For months fear, subtle, undefinable, had lurked just below the conscious levels of his mind. Now he was awakening to this fact, and the awakening deprived him of his usual faculties. Ronnal, dimly aware of his state of mind, answered for him.

"Smead will call that bet," he said.

"No, he won't," the jockey stated. He turned to Wallace. "Smead is my raspberry. Let me do the picking." He turned back to Smead and continued, speaking slowly, tauntingly. "How about it, Elmer? One hundred dollars against you and your spotted pony."

Smead's instinctive sense of values overcame his momentary panic.

"The spotted horse is worth one hundred dollars, maybe more," he said, speaking scarcely above a whisper.

"All right," Eddie decided promptly. "And you want odds. I'll bet three hundred against the spotted pony."

"What will you be riding?" Ronnal asked.

Eddie appeared to hesitate.

"Wallace will loan me a saddle horse," he said, after a moment.

Ronnal shoved his hat back on his head, put his hands in his trousers pockets and leaned forward aggressively.

"Old stuff," he laughed shortly. "Old stuff. So you think you'll borrow one of Wally's fast ones, do you? Well, kid, we're calling the bet you made first. You told Elmer you could ride one of your work horses and beat him and his spotted pony. And that's what goes. See? If you think you can beat him because he's afraid to let you get behind him, it won't make any difference what kind of horse you're riding. So put your money on the table, kid. Three hundred dollars against the spotted horse that you can take one of your work horses and beat him."

Eddie hesitated, glanced uncertainly from Ronnal to Wallace. A good actor, the lad was. He let his gaze wander from Ronnal to Wallace; then paused and looked at his trembling hands. There followed a silence that endured until men began to shift impatiently. Then the little rider's gaze lifted to Smead

"Look at my hands!" he commanded. "Look at 'em tremble! You brought on this condition, you and your damned quirt. Look at 'em tremble, will you? But they won't be shaking, once I'm on a horse and riding at your back, fellow. You'll do the shaking then. You'll do the shaking then, and no matter what kind of horse I'm riding, I'll be able to beat you. So I'm making my bet, fellow. Three hundred dollars against your spotted pony."

"And you'll ride one of your work horses," Ronnal said.

Eddie nodded.

"Either of them," he agreed.

"The gray mare?" Ronnal suggested, thinking the gray might be a fast one.

"Either of them," Eddie repeated.

"All right, the bet's made," Ronnal stated. "You'll ride the black colt you've been working. Elmer will ride his spotted horse. And the bet stands three hundred dollars against the spotted horse that you'll win the race."

"No, it doesn't," Eddie corrected. "I'm betting that I can beat Elmer no matter what horse I may be riding. But somebody else may be able to beat both of us."

"All right, have it your way," Ronnal conceded. "Put your money on the table and Elmer will sign a bill of sale."

During this conversation Smead had not spoken, nor did he speak while the jockey was counting out his three hundred dollars. He had put his hands in his pockets so the men there would not see that he was trembling almost as much as Eddie was. Beads of perspiration still stood on his forehead and upper lip. As soon as the details of the bet were completed, and he had signed a bill of sale which had been written hastily by a lawyer in the crowd, Wallace took the floor.

"Elmer," he said, "I'm still offering four hundred dollars against your two hundred that Eddie can beat you. I still believe you are too scared to put up a good ride."

(Continued on Page 122)

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GENERAL

MOTORS

(Continued from Page 118)

Again Ronnal answered for his foreman.

"Aw, bunk!" he exclaimed, frankly disgusted with that sort of talk. "What are you fellows trying to pull? If you want to give odds like that, Smead will call you. Four hundred dollars against two hundred. Elmer, put your money on the table."

This bet also was made. Then Wallace stood looking at Ronnal.

"Well," he said finally, "what about you? I have four thousand against two thousand, if you are through betting for Elmer and want to risk some of your own cash." Wallace did not add that it was the jockey's money he was placing; this was a matter strictly between him and the little rider and he was simply following Eddie's instructions as to the betting of it. Ronnal did not hesitate.

"Two thousand against your four thousand that Smead finishes ahead of Eddie," he said.

"Fine!" said Wallace. "Now have you any more to bet that a Craig horse doesn't win the race?"

The clan chieftain held a trick in reserve about which he had not even told the jockey—a trick Ronnal was far from suspecting.

"I have a few thousand to bet that a Craig horse doesn't win," Ronnal answered promptly.

From that moment the play developed into a game of poker. Wallace would suggest a bet. Ronnal would raise the amount. Forth and back the shuttle of their play went until finally Ronnal, at the end of his resources, had to quit.

"I'll give you another chance," Wallace said then; "a chance to take the clan to a proper cleaning. You have a ranch we want. It is mortgaged to about half the value of the property. I'll put up cash equal to the amount of the mortgage against your equity in the ranch that a Craig horse wins. You know and I know the bay gelding hasn't any chance. He's not in condition for a mile race." This was a misstatement and Wallace was aware that it was. He had been informed the gelding was in the best possible condition. "And as for Smead and his spotted pony," he continued contemptuously, "you know what I think about Smead. Eddie has him scared half to death; and when a man is scared he's beaten."

Ronnal hesitated but an instant. He, too, held a trick in reserve that even Smead did not know about.

"I'll call that bet," he decided.

It was the custom of the fair officials to accept entries for the free-for-all cow-pony race until ten o'clock of the day of the race. At exactly ten that day Eddie entered the black colt, Eboneaser, as a Craig horse; Murray entered the Maisie mare and Wallace entered eight other horses. This was the play he had held in reserve, not even telling the jockey of his plan. He intended to have his riders use those additional eight horses for the purpose of pocketing the spotted horse and the bay gelding right at the start. He knew Ronnal had tried to crook the clan when he entered the bay racer the preceding year. Now he intended to retaliate. He believed in paying the clan debts in full and with cumulative interest.

"It looks as if you plan to have a Craig horse win again this year," the secretary who recorded their entries said. "Anyhow, the odds are about three to one in your favor, because there are only three other horses going to run."

"Three others?" Wallace exclaimed. He had thought there would be but two—Ronnal's bay gelding and Smead's spotted horse. The other stockmen on that range, when they had learned how the clan was betting, had either scratched or withheld their entries. "Three?" Wallace repeated. "Who entered the third?"

"Ronnal entered two horses this time," the secretary informed them.

Wallace and Murray and Eddie exchanged glances. It was quite evident to them that Ronnal had secured another race horse which he undoubtedly considered faster than the bay. Wallace took off his hat and ran his blunt fingers through his close-cropped sandy hair.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he mourned. "Why didn't I have sense enough to have the boys bring down a whole band of horses instead of just eight? Eddie," he continued ruefully, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" the little rider said cockily. "Murray and I will be riding in the race, won't we? No need to worry. You tell your eight riders to smother Ronnal's new horse right at the beginning of the race. Murray will take care of the bay gelding. And Elmer Smead and his spotted horse don't count at all, at all."

Thirteen horses were entered in the race. Twelve of them came cantering up to the barrier in a bunch. Ronnal's horses were being ridden by professionals, strangers on that track and that range. Far behind the bunch the little jockey trailed along on Eboneaser. Eddie had arrayed himself for the occasion. The race was supposed to be a cow-punchers' race; so he had incased his legs in a pair of long-haired chaps of a brilliant orange dye. Pulled jauntily down over his eyes, he wore a wide-brimmed hat with a crown having the approximate dimensions of a young bushel basket—a cow-puncher hat of approved motion-picture style. Around his neck was knotted a bright-colored bandanna. As a final detail, he carried a heavy quirt suspended by a thong from his right wrist—a quirt made of braided rawhide that was loaded with a core of lead shot and tapered at the end to four wire-wound lashes. A wicked weapon, that quirt; and not carried wholly for effect.

Eddie was in no hurry. He let Eboneaser move along at a leisurely, ponderous trot. Someone leaned out of the judges' stand and motioned for him to hurry. People in the grand stand began to shout at him. But Eddie paid no attention. He knew Ronnal's race horses, hot-blooded Thoroughbreds, would not be able to endure the restraint that would be imposed during a long wait at the barrier. Already the bay gelding, nervous, high-strung, impatient, had begun to plunge and whirl. Twice he broke away from the rest of the horses and was with difficulty brought back to the barrier. The second time this happened Eddie smiled, aware that as a factor in that race the bay was done.

As he rode up to the stands uproarious laughter greeted him. A clown horse, Eboneaser! His awkward gait, half trot, half gallop, his long neck and little head, his big body and long legs, made him appear like a burlesque, a travesty of a racer. Then the jockey quit fooling. The big hat he wore bothered him, and with a swift movement he removed it and flung it into the stands as a souvenir for someone. A second later he crouched along the black colt's neck—and the race was on.

The bay gelding took the lead, running wild and out of all control. Close behind him followed Murray Craig on the Maisie mare. Beside the mare, leaning out like a scared jack rabbit, ran the spotted horse, with Smead, sitting erect, eyes strictly to the front, trying his best to overtake the bay. Two lengths behind the spotted horse galloped the black colt. Eboneaser had quit his clowning. Vanished was his apparent awkwardness. With an ease and smoothness of action possible only to a combination of perfect training, powerful muscles and inherited speed, he followed along behind the flying leaders, held back by the jockey, making no effort to overtake them. Training behind the black came the eight Craig riders. Obeying orders they had received from the clan chieftain, they had pocketed Ronnal's second racer at the start and now they rode in a close cordon, concerned not with the race but with preventing the outsider from showing in the money.

As the horses passed the first quarter post they were still holding the same positions, the bay leading now by several lengths, the brown mare running at the spotted horse's flank and the black still about two lengths behind the mare. A grizzled old cattle baron rose to his feet in one of the boxes.

"Wally, you son of a gun," he roared across the track, "why didn't you tell me that black colt could run?"

Wallace did not hear. He was too busy watching the bay gelding; was too busy wondering how long it would be before the hot-blooded racer would blow up. Long before the third quarter post was reached the expected happened. The bay, fighting the bit, throwing his head from side to side, faltered, broke stride, recovered, then faltered again. An instant later Smead flashed into the lead, with Murray at his side. At the same time the little jockey began urging the black colt. As they made the turn at the third quarter, Eboneaser was running at the spotted horse's heels. As the horses were straightening out in the stretch, Murray turned slightly in his saddle and spoke to Smead.

"Look behind you! Look out for Eddie!" he yelled.

This was the thing Smead had been expecting. This was the thing Ronnal had time after time cautioned him to guard against. And yet, unconsciously, instinctively, he crouched down in his saddle and looked hastily, furtively, across his right shoulder. As he turned in his saddle, his left rein tightened over his pony's neck and the spotted pony, trained to instant obedience, swerved sharply across the track. Before Smead could recover and straighten the pony out again, Murray was two lengths ahead and Eddie was riding at the mare's flank. With spurs and quirt Smead urged the spotted pony to renewed effort, but it was too late. Down under the wire they thundered, Murray, then Eddie and then Smead.

"Craig! Craig! Craig!"

Thus the crowd acclaimed Murray the winner. There followed an abrupt and sudden silence. The little jockey, just beyond the wire, had pulled back and locked knees with Smead.

"I knew you would be afraid to stay in front of me!" he taunted.

Those in the crowd could not hear the jockey's taunt. But they all saw how Smead answered it. They saw him rise in his saddle and lash viciously at the little rider's face. Eddie had already dropped his knotted reins over his saddle horn. With his left arm uplifted he turned the blow. An instant later the four wire-wound lashes of his own quirt raised four blood-red welts across Smead's face. Then for a hundred yards down the track they rode, knees locked, quirts flying. Smead's blows fell in an ineffectual shower on the jockey's uplifted arm, but Smead, still holding his bridle reins in his left hand, was unable to protect his face from the cutting, flaying lashes of the jockey's quirt. Finally, unable to endure longer the terrible punishment, he dropped his reins and lifted both arms in front of his face. The spotted pony swerved away from the black as the reins dropped, and Smead, leaning far out in the saddle to avoid the flaying quirt, was unseated. He grabbed for the saddle horn, clung for a moment to the pony's side, then sprawled in the dust of the track.

Eddie caught the pony and turned back toward the stands. He was immediately surrounded by the clan and their riders. Wallace reached up and offered his hand.

"Eddie, you've helped clean the clan," he said, grinning cheerfully. "You've helped clean us of all unseemly resentment against our enemies. Now we shall proceed to collect."

"Before you proceed," Eddie commented, "I want you to sell Eboneaser to me. I'm offering a thousand dollars. And look at my hands," he added, holding them out in front of him. "Never a tremble. They never will tremble again."

Wallace still considered the jockey a member of the clan. And he could afford to be magnanimous. The clan, individually and collectively, had won something more than fifty thousand dollars on the race.

"Make it a dollar," Wallace said. "That's the proper legal consideration."

He took a memorandum book from one of his pockets and on a blank page wrote, in a cramped, angular script, a brief but binding bill of sale:

"I, Wallace Craig, the undersigned, for one dollar and other good and sufficient consideration, do hereby and herewith sell, barter and convey to Eddie Craig ——"

The jockey, looking down over Wallace's shoulder, interrupted.

"Not Eddie Craig," he said. "Eddie Greig."

Wallace glanced up, puzzled.

"That's what I wrote—Eddie Craig."

"Not Craig," Eddie corrected patiently. "My name is Greig."

"That's what I wrote—Craig—C-r-a-i-g," Wallace repeated, equally patient. He held the memorandum book up, intending to let the rider see for himself.

"But I want you to put it down correctly," Eddie insisted. "Spell it G-r-e-i-g."

Wallace closed the book and looked at the jockey for a long, questioning moment.

"Well, by the bucking, pie-faced Pegasus!" he said finally. "Say, boy, do you know what might have happened to you last year if you had won that race, and if we hadn't thought you were a Craig? Why, boy, we might have turned our riders loose on you and Ronnal, that's what we might have done! And do you think we would have trusted you to train those colts for us if we hadn't thought you belonged to the clan? So you are a Greig, are you?"

"I am," Eddie said proudly. "And I'm here to say the Greigs are all straight shooters."

Wallace nodded.

"If they are all like you I can believe you're telling the truth. Maybe the first Craigs and the first Greigs were cousins. Anyhow, you are a good kid, and we like you. So give me a dollar and take the black colt for your own." He finished writing his bill of sale and handed it to Eddie. "What are you going to do next?" he asked.

Eddie leaned down and whispered in his ear.

"I'm going to take Eboneaser and the spotted pony down to Gold Quartz City," he confided. "A boom mining camp. And the two big guys in the camp think they are judges of horseflesh. Say, when I get through down there I'll be able to retire for life."

The next day, as the morning train rolled down the valley from Prineville, two passengers watched the highway, the wide fields of alfalfa and the herds of blooded cattle with moody, unappreciative eyes. One was Elmer Smead. Elmer's face was swathed in bandages. The other was Luke Ronnal. Ronnal's hat was in the rack above him. From time to time he patted his moist yellow ringlets with a moist silk handkerchief. As the train rounded one of the abrupt turns in the valley they passed a little rider mounted on a huge ungainly appearing black colt. Eddie Greig was on his way. He was arrayed in chaps of a brilliant orange hue, and he was leading the spotted pony.

When Smead first perceived the jockey he leaned forward and pressed his nose and the palms of his hands against the car window. Then he rose hastily, as though to rush out of the coach. Ronnal grabbed him and pulled him back.

"Boss," Elmer pleaded, "let me go. I've just got to lick that fellow once more before I leave the country."

Ronnal slowly shook his round blond head.

"What's the matter with you two boys?" he complained. "Always ragging at each other. Think of the killing we might have made if you two had had a little sense and been friends."

There was silence for a time, then Elmer spoke.

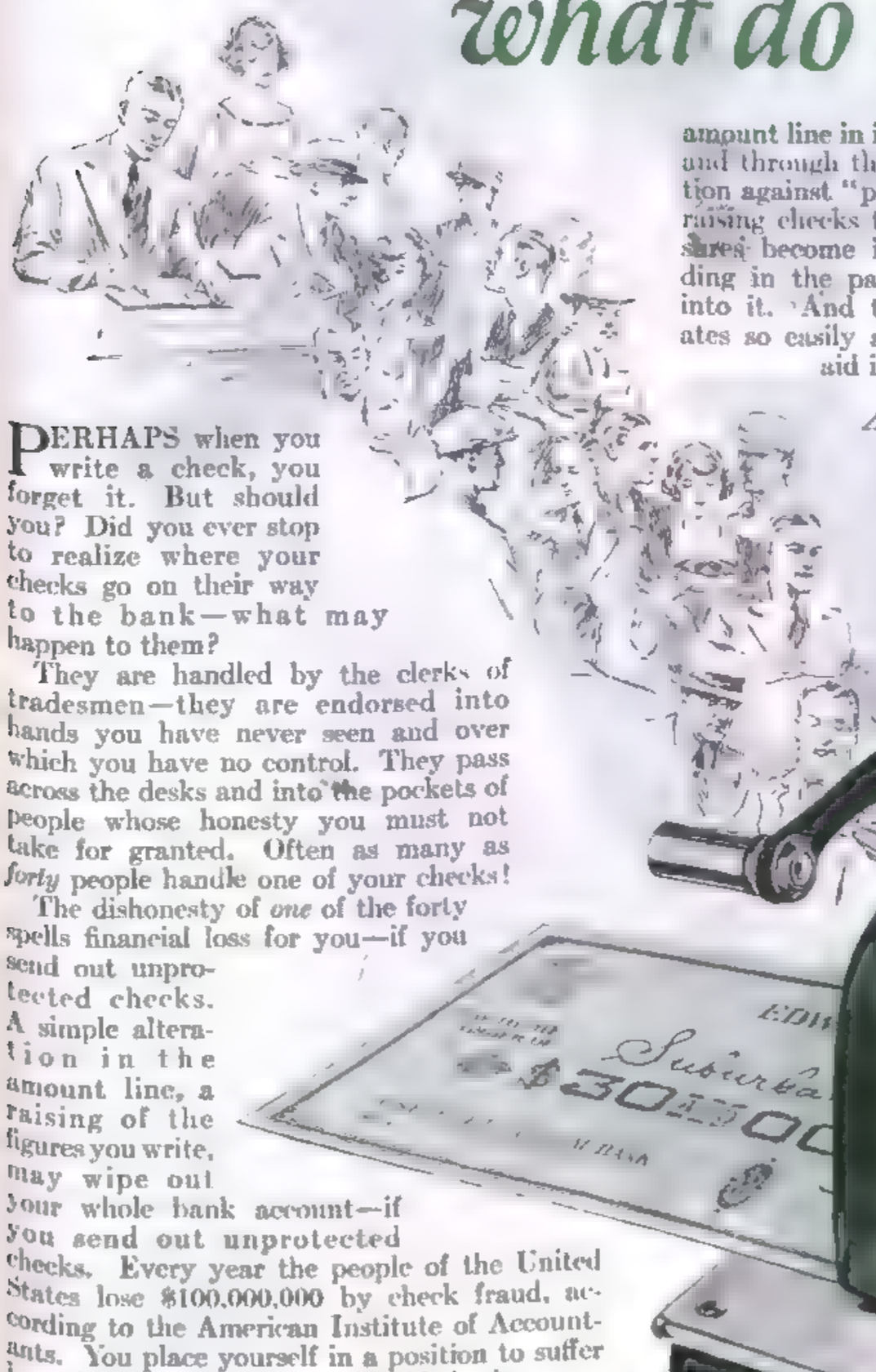
"I wonder where the little runt is heading for?"

Again Ronnal shook his round yellow head.

"Don't know," he said. "But I hope it's a million miles from where I run any horses again."

A host of people handle every check you write

what do you know about them?



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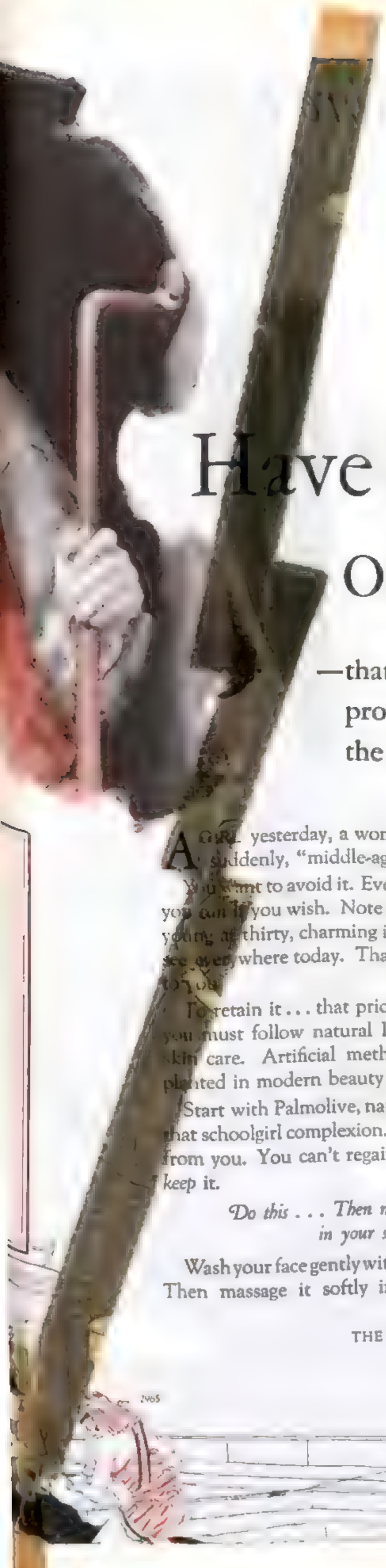

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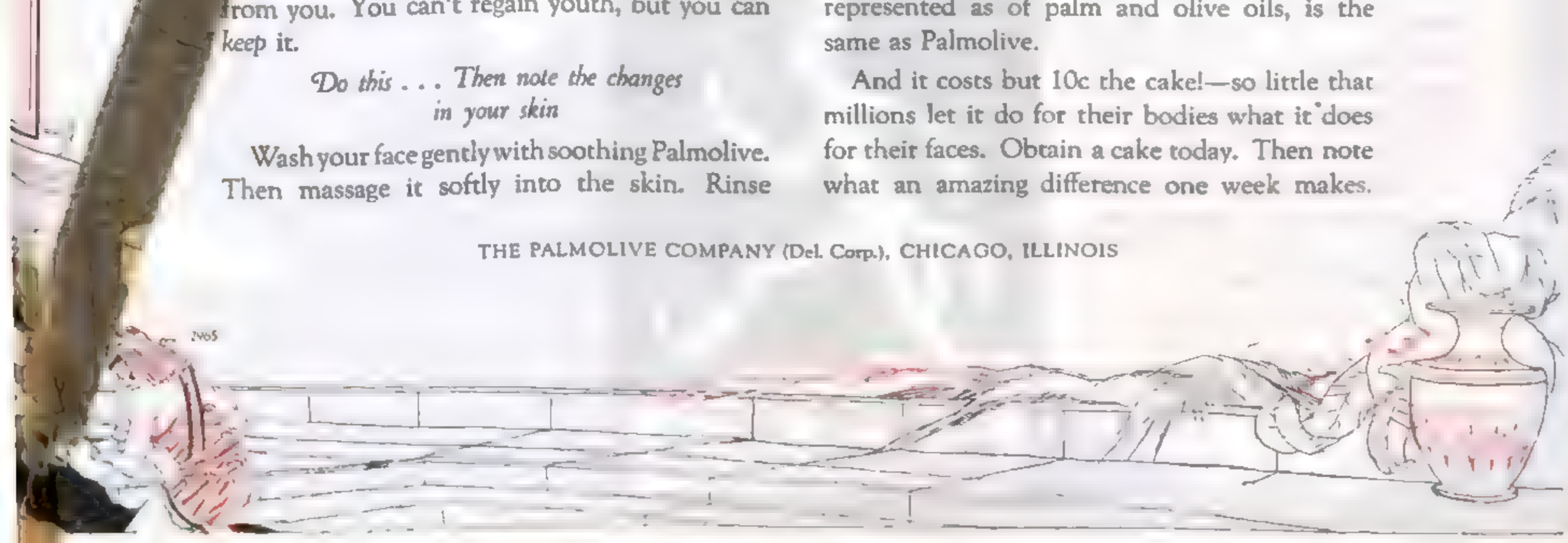

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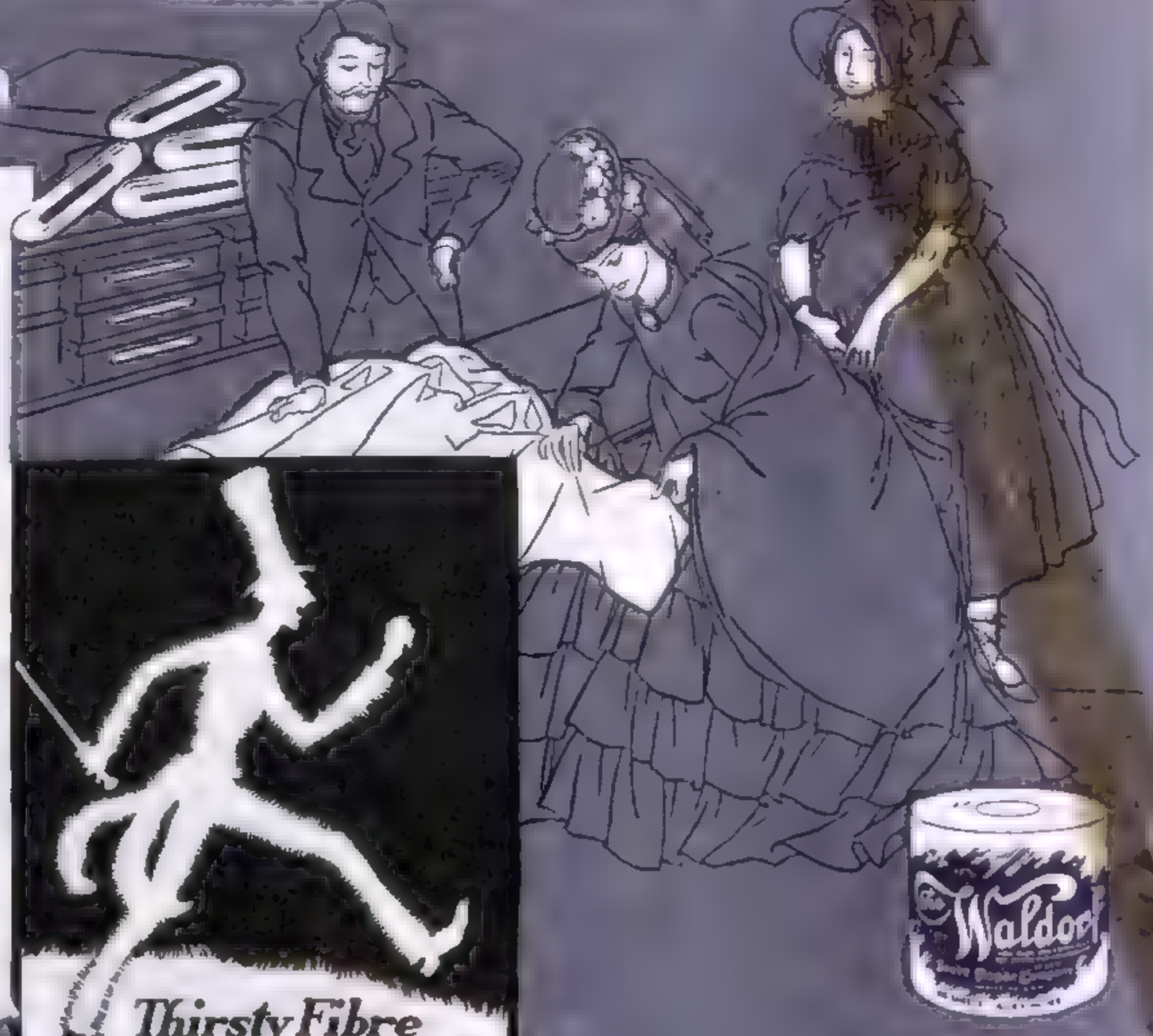

Thirsty Fibre Really DRIES

SEVEN HEARTS IN SAN SABLO

(Continued from Page 17)

What a sucker I was to lose that suitcase on the road! Here are a couple of babies, including the bird I'm after, with nothing to do but play cards, and both so cuckoo about them that they sit up nights petting the pasties and scheming to keep frayed edges from coming loose. What a wow of a stand-in I could have got with Van Tiller by producing a brace of new packs!

I finds out from Thomas, the agent, that up to a few weeks ago there'd been five white men in San Sablo and there'd been regular bridge games all day and most of the rest of the twenty-four hours.

"There's nothing to do here," says he, "excepting that and swill hooch, and neither me nor Stephens ——"

"Stephens?" I interrupts.

"I'm Stephens," explains Van Tiller.

"Neither of us," goes on Thomas, "is much on fire water."

"What happened to the three other palefaces?" I inquires.

"Two of 'em," returns the agent, "figured they could have more fun in Leavenworth than in San Sablo, and the other bird doped it that it couldn't be any worse hereafter than here. He bumped himself off."

I looks at Van Tiller. He's peeking into space with his lips atremble when he catches my eye.

"Let's finish our game," he growls to Thomas. "You play bridge?" he asks, suddenly turning on me.

"It's my favorite soup," I assures him.

"Me too," volunteers Ladyfingers; "but not tonight. I'm all in. Where do I flop?"

"We haven't much room here," says the agent, "but you"—meaning me—"can turn in with me. How about you, Stephens? Will you take in the other?"

"No, no," comes back Van Tiller in a frightened, hurried voice. "I can't sleep when anybody else is in the room."

I couldn't either, says I to myself, if there was a grip with two hundred and fifty thousand iron men laying around, and I have no doubt Van Tiller's got the loot stowed somewhere around his bunk.

"Never mind," says Cowan. "I don't need a feather bed. The soft side of the floor'll suit me. I'll dig me up a hide-away in one of the other shacks in the morning."

"Don't worry," remarks Thomas dryly. "All San Sablo's a hide-away."

The next day I talks Ladyfingers into going back on the trail on the off chance of finding the suitcase with the cards.

"I'd go myself," I tells him, "excepting that I don't want to lose sight of Van Tiller for a minute. He might get suspicious and beat it across country. If you find the cards, tell me, but nobody else."

I spends most of the day playing three-handed bridge with the agent and the bank buster.

"Be careful," cautions Van Tiller, "with the ace of hearts and the jack of diamonds especially. They're both badly bent at the corners and the least jar'll break 'em."

"And the queen of clubs," adds Thomas, "won't stand any rough treatment either. Stephens put that card on the bum."

"That's not true," flares up Van Tiller; "you started the break in it last Tuesday when you threw it down hard on my spade trick."

"You're cuckoo!" shouts Thomas. "I suppose you'll blame me next for that spot on the back of the four of diamonds."

"Anyhow," sneers the banker, "you'll notice that I don't wreck any honors."

"You wrecked something," snaps back the agent with a bull's-eye guess, "or you wouldn't be here."

"Come on," I urges, "let's play cards I'm itching for a little auction."

Three-handed bridge is not much of a game ordinarily, and you can imagine what a rollicking pastime it is when you have to deal each card like you were passing out soap bubbles on a windy day, and then keep your mitt all closed up tight and in your lap so the other lads won't pipe the frayed edges. I makes a hearty bluff, though, that I'm having the time of my young life; and while I plays a pretty good game, I fixes it so Van Tiller makes a mild killing. He and Thomas scrap the whole afternoon about the way the cards are being treated, but I trains along with the fugitive and we're on amiable terms when we quit.

At sunset the agent leaves to attend to some business at the fruit sheds and I suggests a walk to Van Tiller. There's nothing doing. He won't budge from the house, so I sits on the porch with him and chats. There's not a subject he won't talk about freely excepting himself and his plans, and I sees right quick that it's going to be a tough job pulling San Sablo out from under him. I paints pictures of America that would have turned a four-minute man green with jealousy, tells him about a lot of new bridge stunts they're introducing up in the States, and even steps on the slippery ground of the short terms the courts are giving crooks; but he don't show a sign of homesickness.

However, I'm not discouraged; I still got a month to go.

Ladyfingers returns with the news that the suitcase is not to be found.

"We'll all play auction tonight," I tells him, "and I want Van Tiller to get the best of it, or at least an even break. With those mangy cards, it'd be a cinch for you to read all the backs of them in about two deals and ——"

"What do you mean—two deals?" cuts in Cowan. "I can place the four aces and three of the kings now just from watching part of the two-handed game last night."

"Bright boy," says I; "but if you feel like cheating and can't resist, imagine you're a wealthy watchmaker and cheat yourself. I don't care how crooked you are when Van Tiller's your partner. These boys play for ten cents a point, but I'll make all your losses good."

"All right," agrees Ladyfingers. "Say," he goes on, "did you know that there are a couple of other ways to get out of San Sablo besides going to Carissima?"

"How?" I inquires.

"Overland eighty-five miles west," he returns, "takes you to Tapango, and ninety miles northwest to Arcana. The railroad hits both dumps."

"Sure," I jeers, "and further west yet brings you to a chop-suey joint in Peking, China. Where'd you find out all of this and why?"

"One of the natives told me," says Cowan carelessly, "and the info might come in handy. I know something else too."

"What?" I asks.

"I got a peek into Van Tiller's room this morning," returns Ladyfingers, "and I seen him fumbling with a suitcase on his bed. I guess that's where he's got the bank jack cached."

"What kind of suitcase?" I queries.

"Just an ordinary Eighth Avenue suitcase," answers Cowan, "like the one you lost on the trail."

"I don't care how much you peek," says I, looking Ladyfingers straight in the eyes, "but that grip of Van Tiller's is red-hot as far as you're concerned."

III

I MAKE mighty little progress in the next three weeks toward talking the bank cracker into taking a trip out of San Sablo, but I don't pull up any of my big guns in the attack. I plays the game slow and easy, figuring there's no use selling a bill to Van Tiller and then letting him have several days to think it over and unsell himself. The time to crash him heavy, I dopes out, is just before the steamer arrives at Carissima.

I carry on the inspector stall by putting a lot of questions to Thomas and looking over a set of books that don't mean any more to me than the Persian word for "tripe" means to a deaf-and-dumb Eskimo.

"You been in the fruit business long?" inquires the agent suspiciously, after I complains about the natives picking the bananas while they're still green.

"No," I admits. "As a matter of fact, I was sent down here to get acquainted with it."

"I guess, maybe, Stephens is here for that, too, and your friend Cowan," remarks Thomas with the suggestion of a sneer.

"Stephens," says I, suddenly deciding to come clean with the agent and get his help, "is Van Tiller, the bird that wrecked the Eighth National Bank. I'm a detective and I'm going to take him back to the States."

"I'm not surprised," comments Thomas; "but you'll have a tough time getting Stephens out of San Sablo. You can't extradite him, you know."

"I know," I returns; "but what's to prevent you and me and Cowan from grabbing him off some night and hustling him over the line?"

"Lot of things," says the agent. "In the first place I can't afford to get into a jam with the authorities over a kidnaping stunt. In the second place, Stephens—or Van Tiller's—got a dozen or two natives in his pay. All he's got to do is let out a yelp and they'll be plucking banana knives out of your carcass for a week."

Ever since I'd been in San Sablo I'd noticed several brown babies loafing around every time I was with Van Tiller, but I'd never figured they were his hired gunmen. Thomas' news sets me to thinking.

"Your best chance," cuts in the agent, "is to stick around until he gets so sick of the place that he'll leave on his own account. I've seen 'em come and go, and they never last long. The heat and the lonesomeness chases 'em out pretty quick."

"I guess you're right," says I; "but keep what I've been telling you under cover for a while."

All this time we've been playing bridge regularly every afternoon and night. As far as I can see, Cowan's on the square; and since we're always pivoting, whatever crook stuff he pulls is spread around even. By nursing the cards gentle we keep 'em together until the end of the third week, when I absent-mindedly picks up a pasteboard kind of rough and breaks off an edge.

Van Tiller gasps, and looks like he's going to throw a swoon.

"What is it?" demands Thomas, excited.

"The ace of hearts," I mutters, feeling like a second-story worker that's been grabbed with the goods.

"Can't we paste it up?" suggests Ladyfingers.

"No," snarls the agent. "You can feel the sticker when you deal. We're through, I guess."

"I got an idea," comes through Cowan. "Let's make the deuce of clubs the ace of hearts, and vice versa. What difference does it make if the dealer does know where the deuce of clubs is?"

"Fine!" applauds Van Tiller, marking the two cards with a pencil. "Let's go on."

In the next four or five days there's an epidemic of edge-breaking on the cards, but we carries on with Ladyfingers' idea. The trey of diamonds becomes the queen of spades, the four of hearts the king of diamonds, and so on. In fact, when we gets to the final game of our stay, one half of the deck is batting for the other half.

The day before the Southern Queen's due I takes Van Tiller off in a corner for a talk. As usual there are three or four natives in the offing.

"I'm taking the steamer to Bluefields tomorrow," says I to the fugitive. "How'd you like to go along for an outing with me? The marine officers have a swell club down there and we can get in some real bridge with real cards. We can loaf for a month and then come back."

Continued on Page 129

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KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

Continued from Page 127

Van Tiller's eyes glisten at the words, "real bridge with real cards," and for a moment I think he's going to flop for the trip

"No," he says finally, and the more I argue, the more stubborn he gets. Then suspicion hits him.

"Why," he asks, "are you so anxious to get me away from San Sablo?"

"Because," I returns, "I was sent down here to get you, Mr. Van Tiller, and you're coming home with me."

He takes the news calmly, just looking at me sort of blank and nodding his head up and down.

"You're coming with me," I repeats, and adds, "I got it straight from the bank folks that they'll let you off easy if you bring the dough back. What's a year or two in the pen compared to a life in this swamp?"

"No," says Van Tiller calmly, "I shall not go with you," and I sees his gaze wander toward where his bodyguard is lolling around.

"By heavens," I yelps, losing my temper, "you'll go if I have to carry you!"

"No," comes back the crook, still calm, "you'll leave tomorrow without me."

I beats it away in disgust, and in the rear of the house I runs into Ladyfingers snooping through the window into Van Tiller's room.

"What you doing there?" I barks.

"Waiting for a taxi," grins Cowan.

"Wait some place else," I growls. "I got troubles enough with one dip"

"Having no luck with Van Tiller?" he inquires, sympathetic.

"No," I tells him. "He won't go and I can't sneak him out of San Sablo on account of a bunch of yeggs he's got around him."

"He's a good gambler," remarks Ladyfingers, casual. "I'll bet he'd toss a coin with you on ——"

I don't hear the rest of the sentence on account of an idea that starts running through my conk.

"You know the Mississippi heart hand?" I asks Cowan suddenly.

"I'll say I do," returns Ladyfingers. "I invented it. For a long time, it was my regular meal ticket."

"You wouldn't have any trouble," I inquires, "dealing with the deck we got, would you?"

"I could turn the trick," grins Cowan, "blindfolded and with my mitts in a plaster cast."

"Well," says I, "if you see me patting my necktie tonight, deal it to Van Tiller and me and keep dealing no matter what I may do. Understand?"

"Does Van Tiller know the hand, do you think?" asks Ladyfingers.

"I'm sure he don't," I returns. "I happened to mention it the other day and he acted like he'd never heard of it. So did Thomas."

At dinner that evening I chats jovial with the banker, as if nothing had happened to change our relations. On account of the boat arriving the next day, everybody's in good humor and we're all laughing and cutting up when we begins the bridge game.

It's nearly midnight when the situation that I've been looking for develops. Thomas and I are playing against Cowan and Van Tiller. They've got a frame on us and it's Ladyfingers' deal. He picks up the cards when I flash him the necktie signal

"This," I says, "is maybe the last hand we four'll play together. Van Tiller's going back to the States with me tomorrow."

Like I expected, both the agent and the fugitive swing their eyes toward me. Cowan goes on dealing.

"Thomas knows who you are and the bank job you pulled," I continues, noticing Van Tiller gazing at the fruit man.

"Nevertheless," remarks Van Tiler coolly, "I'm going to remain in San Sablo." And he picks up the cards from the table and begins sorting his hand. I catch a pleased look in his eyes.

"Listen here," says I, without touching my cards, "you've got a frame on us and I haven't looked at my hand. You a sport?" I demands of Van Tiller.

"Want to make a side bet?" he asks.

"Yes, I do," I snaps. "I'll bet you that Thomas and I win the rubber on points scored"

"For how much?" inquires Van Tiller.

"Your liberty," I answers. "If we win, you return on the Southern Queen with me. If you win, I go home alone and tell the bank folks that you aren't here or that you've died. Are you on?"

Van Tiller takes a quick look at his cards.

"Yes," he bites off. "You win the rubber and I go back with you."

I picks up my hand. Ladyfingers has done right by me. I've got six spades from the ace to the nine without a break, and seven little hearts. Van Tiller's mitt holds the ace, king, queen, jack, ten, nine of hearts; the ace, king, queen of clubs; and the ace, king, queen, jack of diamonds. Some layout, eh?

"Three hearts," bids the banker, after Cowan and Thomas pass.

"You got something, haven't you?" I remarks. I studies a little while and offers, "Three spades."

"Four," barks Van Tiller.

"Four," I echoes.

"Five," says he.

"Five," I says right back.

"Six," he goes on.

"The same on spades," I announces.

"Seven," snaps Van Tiller. "Seven hearts."

"Seven, eh?" I mutters. "All right, I'll just double that on suspicion."

"Redouble," he shoots back.

"Content," says I, and Van Tiller should have known how!

I leads the ace of spades. Cowan and Thomas drop small ones and the bidder trumps with the nine of hearts. Then he shoves out his ace of trumps. I follow, and when Cowan and Thomas throw off, Van Tiller's face turns ashy. It's all through with his mitt and he knows it. He finishes the hand in a daze, getting only six tricks.

"Double and redouble," I figures. "That's seven hundred—fourteen hundred Five honors in one hand—that's eighty. Net for us, thirteen-twenty. Right?"

"Yes," mumbles Van Tiller, feebly. "I must have played it wrong

As a matter of fact, there's no way of playing the Mississippi heart hand right. No matter what you do, the six trump tricks is all that can be taken. The opponent is always one trump to the good on you, and having no clubs or diamonds and all the high spades he's bound to cash seven times

"Whose deal is it?" I asks briskly.

"Never mind finishing the rubber," says Van Tiller. "I lose and I'll go with you I'm not so sorry as you might think I would be either."

I sort of feel sorry for the old geezer, and sit up a couple of hours with him, making the prospect of returning to America as pleasing as I can

"Got most of the money left?" I asks.

"Practically all," he answers.

"In that case," I tells him, "you might get off altogether. A good mouthpiece and a temporary insanity plea ought to pull you through."

In the morning we pack to sail, Ladyfingers helping Van Tiller get his stuff together.

"Want to come with us?" I inquires of Cowan just before we depart for Carissima.

"Nope," says he. "I'm kind of getting to like the country. I might even buy a banana and start in the business"

Van Tiller carries the suitcase in front of him on the burro all the ways to the port. Nothing happens out of the ordinary. We get on the Southern Queen and in an hour we're out to sea.

After dinner I strolls back to the stateroom I'm sharing with Van Tiller, when the door smashes open and out comes the banker, shaking all over and with his eyes popping out of his ashy face.

"Look!" he wails, dragging me into the cabin. "Look!" And he points to his berth.

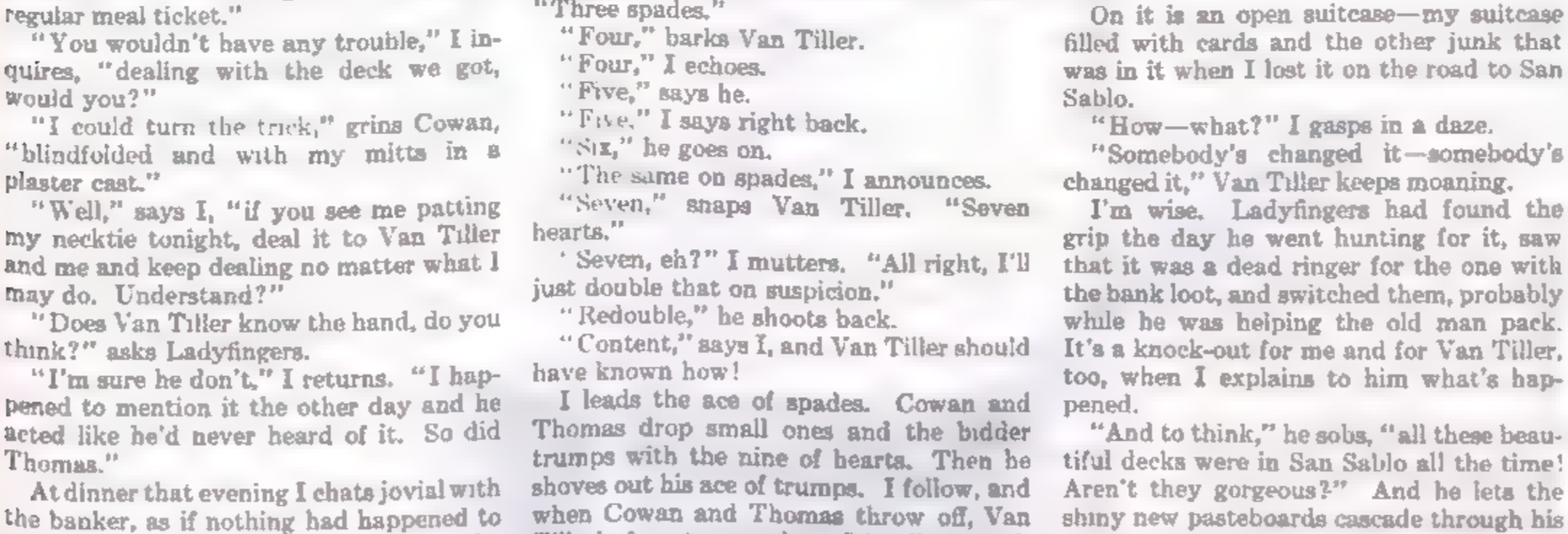
On it is an open suitcase—my suitcase filled with cards and the other junk that was in it when I lost it on the road to San Sablo.

"How—what?" I gasps in a daze.

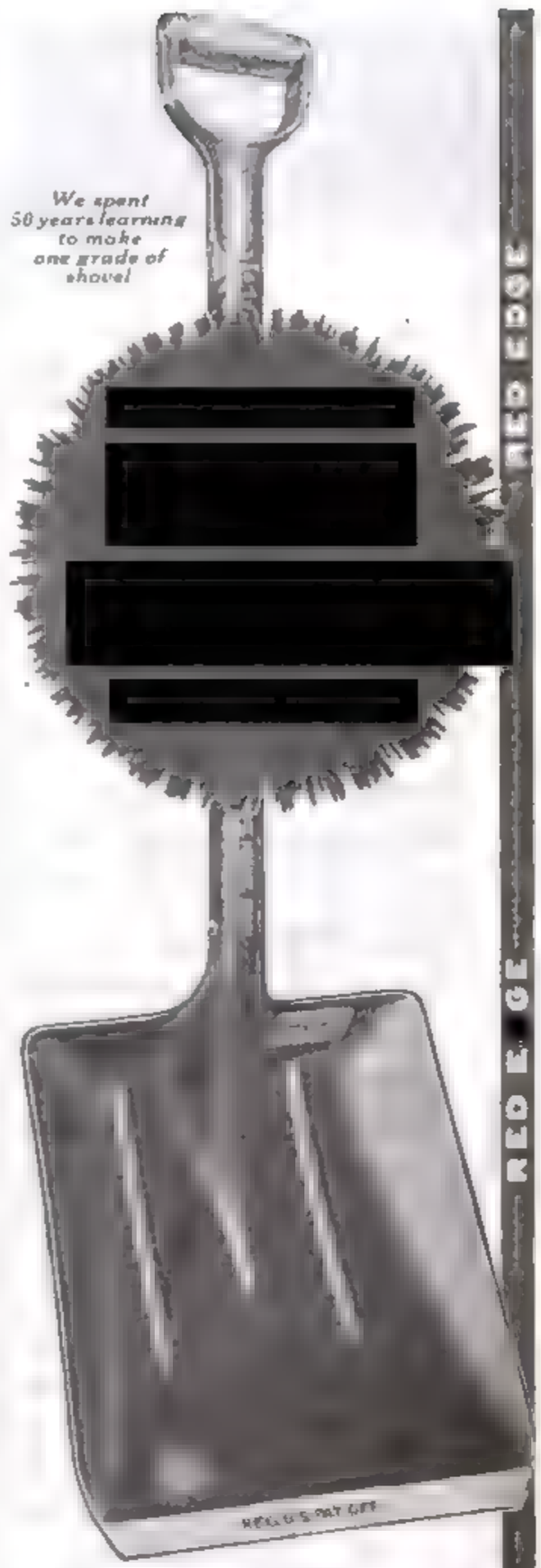
"Somebody's changed it—somebody's changed it," Van Tiller keeps moaning.

I'm wise. Ladyfingers had found the grip the day he went hunting for it, saw that it was a dead ringer for the one with the bank loot, and switched them, probably while he was helping the old man pack. It's a knock-out for me and for Van Tiller, too, when I explains to him what's happened.

"And to think," he sobs, "all these beautiful decks were in San Sablo all the time! Aren't they gorgeous?" And he lets the shiny new pasteboards cascade through his fingers to the bed.



Grand Lake, Colorado



8 Out of 10 Miners Use Red Edge

In the bituminous coal regions, where the miner usually buys his own shovel, just about 80 per cent of the demand is for Red Edge.

Surprising? Yes and no.

In the first place the miner knows a good shovel when he sees it. He knows a Red Edge will outlast two or three ordinary shovels.

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THE FASCINATING FIDDLE AND THE BOW

(Continued from Page 24)

chants the glories of departed dynasties. The strings are catgut, the bow a bent branch to the ends of which horse hair is tied by leather thongs. But the Persians love it.

The pear-shaped rebec, a Spanish descendant of the Arabian *rabab*, with its three coarse strings and half-moon hole on either side the bridge, was the first musical instrument played with a bow in France, was popular throughout Europe during the crusades, and probably suggested the *fiedel*, or *vegal*, to those clownish tramps, the *Spielmann* or *Spielmente*, who wandered throughout Germany and adjoining countries in the Middle Ages. The *fiedel*, or *vegal*, resembled the *gaudock* of the Russian peasantry and the *fidla*, still found in Norway and Iceland, and was the precursor of the flat-backed, slope-shouldered, thin-toned viol.

All these crude instruments were regarded with disfavor by the early Christians, who preferred vocal rather than instrumental music. But the viol increased in popularity during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, thanks to the troubadours, tournaments, pageants, banquets and dances on the village greens, until the Italian Cremonese of the sixteenth century evolved the modern violin. It is about the evolution of that sixteenth-century violin that most of the mystery lingers, for the violins made in the twentieth century are, in all recognizable respects, counterparts of the violins of 1550 to 1600. Yet the modern manufacturers have never been able to get the tonal results attained by the old master who lived and labored in an obscure Italian village when New England and Virginia were receiving their first settlers.

The Cremonese Masters

The first genuine violins with square shoulders, well-cut scroll and *ff* holes, curves, corners and sides, were made by Gaspar Da Salò of Brescia, Northern Italy, between 1540 and 1610. Da Salò was the originator of the Italian school which set the standard for violin making. The late Ole Bull, Norwegian violin virtuoso, played one of these large-patterned, even-toned Da Salòs in 1880.

When Monteverde's granddaddy of grand operas, Orfeo, was given its première at Mantua, Italy, in 1607, the orchestra—the first used in an operatic production—included among other instruments ten arm viols, three leg basses, two double-bass viols and two little violins. So Da Salò, our first genuine violin maker, probably contributed to the success of the first bona fide grand-opera performance.

Da Salò's violins were distinguished not only by their carefully cut *ff* holes but also by the arched back, of which he was the originator, and by protruding corners and a dark-brown varnish—and the varnish had much to do with the old master's triumphs. Da Salò's successor, Giovanni Paolo Maggini, also born in Brescia, treated his violins with a light-brown varnish of remarkable delicacy and transparency. Maggini's violins had narrower ribs and sides than did Da Salò's, the arching of the belly began nearer the edges, the purling was generally double and the back richly ornamented. Charles De Beriot and Hubert Leonard, distinguished violinists of the past century, played Magginis, of which less than a dozen specimens are known to exist.

But the violin makers of Cremona, a center of Italian culture not far from Brescia, founded the fortunes of our present-day violin virtuosos and of certain lucky ones who have old Cremonese masterpieces to sell. Practically every modern violinist of the first magnitude plays a Cremonese violin. Practically every modern collector of ample means possesses or hopes to possess a genuine Cremona violin. The manner of their manufacture is still a profound secret. Of all the violins, they are the most fascinating.

Three great Cremonese families—the Amati, the Stradivari and the Guarneri—gave their masterpieces to the world. Andreas Amati, first of the masters, introduced the small-modeled, delicately toned instrument designed for the cloister and the drawing-room. Antonio and Geronimo Amati carried on the first Amati's work Nicolo Amati, last and greatest of his line, died in 1684. Antonius Stradivarius, first and most illustrious of his family, not only developed larger patterns, he gave to the violin a quality no other maker has equaled.

His successors, Omobono and Francesco, followed rather falteringly in their father's footsteps. Andreas Guarnerius, his son, Joseph, and his nephew, Joseph del Jesu, really closed the Cremonese book, although Carlo Bergonzi, pupil of Antonius Stradivarius, carried on for many years with considerable success.

All told, the golden age of violin making extended from about 1550 to 1750. No violin makers of later date have produced violins with the masters' tone qualities, and among the Cremonese, Antonius Stradivarius was supreme. He and his pupils turned out about 1000 violins. During the ninety-three years of his life Antonius Stradivarius made about 500. About 300 of these are known to exist. With certain rare exceptions, they are better today than when they were made 200 or more years ago. About 150 of these are in America. But because a genuine Strad is the most precious possession in the world of violins, the discovery of genuine Strads is one of our great indoor sports. I witnessed an illustration of our national passion for discovering one of the old violin masters one day last summer.

A timid, rather time-worn woman walked into a huge office building near Broadway, New York, and asked for the manager of the violin department. The character reader who guards the front door directed her to the first elevator on the right, fourth floor, front. Then he turned to me.

"Spinster, from Connecticut, with an imitation Stradivarius for sale," he remarked, indicating the violin case under her arm.

"You are rather sure of yourself," I suggested.

"Follow her and see how sure our violin expert is," he replied; then added, "She'll be talking with him in a minute. Suppose you listen in."

I took his advice and stood on the sidelines while a suave, spectacled, stocky gentleman courteously peeked into the spinster's violin case and gently announced, "That is not a genuine Strad. It is one of a million imitations."

The spinster from Connecticut was righteously indignant.

"How dare you?" she demanded. "This Strad has been in our family for generations! It is worth a fortune!"

"It is worth," the spectacled gentleman politely but firmly informed her, "about fifty dollars."

Strads and Near-Strads

The spinster flounced out of the softly carpeted and richly wainscoted office as the expert turned to me, wiped his spectacles, smiled a little sadly and remarked:

"I spend half my life disillusioning people who are sure they possess a genuine Strad or Strads. If I could convince the world at large that every attic, pawnshop and junk heap did not harbor a long-lost Strad or other old master, I could save the general public much sorrow. But as long as the public is possessed of the Strad complex it is bound to be let in for a lot of trouble.

"A good genuine Strad is worth from $15,000 to $50,000. But dozens of commercial concerns have been turning out imitation Strads for two centuries.

"The victims or near-victims of these imitators are with me always, for I have spent most of my fifty-seven years studying old violins, and sooner or later nearly every prospective purchaser of a highly priced Strad, genuine or otherwise, in this country brings his find to me. Then the fireworks begin.

"The lady from Connecticut who just left here in high dudgeon is convinced that I have not been honest with her; that I was trying to buy her $15,000 violin for fifty dollars; that I was, to put it bluntly, a skinner. Whereas I was simply trying to protect her and her possible purchaser. I've done a lot of that in my time; but in spite of all I and other violin experts can do, some collectors and experienced musicians continue to pay fancy prices for violins that are Strads in name only."

There are many reasons for the demand for Strads. Italian violins excel all others in their limpid tone. That has been admitted in musical circles for 100 years or more. The Stradivarius quality was never lowered to meet a purchaser's price. Nearly all his violins were made for kings and queens or others in high places who could and did pay royally for Stradivarius' wares. And incidentally, although the Strad violins, violas, cellos and string basses were made to be played at court or in small rooms devoted to early chamber music, only genuine Strads and a few Guarnerius violins can fill Carnegie Hall, the Chicago or Cleveland Auditoriums or other great audience rooms of the present day.

Hence the keen demand for genuine Strads. Hence the enormous output of imitations. Hence the daily digging up of

(Continued on Page 134)

The Violin Vault of a New York Music House

The big pencil with *the* easy grip *and the* big smooth-writing lead

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EVERSHARP "75" is the name of a new series of Eversharps using leads almost twice the thickness of those carried by the standard Eversharp.

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The big pencils have all the Eversharp features, including the famous, patented, rifled tip which holds the lead firmly *at the point,* so it cannot wobble or turn. They are obtainable in black, red, or mottled, with gold trim, at $3—in black or red, nickel trim, at $1. And all are handsome.

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Try the Eversharp "75" at your dealer's.

Red Top Eversharp Leads, standard size—made in black, blue, red, green, yellow, and purple copying.

This is the "75" lead. Made in the same colors as the standard Eversharp lead.

Above—Standard model Eversharps in regular designs and barrel size, but equipped with the "75" thick lead—$1 to $5.

Below—The desk model "75." Black or red with nickel trimmings, big barrel, and big lead. A beauty and a great value at $1.

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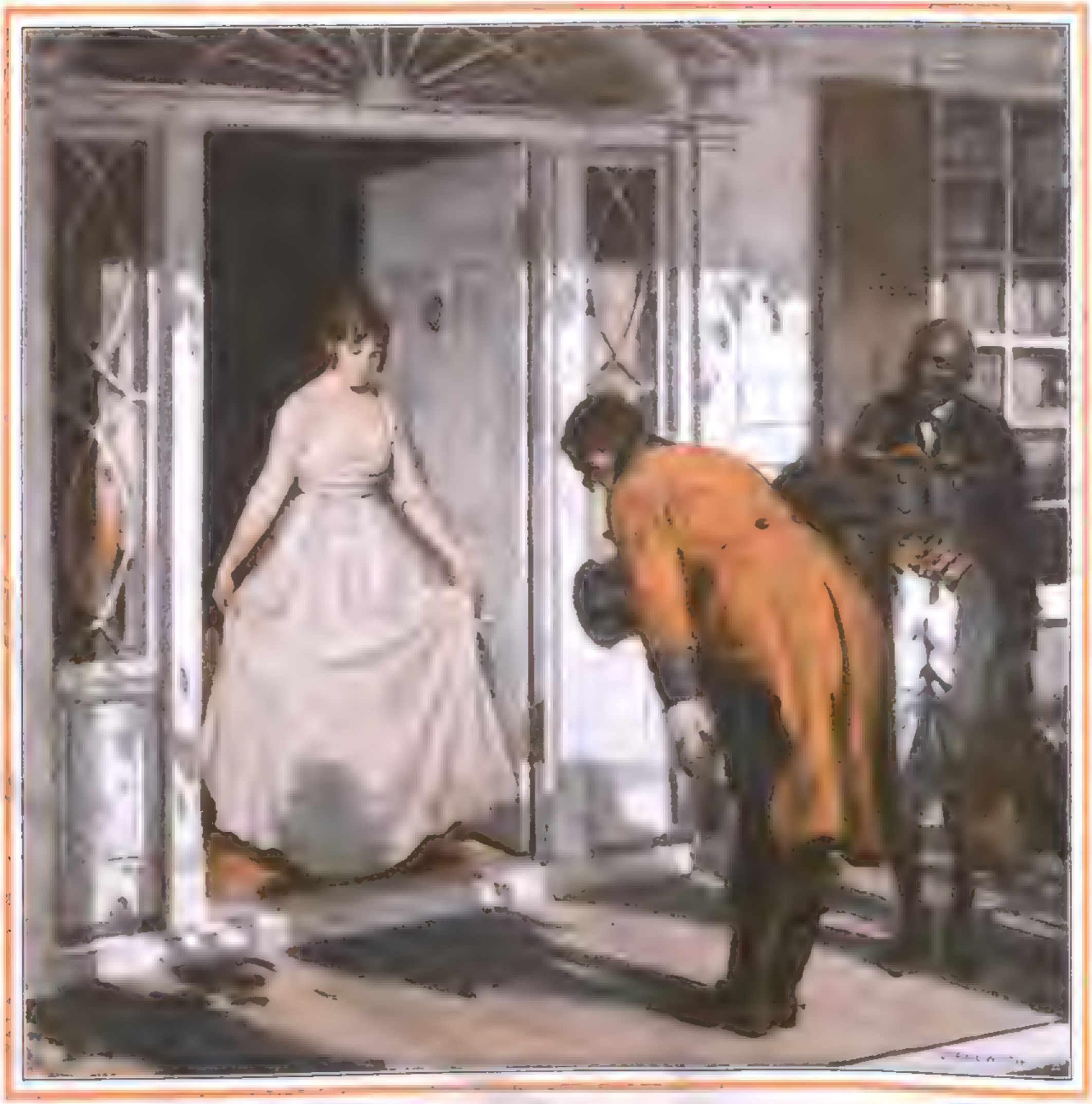


Entrance to "Montpelier," the home of Dolly and President Madison, in Orange County, Virginia

Here the Madisons retreated, at every chance, to enjoy the quiet and peace of this lovely old Colonial mansion. Public duties however allowed them little opportunity to be just folks

For sixteen years Dolly Madison was the first lady of the land, taking charge of social affairs for the widower President Thomas Jefferson and later for her own husband. The entrance to "Montpelier" was a worthy symbol of the radiant hospitality of this gracious hostess and is also a splendid example of Colonial architecture

Painted for the Curtis organization from a photograph by Joseph Ehrenreich

Compare the Entrance of "Montpelier" with the Curtis Entrance on the next page

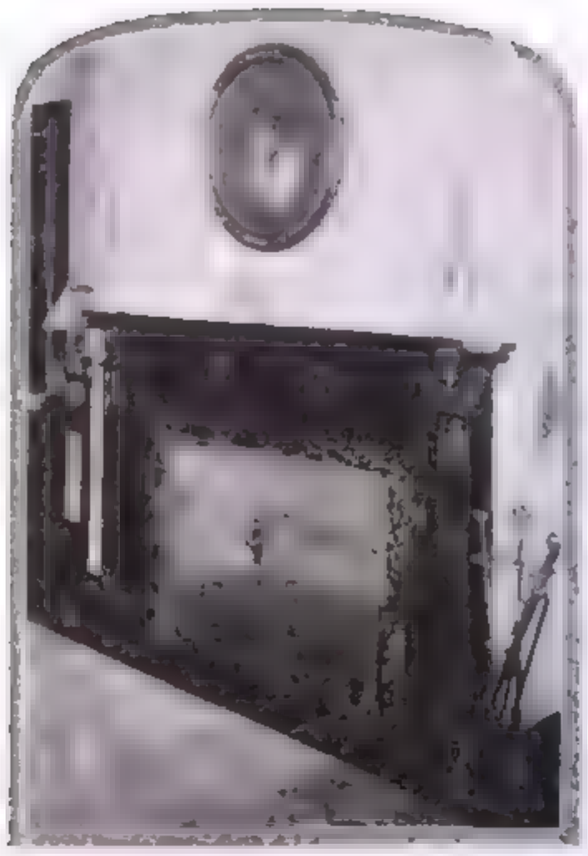
Curtis Woodwork designs are derived from the finest old homes in America and England

LIKE DOLLY MADISON, you too can have an entrance to your home that will speak of you and yours. You can choose the design for that purpose from among the many Curtis entrances.

Much of the subtle beauty and sound construction which characterized such old Colonial homes as "Montpelier" have been retained by the Curtis Companies in the design and manufacture of Curtis Woodwork. Compare the entrance to "Montpelier," for example, with the Curtis Entrance C-101 shown on the next page. The latter, with many other Curtis designs, was detailed expressly for the Curtis Companies by Trowbridge & Ackerman, of New York City, architects of some of the finest homes in America.

You can buy these authentic designs in Curtis Woodwork—including doors, windows, exterior moldings, interior trim, stairwork, cabinetwork—from the Curtis dealer nearest you. Ask him to show you his big Curtis catalog. You and your architect or builder will have no difficulty in selecting exactly appropriate Curtis forms for every part of your house.

Many Curtis dealers have display rooms or items of Curtis Woodwork in stock whose qualities you can actually see for yourself. Good design is not all you will find.



Curtis Mantels

If you are building an English house and intend to have stained or waxed woodwork, here is a mantel for you. It is also very attractive when painted, for the Colonial house. Design C-620. Price, about $40.00

A Design Borrowed From "Montpelier"

This type of entrance is found in many fine old Colonial homes, differing here and there in details, but all with the same general feeling. The Curtis Companies manufacture this entrance complete, including the frame, door, sidelight sash and transom. Other designs of doors can be substituted and the entrance is made in either a frame or masonry wall rough opening varying from 4' 11" x 8' 6" to [illegible] For full particulars refer to Entrance C-101 Approximate price complete, $85.00.

Curtis Kitchen Dressers

No kitchen, large or small, ever has too much storage room. Such dressers as this (C-757) make things most convenient to get at and you will be surprised how much they will hold. Curtis offers you a wide variety of kitchen dressers, made with interchangeable parts so they will fit every requirement.

Curtis Bay Windows

The bay window reaches out from the wall of the house and entices sunlight and breezes from three directions. To make it easy and certain for you to have a beautiful bay, Curtis makes this design complete—frame, brackets, sash and all. It is design C-1110. Price, about $30.00

Qualities you get only in Curtis Woodwork

In Curtis doors, for instance, every piece of wood is conscientiously selected; stiles and rails are securely doweled together; solid panels in exterior doors are 1 1/16 inch thick. In veneered doors the hardwoods are skilfully matched in color and grain throughout.

In Curtis double-hung windows the check rails (where the top and bottom sash meet) are rabbeted so as to keep out the wind and cold. All exterior woodwork is made of long-lasting woods and it is securely put together.

Interior trim is sanded and carefully wrapped for shipping so it will reach your job smooth and clean and bright.

Stairs and stair parts, as made by Curtis, represent the utmost in careful workmanship, selection of material, and authenticity of design.

In Curtis cabinet work you get mantels, bookcases, china closets, sideboards, kitchen dressers, and bedroom tray cases and dressing tables constructed as fine furniture is made: the drawers have dovetailed corners and laminated bottoms that cannot slip out or crack, and each drawer works on a center guide so that it cannot stick; and 1⅛ inch stock is used for cabinet fronts and doors.

Your builder and painter will commend your judgment

Your builder will appreciate these points of construction in Curtis Woodwork, because he knows and likes good workmanship. He will find that the Curtis factories save him a great deal of time and labor on the job, because of the thorough machining done in the mill; he has merely to fit and put in place. And your painter will find that he will have very little sanding to do on Curtis Woodwork because this, too, is done in the mill.

When these many points of superiority in Curtis Woodwork are taken into account, you will be surprised how little it costs—often no more than ordinary "millwork," and always considerably less when such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

Curtis Stairs and Stair Parts

Stairways in a wide variety of authentic designs are quickly and easily built from Curtis stair parts. These parts in standard sizes, are interchangeable, and can be made to fit practically every stair situation. This is stairway C-908

1866 CURTIS

This trademark appears only on Curtis Woodwork. It guarantees the choicest [illegible] high standards of workmanship and authentic designs.

CURTIS WOODWORK

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Curtis Door & Sash Co. . . . Chicago, Illinois

Curtis Companies Incorporated Sales Offices: Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

(Continued from Page 130)

alleged Strads in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Hence the daily disillusionings and heartburnings. Hence the great sums of money annually lost or almost lost by those who invest or are prepared to invest in Strads.

Most of the misapprehensions as to the genuineness of Strads can be traced to the label. In common with others of the old violin masters, Stradivarius pasted inside the body of each of his violins a paper bearing his name and the date of manufacture. Each imitation Strad bears a similar label.

Some housecleaning day a descendant of Henry Spivins of Red Bird, Indiana, finds in the darkest corner of the old Spivins attic or cellar or storeroom a dusty violin case. The finder opens the case to discover an old violin. Perhaps this discovery is taken to a local dealer or musician. The latter peers through the sound holes and beholds one of those Stradivarius labels. Much excitement follows. The local papers chronicle the discovery. The discoverer visualizes sudden fortune. The local musician may augment the enthusiasm by testing the instrument and indorsing its tone. Whereupon the descendant of Henry Spivins packs himself and his rare violin to Chicago, Cincinnati or New York and interviews a violin expert. The expert takes one look at the instrument and pronounces it an imitation.

He is promptly classified as a horse thief and sees that Red Bird man no more. But he frequently sees the rare old violin again. For nine times out of ten every collector or musician to whom that violin is offered comes to an expert for an opinion as to its genuineness. That violin therefore remains an heirloom in the Spivins family and that family continues to revile all experts to the end of time.

How does a violin expert know a genuine old master when he sees it? Much as a specialist in the United States Treasury spots a piece of counterfeit currency or a mother picks her child out of a crowd. It's a long tale in the telling, even if the experts would reveal the secrets of their profession, for most of the Cremonese masters varied their styles from decade to decade. But there are a half dozen men here and in Europe who cannot be fooled on an old master. I have known many a collector to wager $20,000 on the judgment of a violin expert and I never heard of an expert making a mistake.

What's in a Label

Anyone who has spent his life studying rare violins can determine, almost automatically, whether the instrument before him is genuine or fraudulent. One expert whom I know has $250,000 of old violins in his fireproof vault. He became an apprentice to an old German violin maker in Chicago when he was seventeen. He worked on the bench two years. His father paid $500 for that part of his education. Then he went to work in the violin department of a Chicago music house. He made his first trip through Europe in 1890, searching for genuine Strads, Stainers, Amatis, Guarnerius and other products of the masters. He has made sixteen other such trips since then. He has made many more trips through this country, running down reports that some rare old violin has been uncovered. He and other violin experts are kept pretty busy.

Word reached one of these experts one day that a certain man in Philadelphia had a remarkable collection of genuine Strads. The Philadelphian was interviewed in a back room where his collection was on display.

The expert took one look and said, "I am not interested."

That Philadelphian was a large man with fierce gray eyes and fiercer gray mustaches. He was nearly six feet tall, with remarkably broad shoulders, deep chest and long arms. He had, it also appeared, a lively temper. He made an insulting remark and reached for the expert, who withdrew hastily.

Two old Boston ladies possessed a "genuine Strad" which had been handed down from their grandfather's day. Everyone in their neighborhood knew they had a "genuine Strad." They had clung to it through many privations. Finally they needed $20,000 and they offered their Strad to an expert. He was compelled to tell them that their violin had no market value because it was not genuine. The nice old ladies left with their violin in its case and with tears in their eyes. They were among the thousands of victims of the current belief that each old violin with a Strad label is a genuine Strad. This unfortunate belief is fostered not only by those who deliberately seek to defraud a gullible public but also by those who think they are in the know, but are not.

Such a chap we will call Fred Jones of Chicago. Fred has been a collector for a quarter century. Time and again he has entered the violin department of some big music house, glanced at some violin in stock, asked "How much?" and snapped at the bargain offered. Then, a day or so later, he has come back all excited and held the seller up to ridicule as follows:

"Do you know what you sold me for $300? A genuine Strad! Yes, sir! A ge-e-enuine Strad! I've taken it apart. It has the real sound holes, bevel edges, purling, arching, curves, dimensions, neck, mortise, bouts, belly, wood, varnish, color, finger board, tailpiece, bridge and pegs. I'll sell that Strad for $15,000."

When a Strad Is Not a Strad

Thus he will rave for a half hour. Fred Jones has read all the books on violins—and that is some bibliography. But he has not been in the practical side of the game long enough to know when a Strad is not a Strad. He hasn't made a killing yet.

There are quite a few Fred Joneses in the country. Among them is a prominent member of the bench. Another is a New York capitalist who is a confirmed victim of the charlatans.

But it is not easy to fool the expert, for he has a record of every Strad in this country and Europe, and of every other worthwhile old master for that matter. If any such violin changes hands, some expert is almost invariably consulted before the sale is made. He knows where each genuine old violin is, unless it has been stolen, and there is no record of the theft of a genuine Stradivarius in this country. But many Strads have turned up missing, elsewhere.

The Czar of Russia once had a Strad stolen. It was recovered in 1900 through the activities of Alfred E. Hill, foremost of the London authorities, and the assistance of D. J. Partello, American consul at Sonneberg, Germany, who, following a hint and photograph that had come to Mr. Hill, journeyed to France and found the Strad in the possession of an innocent purchaser. Ysaye, the violin virtuoso, had his Strad stolen while touring through Russia in 1905, but never recovered it.

Most American crooks content themselves with trying to put over fake Strads, although the old game of coming into a violin store with an empty case, looking at violins laid out on the counter for examination and walking away with one concealed in the previously empty case is still played occasionally.

The thief who breaks the display window is the hardest to catch. A Tourte violin bow, valued at $1000, was exhibited in a New York window last winter. The Tourte bow is as rare in its way as a Strad violin. About three o'clock one morning a thief threw a brick through the glass. Happily the break was too high for him to reach the bow, but the dealer knew what he was after. That bow was not displayed in any window again.

Most of the violent attempts at stealing violins or bows are made, not by musicians or collectors but by yeggs who are bribed to do the dirty work.

Professional and amateur collectors take some long chances while bringing valuable Strads into this country. Strads have always been valuable. Generations of crooks have been trained to look out for them. When a professional violin scout brought over the first big collection of Strads in 1890 the best specimens sold for from $6000 to $8000. Those same specimens, if they were sold today, would bring $18,000 to $20,000 each.

The Joseph Guarnerius violin, dated 1737, purchased for $3260 from Hart of London in 1871 by the late R. D. Hawley, a famous collector of Hartford, Connecticut, was sold in 1903 for $12,000 to the late H. O. Havemeyer. It is still in the Havemeyer family and is worth $30,000. Thieves keep track of such transactions.

So when the London Mail announced in a column article one day last year that an American collector had purchased the R. L. Waddell collection of Strads and other rare violins, including the two world's greatest—the 1704 Betts Strad and the 1743 Le Duc Joseph Guarnerius—and was to take them to America on a given steamer, the collector began to wonder which of the international crooks would knock him on the head. So he made a last-minute change of steamers, got here safely enough and sold the Betts for $60,000 and the Le Duc for $40,000.

These remain record prices for old violins because each of the two specimens has the valuable combination of perfection in preservation as well as in tone. Professional musicians will purchase a rare violin principally for its tone qualities, while most collectors and amateur players want the appearance to go with the tone, and top-notch prices are asked only when perfection of physical condition is present. But the tone of a master violin can nearly always be preserved no matter what the instrument has gone through or how much it is worn.

David Hochstein, among the first American boys killed during the World War, had a genuine Strad knocked into fifty pieces by an automobile near Boston in 1915. The wrecked instrument was sent to W. E. Hill & Sons, London. It was repaired for $600, after which it sold in this country for $15,000. The tone is unimpaired.

A similar accident occurred to a 1731 Joseph Guarnerius in 1922. That was repaired in this country and is now used effectively by William Kroll.

Homemade Expert Valuation

Although there are more than a half dozen makes of rare old violins, the Stradivarius has the greatest hold on public fancy, because it is the king of kings among musical instruments. No other of the old Italian violin masters produced its equal. And no violin maker, since Antonius Stradivarius died at the age of ninety-three, has attained the Stradivarius level. The Strad's the thing.

Not long ago a violin expert was attending a barn dance near Traverse City, Michigan. An old gentleman with whiskers and a whiskery fiddle was furnishing the music. He rendered Money Musk, Turkey in the Straw and many old-timers, with much stamping of the feet and raising of the voice.

During a lull in the storm the expert approached the fiddler.

"That's a nice violin you have," the expert remarked.

"Nice! I'll say it is," quoth the fiddler. "A Cincinnati fellow who knows all about fiddles offered me $2000 for it. But if he offered $2000, it's worth $4000. Like as not it's a Strad."

The expert, whose name the rural fiddler had used so freely, withdrew without revealing his identity or the fact that he had never seen the fiddler or fiddle before.

A year or so after that episode this same Cincinnati specialist was at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Again a whiskered individual was presiding at a barn dance. Again he was approached.

"It's sure some fiddle," the bucolic violinist replied with pride. "A Cincinnati fellow who knows all about fiddles offered me $5000 for it. But if it's worth $5000 to him, it's worth $10,000 to me. I reckon it's a Strad, all right."

Once more the expert retreated without revealing his identity or the fact that he had known neither fiddler nor fiddle prior to that meeting.

Unfortunately a genuine Strad is rarely discovered in our ancestral homes or pawnshops. One may be stumbled upon in some out-of-the-way place, but the discoverer should not become excited until an expert views the fiddle thus found. A genuine Strad has not been unearthed anywhere during the past twenty-five years.

Collectors of Old Violins

Passion for the possession of genuine Strads is not confined to American collectors. It goes back to seventeenth-century Europe. Unusually valuable violins have done a deal of traveling in their time. The famous Tuscan Strad, for example, has wandered around quite a bit. It was originally one of a set of several instruments made by Antonius Stradivarius for the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1690. The duke was one of the seventeenth-century Italian patrons of art. In 1792 one of the Strads disappeared from the ducal collection. Three years later a Florentine musician, Giovanni Felice Morell, sold it to David Ker, a book collector of Portavoe, Ireland, for twenty-four English pounds. Mr. Ker, who cared little for violins, laid the violin away in his Irish country home, Glory Holes. At his death, fifty years later, his executor sold it for £240 to a Mr. F. Ricardo. In 1888 it came into the possession of the English experts, W. E. Hill & Sons, who paid four figures for it. It is almost unique among old Strads, because it shows no cracks, damage or signs of wear except where the chin rests and on the back. The varnish is of a clear, reddish brown, overlaying orange. It is now in the collection of a London gentleman and is worth nearly as much as the Betts.

The Messiah, or Messie, Strad has had an even more romantic career. It was made by Antonius Stradivarius in 1716, when the master was in his seventy-second year. It was one of the twenty in his possession when he died twenty-one years later. Antonius Stradivarius' son, Paolo, kept the Messie until he died in 1775, when an Italian collector, Count Cozio di Salabue, purchased it and kept it until his death in 1824.

During the next thirty years the Messie lay in the bottom drawer of a bureau in a remote farmhouse owned by an Italian carpenter-fiddler-collector, Signor Luigi Tarisio. He was one of the first great connoisseurs and collectors of old violins. His biographer was another violin connoisseur and collector, Charles Reade, the English novelist. Tarisio, after many journeys from Italy to Paris and London during which he sold dozens of genuine Strads, died in an attic over a second-class Milan restaurant in 1854, quite alone except for the rare violins, viols and double basses that hung from the ceiling and lined the walls.

Monsieur Vuillaume, a famous French collector, hastened to Milan as soon as the news of Tarisio's death reached Paris and was able to pick up 246 rare fiddles crammed in Tarisio's attic. But the Messie and six other choice specimens known to be in the Tarisio collection were missing. Tarisio's sister suggested they might be at an old Tarisio farm known as La Croix. There Vuillaume found the Messie. He returned triumphantly with it to Paris, where it reposed in a glass case until inherited by Vuillaume's son-in-law, Delphin Alard, who willed it to his wife, who sold it for the record sum of £2000 to a Mr. E. Crawford, an enthusiastic English amateur collector.

It is now in the collection of a London amateur and is priceless. It is one of the most interesting of Strads because it is as fresh and shining as the day it was made. After two centuries of silence, its tone, when tested, proved as pure and limpid as

Continued on Page 139

Good News For Shavers!

Don't blame nature for growing hair where you don't want it. The dread and labor of the morning shave have disappeared. Hereafter, shaving will be a real joy. Your razor will cut keen and clean—never a pull. All because of the magic of

Do this—after shaving, wipe your razor as usual. Then before putting away, draw edge of blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One.

Oh, what a difference the next time you shave!

Here's the reason: The microscope reveals the razor edge composed of minute teeth. Even the most careful wiping leaves some moisture and lather between these teeth. This causes invisible rust which destroys the teeth, dulls the cutting edge, makes the razor pull, scrape and scratch.

The 3-in-One you apply displaces the moisture; prevents the rust and your razor cuts the hairs instead of breaking them off or pulling them out by the roots.

A little 3-in-One on the razor before shaving causes it to glide smoothly over the face. A few drops rubbed into the strop removes the gloss and makes it take hold of the razor better, producing a keener edge.

3-in-One is to be had at all good hardware, drug, grocery, auto accessory and general stores, in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles. The Handy Can is the most convenient package, the ½-pint bottle is the most economical.

FREE— Special Razor Saver Circular and Sample of 3-in-One. A postal request, or the coupon at the right, will bring both.

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Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

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Kolster's

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F. A. KOLSTER,

His Masterful Achievements

Kolster is one of the foremost radio scientists in the world.

For eight years he was Chief of the Radio Section of the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Kolster benefited humanity when he invented the Kolster Radio Compass, internationally acclaimed as one of the greatest nautical advancements of modern times—a guide to passenger and naval ships.

The Kolster Decremeter, a basic measure of radio wave lengths, is used universally.

All this experience, combined with that of F. T. C. engineers, is now crystallized in Kolster Radio.

Kolster Eight. Single control. Internal loop. Provision for external loop or antenna. Built-in, automatically perfect reproducer.

Kolster Six. Cabinet. Dual control. For antenna. External reproducer.

Another Spreckels Success

Rudolph Spreckels, one of America's leading bankers, is the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Federal Telegraph Company (of California) and the principal owner. As President and Director of many companies, Mr. Spreckels' extensive successes in banking and industry showed him at an early date the commercial possibilities of radio.

F. T. C. engineers have an international reputation. They have built most of the U. S. Navy's Radio Stations, including the world's greatest, the Lafayette in France. The Company is now building five large Radio Stations for the Chinese Government. Here in America, F. T. C. telegraph business is the largest "land" radio service on the continent. For the Government, F. T. C. engineers installed the Kolster Radio Compass on naval ships and great liners, such as the Leviathan.

De Luxe, Yet Not Expensive

The Kolster is presented in several types and models. All are housed in exquisite cabinets whose styles are created by leading authorities on decoration.

The models are authentic reproductions of fine period motifs, adding charm and elegance to beautiful homes.

Kolsters have a beautiful, duo-tone satin finish on genuine mahogany. They are masterly examples of the cabinet-maker's art.

In the Kolster are combined both technical advancements and beauty. A pleasure to the eye as well as the ear

Genius

At last! Perfected reception Perfected reproduction

World famous staff of radio scientists who built the majority of the stations for the United States Navy now offer a matchless receiving instrument for the home. F. A. Kolster and his associates establish a new era in radio. Really phenomenal!

Kolster Superiorities

Finer Tone—*Perfected reproduction. Voice or music becomes actual. No "background" noises. All the rich tonal coloring in its natural beauty—not mere sound.*

No Dials—*A very selective, simple, single control keyed to stations, not to meaningless numbers. Just turn to any station. No interference. No whistles, howls or squeals.*

Very Responsive—*Extremely sensitive, without distortion, to both local and long distance reception. Greater volume under perfect control. Distant stations more satisfying than heretofore.*

Kolster Eight. Single control. Enclosed, rotating loop. Also provision for antenna. Acoustically perfect reproducer built in

A Climax in Radio Enjoyment

F. A. Kolster, the great radio scientist, Rudolph Spreckels, the able financier, a pioneer staff of radio experts—these three factors are united in giving the public a new climax in radio enjoyment.

Now comes tonal clarity such as you have never heard before, yet always desired. Now comes the simplicity you've always expected.

Now comes an end to all the handicaps to radio—the early limitations which kept radio too experimental for the average home.

Now the miracle of radio is more miraculous than ever.

Finally "The Lost Chords"

Up to now, many have found radio reproduction quite satisfactory in certain simple sounds and pitch—musically, within the middle register—but there have been sad deficiencies in the upper and lower registers.

Kolster has discovered a way to reproduce a broader range of tones and develop in all their charm the subtle overtones—the hitherto "Lost Chords."

How impossible it is to describe super-tone by mere printed words! But the ear catches nuances instantly. Once you *hear* the Kolster, your conceptions of radio reproduction will be entirely revised.

Yet wondrous tonal superiority is not Kolster's sole contribution to this new era of radio

Complete Simplicity

He has perfected a set without the ordinary dials!

You tune in one station after another by name, not by meaningless numbers. Only *one* simple regulator. Each station comes in always at the identical location on the register.

So easy! Easier than turning on a phonograph.

Yet with this new simplicity, Kolsters are extra-powerful sets, extremely sensitive, extremely selective. With a Kolster, there is an end to interference, an end to "background" noises, squeaks and howls.

1925's Sensation

The Kolster is presented in four beautiful art models.

You can hear these superb instruments at a Kolster studio or in your own home. We promise a surprise, a revelation.

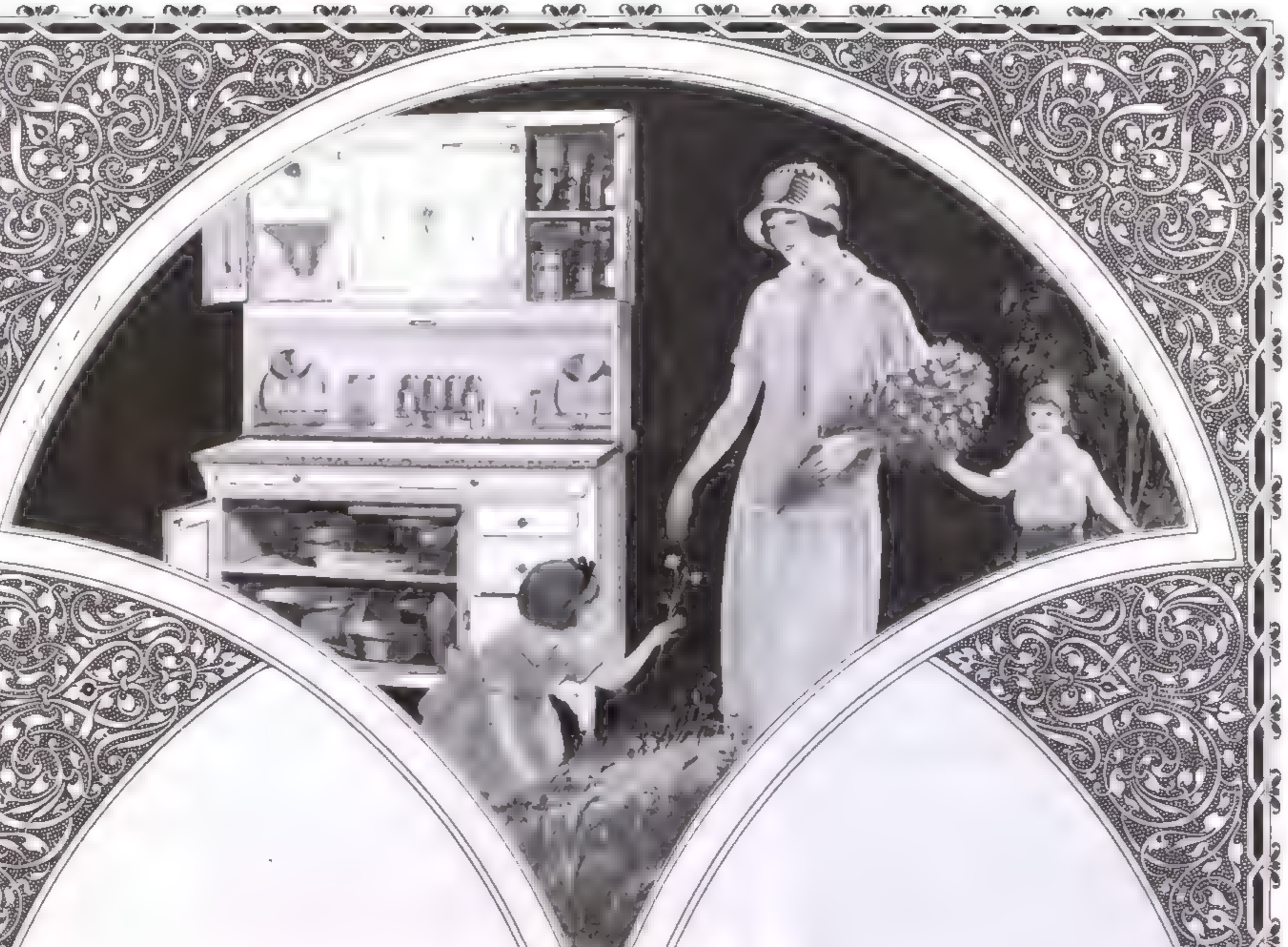
Until you've heard a Kolster, you've not heard the ultimate—tone so clear, so real, so perfectly reproduced that you'll join the others equally discriminating who assert, "My radio must be a Kolster."

GUARANTEED

Every Kolster bears a guarantee of permanent satisfaction backed by a company with assets of over $5,000,000. Kolster Service, as developed by Kolster dealers, insures the highest type of care and constant efficiency. No expense has been spared to give Kolster owners permanent satisfaction. You will find Kolsters only at reliable, progressive dealers—the highest type in your city.

FEDERAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY
(of California)
Woolworth Building, New York City

KOLSTER RADIO



Millions of happy hours are being wasted in needless kitchen drudgery

If every home had a recording clock in its kitchen, the world would face a terrific reckoning of time lost in useless work. Devoted mothers are entitled to share in the labor-saving conveniences which other workers now rightfully demand. In the front rank of all scientific devices tending to liberate women from day-long drudgery, is the modern kitchen cabinet. By this remarkable stride in domestic engineering, the preparation of good foods is changed from a heavy task to a fine accomplishment.

Let us send you our booklet about the new science of housewifery

Every home-loving woman who looks for the first time upon a Klearfront sees in its helpfulness a realization of her high hopes. In the white stretch of its ample work-surface, she finds a perfect center for skilled tasks. And among its "fifteen famous features" are all needed and "handy" facilities for the speedy preparation of better foods. Now sold on terms by better dealers everywhere. Send today for our illustrated and interesting booklet "P-9" to the G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 134)

though it had been in steady use, thus controverting the doctrine that the old Cremonese violins were mellowed by use as well as age.

The Red Strad, or Bott Strad, had a checkered career. Made by Antonius Stradivarius at Cremona in 1723, and regarded by him as his most excellent bit of handiwork, it was bought by the Duke of Cambridge, under whose care it became an ornament rather than an object for use. At the death of the duke it was willed to his friend, the famous musician and teacher, Moritz Haussmann. When Haussmann died and his estate was sold, the valuable instrument came into the possession of the great musician, Jean Joseph Bott, who paid for it what seemed to him a princely fortune, 16,000 marks.

Bott was conductor of the Hanover Opera House, admired by men like Meyerbeer and Liszt, but with the coming of this violin misfortune seemed to come also. New schools of music sprang up, and Wagner became the idol of the day. So Bott came to America. Used to the friendliness of Hanover, New York seemed to him cold and formidable. Jobs were few and far between. The result was that the Bott family savings began to dwindle considerably.

Once in a Union Square dealer's shop Bott mentioned the fact that he had a Stradivarius and considered selling it. Thereafter he was besieged by dealers of all kinds who wanted the precious instrument. He almost closed a deal with Almamina Nicolini, husband of the diva, Patti, who, on the point of sailing for Europe, offered him a check for $5000. But this was refused, Bott saying he wanted gold. The next day the Stradivarius was stolen from his home while Mr. Bott and his wife were out visiting. The theft occurred in 1894, and though the police were informed and the dealer whom Bott had first seen was accused and tried, the rare old violin could not be located. Bott died shortly after this, inconsolable because of his great loss.

In 1900 an agent found a violin very much like the lost one, in the parlor of a Brooklyn home. Mrs. Bott was summoned and identified it as the original Bott Strad. The Brooklynite had paid thirty dollars for it to an Irish dealer named Jim Dooley, who had picked it up in a lower East Side pawnshop where it had lain for five years. The Strad was restored to Mrs. Bott.

The Only Secret of the Violins

In 1904 Mrs. Bott, through her husband's brother, sold the Bott to a big music dealer. Its present owner, a Philadelphia broker and musician, paid $16,000 for it. He got a bargain.

The Cremonese masters, while they specialized in violins, also made violas, cellos and double basses. Among the best Strad cellos in this country is the Vaslin, dated 1725, in the Felix M. Warburg collection. Herbert N. Strauss, of New York, has one of the finest of the Strad violas, made in 1690, as part of the set from which the Tuscan Strad came. He also owns the La Vecque Strad cello, and two Strad violins, the Soule and the Archinto, the only quartet of Strads owned by one individual in the United States. The late United States Senator Clark and the late Theodore P. Shonts left several fine old violins.

The limited number of those old violins tends to increase their market value, but, after all, it is their tone quality as well as the romance which surrounds them that makes them the envy as well as the despair of modern fiddle manufacturers.

Now and then a modern arises with the declaration that he can make as good a fiddle as was ever made. On the face of it there seems to be no reason why he should not. The kinds of wood used by the old Cremonese, and by Jacob Stainer, the Tyrolean who came pretty close to some of the Italian violins in tone quality, are well known. The curves and proportions are easily determined. The various varnishes used by Amati, Stradivarius, Guarnerius and others of that school have been analyzed. There is no secret about the rare old violins, except this one—how do they get that way? For in spite of sporadic tests, in which unbiased juries declare the modern violins equal the old Cremonese violins in tone quality, the fact remains that the concert violinists who draw the biggest audiences and the biggest fees for playing or teaching, use only violins made by the old Italian school. They did something to a violin—did Amati, Stradivarius, Guarnerius, *et al*—that none of the moderns have been able to do. The question is, What?

Some experts insist that the salt-laden air of Lombardy produced a particularly resonant quality of spruce, and that the old masters selected their maple from Bosnian forests where trees grew under conditions that furnished ideal violin backs and sides. It is even asserted that the Cremonese had a genius for picking timber with certain tone qualities.

Many years ago a French scientist, Savart, experimenting with strips taken from genuine Strads, showed that there is a difference of one tone between the back and belly. A strip from the back of a 1717 Strad and a strip from the back of a 1708 Strad each yielded the tone of F sharp, while a strip from a 1724 Strad belly and a strip from a 1690 Strad belly each yielded the interval. Stradivarius therefore apparently selected his backs and bellies on some recognized tone principle, using the soft spruce for the bellies and the hard maple for the backs.

Special Varnishes

It is generally believed that much of the wood was seasoned in the sunshine seven years before it was used and that the maker frequently spent two or three years after the violin was made taking it apart and putting it together again until it was in perfect balance—until all the strain had been taken up at the proper points. It is also believed that many imperfect instruments were thrown away.

Although there are some modern violin makers who will take the time and trouble to follow the supposed Cremonese method, it is the tendency of our age to turn them out in factory fashion. The late Melville H. Andrews, of Bangor, Maine, took a Cremonese joy and pride in his violins, some of which were made from a barn torn down in 1810 and others from a bridge torn down in 1846. The curly-maple backs were quarter-sawed to bring out the grain, and the bellies were of long-seasoned spruce. But he also was an exception to the rule.

Various written records show that Stradivarius was exceedingly slow on delivery, even to the King of Spain and other royal patrons. These same records indicate that he was a long time in applying his last coat of varnish, and a good many of our experts on the old Cremonese violins are positive that the secret of their superior quality is to be found in the manufacture and applying of this varnish. There exists a letter from Count Salabue written in 1770, asking a Cremonese to make him a violin and to varnish it in the Cremonese style. Nearly 100 years before that, a cleric wrote to Stradivarius urging him to hasten the completion of a violin ordered. And Stradivarius replied that he was waiting for good weather—evidently to apply his varnish.

But whether we have or have not guessed at the materials and methods employed by Stradivarius and his coworkers, it is certain that while experimenters may have created a duplicate of the Cremonese varnish, they have not been able to apply it in the Cremonese style since 1770 or thereabouts. Genuine Cremonese varnish is amber colored on the violins made prior to 1690, and light-red orange or velvety brown on those of later make. It is very soft and glossy as it rubs away. But no matter how much is taken from the surface by time and wear and tear, the filler remains, and the tone remains with it.

The Venetian varnish is many-shaded and clear; the Jacob Stainer varnish is yellowish brown with a subtle roseate hue; the Brescian varnish is soft and brown, but lacks the characteristic Cremonese transparency; the French varnish is Cremonese in color, but more glassy and brittle; while the German varnish is apt to be brown and muddy. All approximate the Cremonese as closely as possible, but genuine Cremonese varnish used by hundreds of makers on thousands of violins from 1550 to 1770 has absolutely disappeared.

The truth seems to be that the violin masters of the Cremonese school made an oil varnish by hand from such transparent elastic resins as mastic and dammar, which are friendly to the waves of vibration, and that they were also much given to color varnishes. It also appears that about the middle of the eighteenth century quicker and more convenient ready-made, quick-drying spirit varnishes superseded the slow-drying oil varnishes made by the patient, painstaking Cremonese; so in a few years some of their ingredients, such as the dragon's blood credited with producing the splendid Cremonese flush, ceased to be commercial products and the manufacture of the varnish of Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius became one of the lost arts.

But whatever the causes contributing to the perfection of the master-made violins, their inspiration remains. There have never been so many students of the violin as in our day. Each year sees a new high record in prices obtained by violin teachers and violin virtuosos. Concert attendance in general may show a decline, but the Heifetzes, Seidls, Rosens, Strassavitchs, Hubermanns, Zimbalists, Elmans, Piastros, Poliakines and Kreislers go on their prosperous way, following in the footsteps of Tartini, Pugnani, Paganini, Viotti, Spohr, De Bériot, Vieuxtemps, Sarasate, Wilhelmj, Maud Powell and a host of those who have made the violin talk to humanity.

Fiddle Fans of Today

There are more symphony orchestras functioning in 1925 than in any other year of our history, and half the instruments in each symphony orchestra belong to the violin family. There are more violin classes in public and private schools than we have ever known before. Chamber music, by string trios or quartets, is gaining in popularity each year. The same Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge who finances the annual chamber-music festivals in her own auditorium at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has donated a $60,000 addition to the Library of Congress at Washington, to be used primarily for chamber-music concerts, supported by an endowment which will eventually give this new national home of chamber music an income of $25,000 yearly. The University of California and Columbia University are among the scores of state and privately endowed educational institutions offering long series of chamber-music concerts in which the groups consist of any combination, from a joint sonata team of violin and piano to double quartets and ensembles of twelve instruments.

Out in dear old Rochelle the neighbors are gathering as this is written to hear a symphony orchestra of seventy-five musically proficient pupils from five neighboring high schools.

I wonder what Lem Tilton, fiddling on his Pine Rock township farm, will say to that. Probably he will agree with Leopold Auer and the rest of us fiddle fans that this current enthusiasm for the violin can be traced straight back to old Antonius Stradivarius, who labored long and lovingly in picturesque Cremona, nestling on the banks of the meandering Po.

For most of the fans agree that what Shakspere was to literature, Cellini to metal working, Raphael to painting and Galileo to astronomy, Antonius Stradivarius was to the violin.

And if it had not been for Stradivarius and his fellow Cremonese and for that master bowman, François Tourte, we might not be blessed in this hectic age with the fascinating fiddle and the bow.

A month's supply with our compliments

A MONTH'S supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Milk-Bottle Caps FREE!—but it won't take you that long to decide that hereafter your milkman must give you this guarantee of health and convenience with each bottle.

Just think of a cap that does away with the messy, unsanitary use of thumb, fork or ice-pick! A gentle pull and the mouth is open—a slight pressure and the bottle again is securely closed.

A safeguard for your children's health; a convenience for you. Mail the attached coupon today for full month's supply.

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Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

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"Take a peep at this insulation"

The Willard

Willard Automobile Batteries

Bear this in mind. A battery that does *not* have to be reinsulated saves you far more than the cost of this repair.

You'll realize how much this means to you in dollars and cents when we tell you that a severe insulation breakdown often places a battery beyond economical repair, and that even a slight one is bound to rob the plates of much of their useful life.

Now, the insulation you've been looking at is Willard Threaded Rubber—and here's our policy on every Willard Threaded Rubber Battery we sell.

The insulation must stand up and continue to give satisfactory, uninterrupted service for the entire life of the plates, or we will reinsulate your battery *without charge*.

No strings to this—no jokers. Touring or at home it applies to all of us. But you won't have to ask us to make good—Willard Threaded Rubber does that for us.

We service all makes
and sell Willards for all cars

Willard Radio Batteries

Another feature of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation (and this applies equally to your automobile battery) is that its use enables us to stock batteries Charged bone dry.

As these are not filled until sold, you are sure of receiving batteries which are free from shelf wear—strictly brand new and in the pink of condition.

Willard Radio Batteries last for years. An occasional recharge puts back the current your set has used and keeps them like new batteries all the time.

Recharging a Willard is a very simple matter. If your house is wired for electric light you can do this right at home, or if you prefer, any of our conveniently located service stations will take care of this.

Willards are easy to install. Just snap their standard connections onto your present battery wiring, and your set is ready to operate.

Sales and Service through

The Willard Battery men
and their Associate Radio Dealers

Battery men

PRINCE SARRAZIN'S FROGS

(Continued from Page 23)

English salesroom. I should think that it took the man who collected them ten years or so; and they're not to be got again. I want two hundred pounds for them."

Mr. Bosanquet gasped; his fine black eyes assumed a sudden resemblance to the portholes of a small ship.

He murmured thickly and in accents of one who cannot believe his ears, "The girl's mad! Two hundred pounds! Nonsense! Such a price was never heard of!"

"You've just heard it," Miss Timmins reminded him sweetly; and even more sweetly she added, "and it's the only price you will hear."

It was the only price he did hear. But it was a long while before he could bring himself to believe that it was the only price he was going to hear. Then he went away raging.

Miss Timmins believed that he had gone to turn London upside down till he found two hundred pounds.

But she had to have eight frogs. She was not going to sell the green frog to Mr. Bosanquet. She drew her father from the parlor, in which he was studying with profound pleasure the last number of the Anglo-Israelite, and left him in charge of the shop. She went round to a friendly dealer, who had bought an agate frog at Christie's a few weeks before; he might still have it. He had; he let her have it for six pounds. It was not to be compared with any of the eight frogs she had; but it would serve.

She was sure that Mr. Bosanquet would quickly dig up the two hundred pounds, and she wished Lord Scredington to see the frogs, for they would delight him. But she took the receiver from the telephone with a certain trepidation. She never knew exactly what he would do, or rather she knew exactly what he would do—if he got the chance—but she did not know exactly what he would say. She rang him up and invited him to come to see them.

He said, "Darling, I'll fly to you at once—on the wings of love!"

She slapped the receiver back, scowling. She did dislike him; there was no doubt about it. But somehow, when, tall, slim, debonair and smiling, he came into the shop, she did not find herself disliking him nearly so much as she ought. She showed him the frogs and they delighted him. He said that he must have them.

"No; I can't let you have them," she said. "I've promised them to someone else—if he can find the money."

He banged both fists down on the counter hard and cried loudly:

"I knew it! I knew it! I knew, though I spoke so sweetly, when you rang me up, that you'd thought out some ingenious way of lacerating my feelings. You knew quite well that if I didn't have that brown frog life would never be the same again!"

"Yes; I knew you'd want that brown frog," she said in callous accents. "But Bouncer Bosanquet has gone to dig up two hundred pounds to buy the eight."

He cried out at the idea of the frogs going to that ruffian. But when she told him of the swindle afoot, he agreed that he must step aside and let that ruffian get his lesson.

Then he laughed and added:

"But two hundred! It's quite clear that your father is perfectly right and you are one of the lost tribes of Israel—by far the most dangerous of them too."

Then he grew anxious and said that when Bosanquet's bubble burst he might cut up uncommonly rough. Miss Timmins said she did not care how rough he cut up.

"Of course you don't," said Lord Scredington. "But all the same, I'd better be about when it does burst, to take him on for you. You'd like to have me about the shop for two or three days?"

"I should not," said Miss Timmins with immense decision

"If you were not so beautiful and so sweet I should tell you that you were a little beast," said Lord Scredington coldly.

He did not leave her for some time, and contrived to say many charming things to her without ruffling her sensibilities, and before he went he induced her to promise to let him know when Mr. Bosanquet's bubble was due to burst.

The next morning Mr. Bosanquet entered the shop with a companion, rather paunchier, who gave the impression that he was lurking with a disquieting stealthiness behind the massive gold chain which lay across his lower bosom.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Timmins," said Mr. Bosanquet almost in the rich voice of a satrap. "My brother—this is Miss Timmins, Hector my brother and I have decided to buy those frogs—if you care to take a hundred and fifty for them."

"I don't," said Miss Timmins, surveying him and his brother with cold disfavor.

Mr. Bosanquet scowled very darkly and muttered something about grasping dispositions; then he said, "Let's have a look at them."

"Why shouldn't we have a look at the money first?" said Miss Timmins with cold sweetness. "This is a cash transaction."

The brothers hesitated, Albert furious, Hector startled, but evidently not greatly surprised.

Then Albert said, with splendid haughtiness and a magnificent twirl of his mustache, "My brother is not used to having his financial stability doubted."

"He will be, if he goes into many deals with you," said Miss Timmins in a pleasant conversational tone.

Albert ground his teeth and glared murder. Then he recovered himself and displayed with a flourish seven ten-pound notes. Hector hesitated; then he displayed thirteen ten-pound notes.

Miss Timmins opened the cabinet and set out the frogs.

Albert scanned them with an aloof and lofty air; then he started and said sharply, "But there was a green one among them!"

"Yes; but it hadn't enough work in it for a real collector. This one makes up the set better," said Miss Timmins calmly, patting the eighth frog.

Satisfied, Albert accepted the explanation with a grunt.

But Hector exclaimed in affright, "'Ere, I say, Bertie, they're very small. Is this all we git for two 'undred pound?"

Neither his accent nor his aitches matched his name.

"Why, they're life-size," said Albert.

"I thought they'd be bigger nor that," said Hector disconsolately.

"You don't understand these things," snapped his brother; then he said to Miss Timmins in lordly accents, "We'll take them."

With a finely prodigal air he pushed his seven notes across the counter. After a little hesitation Hector pushed his thirteen across with the air of one pushing his life-blood. Miss Timmins wrote the receipt and handed it to Hector. Albert drew the frogs toward him.

"Stop!" said Miss Timmins imperiously. "You're not going to put beautiful things like that into your dirty pocket!"

Albert stopped, glaring. He drew out a handkerchief about a fortnight old and wiped his brow. Miss Timmins wrapped each frog in tissue paper, put them in a cardboard box, handed them to Hector and said, "There you are."

"Yes, we are," said Albert in a tone of deep meaning, as he drew himself up to his full height and fiercely twirled his mustache. "And now I'm going to tell you that the price you made me pay for those frogs is an imposition—a gross imposition—and to a fellow dealer too!"

"You wouldn't give it unless you were going to make a jolly good profit," said Miss Timmins, quite unruffled. "And you may be a dealer, but you're not a fellow dealer. I'm square, and you're a stupid crook, you know."

Mr. Bosanquet gasped and blinked painfully.

Then he snorted and said in a terrible voice, "You seem to think, my girl, that because you're a young woman you can make libelous statements about me with impunity. You never made a greater mistake in your life. You'll hear from my solicitor about this."

"Shall I?" said Miss Timmins sweetly. "When?"

"By the first post tomorrow morning," said Mr. Bosanquet, still terribly.

"Right," said Miss Timmins cheerfully. "Tell him not to miss the last post tonight."

Mr. Bosanquet did not say that he would tell him; he did not say that he would not; he left loftily. Hector shambled out after him, hugging the box of frogs with a pained air. Their size still troubled him; he felt that, at the price, they should at least be as large as guinea pigs. Miss Timmins gazed upon the departing brothers with the quiet, filling satisfaction of one who is not only about to get a good deal of her own back but is also already on velvet to the tune of one hundred and fifty-nine pounds.

She did not see that she could do more than she was doing for Anne Calhoun; she felt that for her to confront Mr. Bosanquet, outraged in his deepest instincts by being found out, would go a long way to prevent her being finally swindled over some other five-thousand-dollar masterpiece. She awaited the opening of the Bosanquet campaign in a pleased expectancy.

She had not long to wait. At 4:30, as she had promised, Anne Calhoun came, rather jubilant with a telegram she had just received. It ran:

"Agent cables Prince Sarrazin consents to consider your offer.

"BOSANQUET."

After reading it with a queer smile, Miss Timmins again awoke doubt in her mind by telling her to take care of it.

The first post next morning did not bring Miss Timmins a letter from Mr. Bosanquet's solicitor, but it brought Anne Calhoun a letter from Mr. Bosanquet himself. He began it with his usual courtliness, "Dear Lady," and wrote that he considered the mere fact that Prince Sarrazin had consented to consider her offer very promising indeed; that it was very fortunate that he happened to be a personal friend of the prince, for he was convinced that had his agent in Siena brought that offer from anyone not vouched for by him, that proud and haughty royalty would have rejected it with the cold scorn of the Italian aristocrat.

Miss Timmins again knew the style; but she did not say so.

"But you haven't made any offer. He's getting these frogs on approval, isn't he?" she said.

Anne said that she had certainly not made any offer, but merely accepted Mr. Bosanquet's suggestion that he should get the frogs for her to see. Miss Timmins made her write to him then and there that she had made no offer and would not buy the frogs unless she liked them. She made her make a copy of this letter, and initialed it. Then she warned her earnestly against entertaining high expectations of the frogs, because she was nearly sure that when she saw them she would not pay five thousand dollars for them.

That afternoon Anne Calhoun brought another telegram. The campaign was well under way. It ran:

"Prince Sarrazin still considering your offer. Agent very hopeful. BOSANQUET."

The enthusiastic fellow must that morning have received Anne Calhoun's letter putting on record the fact that she had made no offer, but evidently he considered it unimportant.

Next morning came a great advance, a telegram which ran:

"Prince Sarrazin accepts your offer.

"BOSANQUET."

Miss Timmins had expected him to call, thrilling with enthusiasm, on Anne Calhoun. But he did not. She took it that he kept away from her because he did not wish to go into the matter of whether she had definitely offered five thousand dollars for the frogs. Two mornings later there was a slight withdrawal, a letter in which he said that things had so far gone very well—marvelously; but Anne was not to make sure even now of getting the frogs, for, though he had made such arrangements as had made failure practically impossible, they might fail to get past the Italian customhouse. It increased Anne's excitement.

The next morning there was another advance, a telegram:

"Objects safely out of Italy. Most gratifying. BOSANQUET."

Anne was immensely excited.

Next morning came a letter of unrestrained jubilation. He congratulated her on the splendid luck she was having, and declared that it had been ordained from the beginning of time that these unsurpassable masterpieces were to be hers.

In the afternoon came a telegram:

"Frogs arrived Paris. BOSANQUET."

That evening came another:

"Agent crossing tonight. Frogs will be yours at eleven A.M. tomorrow.

"BOSANQUET."

Anne was thrilled; in her excitement she had a poor night.

The next morning came a letter in which he congratulated her on the successful termination of an affair of the first importance and her extraordinary luck in chancing upon the one man in England who could carry it through in record time. In a postscript he added that, owing doubtless to the fact that the Italian nobility had so often been tricked by swindlers, the prince had made the stipulation that he was to deliver the frogs only for cash down, and it would facilitate matters if she had the five thousand dollars ready at her hotel when he brought them to her.

Anne Calhoun came with this letter to Miss Timmins at the very height of excitement. The cumulative effect of the telegrams and letters was that she had formed the impression that Europe had been standing still to watch the passage of these unsurpassable masterpieces from Prince Sarrazin to herself. They had come to seem to her cheap at five thousand dollars; she had called on her way to her bank to get the money.

As she looked at her excited face and listened to her jubilant and enthusiastic words, Miss Timmins' mind misgave her. Anne seemed fairly hypnotized and Bosanquet might yet bluff or bully the five thousand dollars out of her. She must be more open with her.

"Look here, you mustn't have that five thousand dollars at the hotel," she said firmly. "It won't be safe. I'm certain that this business is a swindle—that if there is any Prince Sarrazin these won't be his frogs."

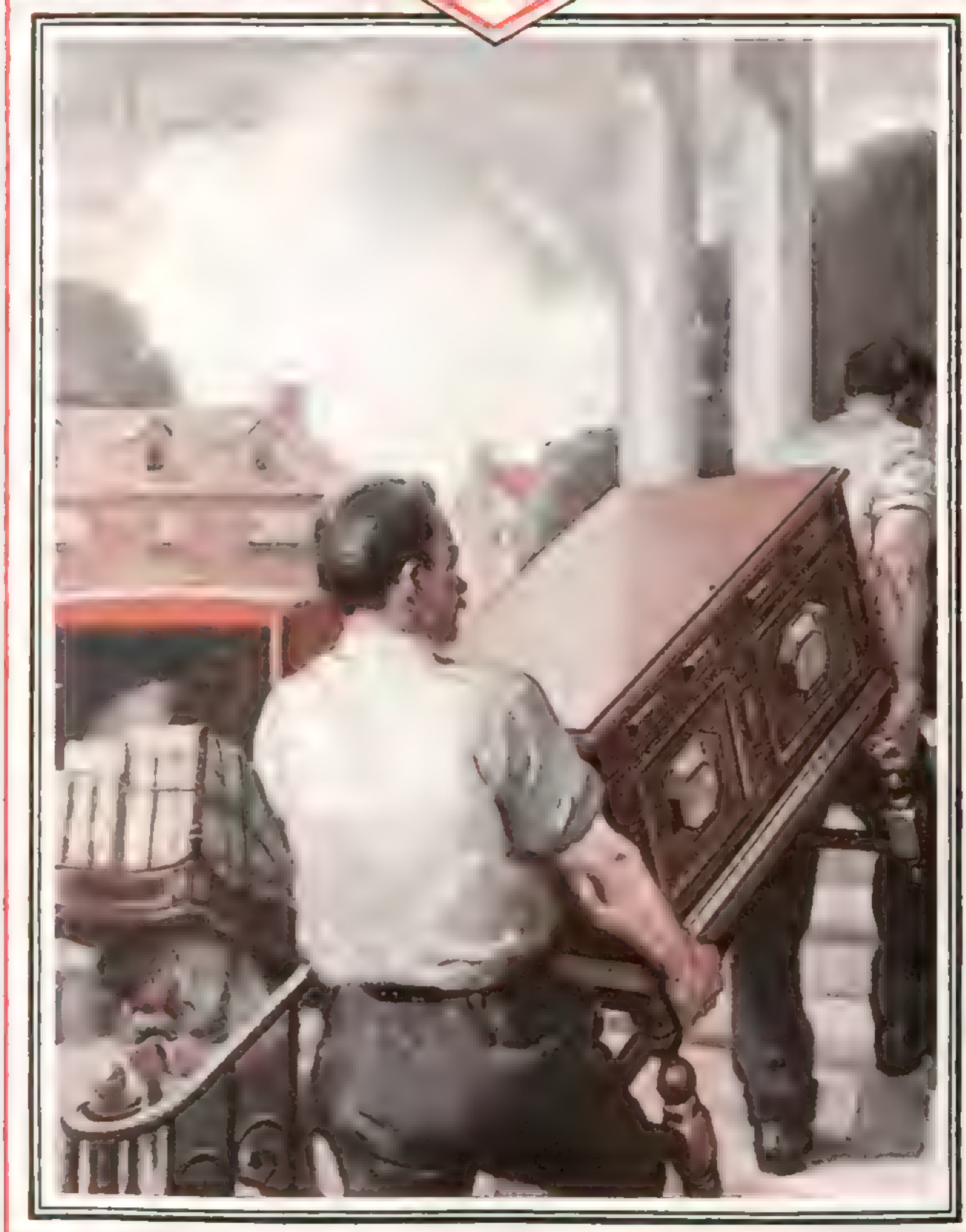
Anne Calhoun, startled and astounded, stared at her with her mouth open.

"I wish I could be somewhere handy when that beast brings them," added Miss Timmins, frowning as she cudgeled her brains for a way of being at hand, but unseen. "But if he sees me it will spoil everything It'll soften the jolt, I mean."

Anne protested that Mr. Bosanquet could not be trying to swindle her; that, in view of his telegrams and letters, it was impossible. Miss Timmins shrugged her

(Continued on Page 147)

It's hard to mar Zapon lacquer finish



THE bumps and bangs of moving have no terrors for the owner whose furniture is finished with Zapon Lacquer. A Zapon finish is hard, tough—armor-like! It does not mar easily. And, its deep, velvety-smooth, lustrous surface actually looks richer each time it is cleaned or rubbed with a dry cloth!

Zapon Lacquer is used by more than 4000 manufacturers of furniture, automobiles, electric fixtures, toys and other products made of metal, wood and composition

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The lacquer finish that stays new

ZAPON

The SAME MAN... ...but oh, what

YESTERDAY, he was just "run o' mine." Nice enough appearing chap, if you happened to look at him twice—only you probably didn't. Because—well, while his suit was stylish, it lacked something—something you couldn't quite lay your finger on. Call it "smartness," if you like.

But today, look at him! In fact, you can't help looking at him. He stands out from the crowd—smart from collar to trousers-cuff! Yet the suit is the same one he was wearing yesterday. What caused the difference?

Valeteria, the new pressing-shaping service! Yesterday, his suit slumped at the shoulders; there was a slackness at the chest; the trousers sagged. But today, pressed by Valeteria, there is a snug set to the shoulders, a natural curve at the chest, just the slightest flare at the waist, a straight hang to the trousers. He might have stepped from the smartest of Fifth Avenue tailor shops.

It *shapes* as it presses

For, you see, Valeteria *shapes* your clothes as it presses them. The old-fashioned hand iron, of course, did just the opposite. It was a system of flat pressing—a flat surface against a flat surface. It straightened the curves, crushed out the shape that gave style to your suit. But Valeteria is a system of *curved* pressing—a curved surface against a curved surface. It restores the curves—the *shape*—to your clothes. It is the same pressing system as was used by the maker of your clothes to put the shape into them.

Six presses for one suit

Valeteria consists, not of one press, but of six specially designed presses—one for each part of your suit: (1) for the collar;

Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You'll find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method.

THE PRESSING

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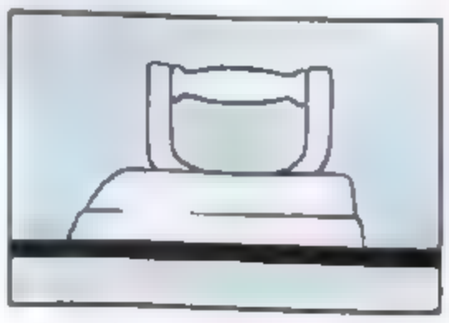
the SAME SUIT *a difference!*

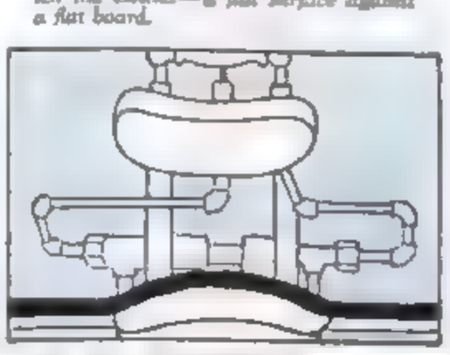
② for the right front of the coat; ③ for the left front of the coat; ④ for the back of the coat; ⑤ for the shoulders; ⑥ for the trousers. Each part of your suit receives specialized attention.

At your service—*now!*

Formerly, such a pressing service as this was available only in the shops of the country's great clothing makers. But now, Valeteria brings this same finer pressing service right to your own neighborhood. Or, if there's no Valeteria shop near you, phone your local dry cleaner;—he will see that you are served. You will know that your suit has been Valeteria-pressed by the Valeteria tag attached to the lapel. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



The tendency of hand ironing is to flatten the clothes—a flat surface against a flat board.



The lines of all Valeteria presses are curved lines—the same as the lines of your clothes. The shape is restored—your suit pressed the same as when it was made.

A Real Business Opportunity!

Valeteria is an improved pressing service—a quality service—different from anything heretofore available. In scores of cities throughout the country, wide-awake business men—modern cleaners and dyers—are now giving this service and earning nice profits. Have us send you a few of the many testimonial letters we have received from these owners—they will open your eyes to big possibilities for a new business in your community. As a modern cleaner and dyer, you should have this equipment to help you. Write for full information. On request we will show you how you can give Valeteria service in your city. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, Dept. S. E. P. 9-12, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Our NEW model has several mechanical improvements that give it an efficiency never before equaled in a portable typewriter.

It is the lightest and most portable Portable with 4-row standard keyboard; it is the most compact Portable; it has the longest writing line of any Portable; it accommodates full width paper and long envelopes; it has the finest touch and action; it does beautiful work; its durability has been proved; and *all* the writing is *always* visible.

Be sure to examine the New Remington Portable, or write for our illustrated "For You —For Everybody." Address Department 126.

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Remington *Portable*

WE BELIEVE WE MAKE THE BEST TYPEWRITER RIBBON IN THE WORLD—AND ITS NAME IS PARAGON

(Continued from Page 142)

shoulders and said no more. Then, weakening, Anne said that she had taken the sitting room, into which her bedroom opened, and Miss Timmins could overhear the whole interview from that bedroom.

"I will," said Miss Timmins. "What's the number of the sitting room?"

Anne told her. At once she rang up Lord Scredington, found that he was out, and left a message that the frogs would be delivered at eleven o'clock that morning at Room 127, a certain hotel, Bedford Square. Then she made the excited Anne walk all the way back to the hotel by way of calming her nerves.

At 10:55 Miss Timmins went into the bedroom. At 10:56, the brothers Bosanquet, clad in their best and wearing also the pleased and excited air of men engaged in an important and profitable undertaking, began to mount the stairs to Room 127. Hector still carried the frogs.

Halfway up the stairs the brothers paused to take breath, and Albert said bitterly, "Look here, Ned; you're here by no wish of mine. I've told you twenty times I can do the job much better without you."

"And I've told you, Bertie, oftener nor that, that I'm not goin' to lose sight of you till I've got my share of the thousand quid. You've let me down too hoften for me to take any chances," said Hector, coldly stubborn.

"Well, all I say is, don't you go and spoil everything by opening your mouth. You can't bear in mind for two seconds after you've opened it that you're Hector Bosanquet and not any longer Edward Binns, so keep it shut and don't give the whole show away," said Albert fiercely; and he resumed the ascent.

At 10:59 Lord Scredington entered the lobby of the hotel, asked for Miss Calhoun, Room 127, and began to mount the stairs leisurely. He could not, he thought, be needed for at least five minutes.

Albert Bosanquet knocked firmly on the door of Room 127 and, smiling triumphantly, entered with his most imposing air. Anne Calhoun rose; he strode to her majestically, took her hand, squeezed it, smiling upon her with loyal affection, and said in a hushed, impressive voice, "The luckiest woman in England! How are you?"

He loosed her hand, waved his toward Hector, and said splendidly, "My brother Hector—the bearer of the masterpieces."

Hector presented a flabby, clammy hand; Anne shook it and said that she was pleased to meet him.

Albert took the box from his reluctant hands, set it on the table, rapped it with his knuckles and said impressively, "A king's ransom." He beamed gallantly on Anne Calhoun and added, "You lucky woman—as fortunate as you must be attractive to those who really know you."

His manner, his loyal eyes, his jubilant voice, all combined to sweep from Anne Calhoun's mind the base suspicions with which Miss Timmins had filled it.

And the box; the brown paper in which it was wrapped was stamped in half a dozen places with blue, red and black stamps—evidently the stamps of the customhouses it had passed through. They settled the matter.

Talking quickly and enthusiastically about her astonishing luck, Mr. Bosanquet cut the string, pulled off the paper and opened the box. He took out a frog wrapped in tissue paper, unwrapped it and handed it to her.

"Yours at last!" he said with a magnificent sigh of relief and satisfaction.

Anne Calhoun, awed by the greatness of the event, took the frog with trembling fingers—the treasure of a prince! She looked at it with eyes that for some seconds could not see it. Then they cleared and saw it with a growing distinctness. They opened wider and wider; she gasped faintly and nearly dropped the masterpiece; then her parted lips closed and slowly set in a thin, straight line.

In two seconds Mr. Bosanquet was all over that frog, explaining its quality and its beauty, eloquently, with passion, dithyrambic; but he did not bring home its beauty to Anne Calhoun with nearly the force that the quieter Miss Timmins had done the first time she saw it; his panegyric was not born of the same sincere delight in it. Besides, other feelings, not excited by the frog itself, entered into Anne Calhoun's second study of it.

The second frog he handed to her removed any faint hope she might have had that the first frog of Prince Sarrazin was a replica of the frog of Miss Timmins. The second was the brown frog on which Miss Timmins had dwelt longest. Anne's eyes began to shine with a queer light. It was not the light of pleasure.

As Mr. Bosanquet took each frog from the box he said with rich reverence, "Another unsurpassed masterpiece of another unsurpassed master," and again spread himself. He spread himself over those frogs as he had never spread himself over a work of art before; there had never been so much to gain by it; never had his fancy been more fertile, his invention richer. He saw that he had Anne Calhoun dazed, spellbound, hypnotized. She was swallowing everything he told her. What a man he was! And how he despised her! The ideal mug!

She said not a word till she set down the eighth frog on the table; indeed, she could hardly have done so, since Mr. Bosanquet was saying everything.

Then, with a curious dry distinctness, she said, "But I've seen these frogs before. They were sold at Farringdon's salesrooms on Tuesday the twenty-second for two hundred dollars."

At the sound of her voice Miss Timmins knew that she had been wrong in supposing that she could ever be bluffed out of five thousand—or even fifteen—dollars by Bouncer Bosanquet.

Slowly his flabbergasted brain grasped Anne Calhoun's meaning. For twenty seconds or longer he sat paralyzed.

In his immense emotion, Hector, crouching forward in his chair, with his eyes starting from his head, assumed the very appearance of a frog himself; and a thin whine issued from his twitching lips: "E's 'ad me agyne!"

Albert recovered; he rose to his feet with a reassuring smile, his honest eyes limpid with a noble candor, and said in accents ringing with veracity:

"You are making a mistake, dear lady, a quite natural mistake. You do not understand the great Chinese tradition. For thousands of years they have been carving frogs, father and son and grandson, generation after generation, without departing a millimeter from the tradition. The greatest artist sticks to it; only experts like Prince Sarrazin and myself recognize his greatness. The frogs you saw at Farringdon's may have been like these, very like them, perhaps. I did not see them myself, but I am certain—I would stake my reputation as a connoisseur on it—they were very inferior."

He beamed upon her, frankly setting her right, reassuring.

"They are the same frogs, and you can take them away," said Anne Calhoun.

Mr. Bosanquet evidently could not believe his ears; he looked hurt and amazed; then his face slowly darkened and grew terrible; he appeared to swell; he said in a cold, stern, scornful voice:

"I see your game, my good woman. I might have known that these magnificent masterpieces would not appeal to the crude taste of a benighted American female. But it is no use your trying to get out of your bargain. I might allow you to trick me; but I will never allow you to trick my friend Prince Sarrazin. The five thousand dollars, woman! The five thousand dollars at once!"

He looked magnificent; he felt magnificent, righteously menacing, compelling, irresistible; he rapped the table in a very threatening manner. Then the bedroom door opened and out came Miss Timmins, smiling unpleasantly.

She said, "That will be about enough from you, Bosanquet. Clear out!"

His almost majestic wrath fell from his face like a mask; he dithered. Then slowly real fury took possession of him and convulsed his features.

He shouted: "Now I know where I am! A conspiracy! You two women have conspired together to get two hundred pounds from me by a trick! I'm going straight to Scotland Yard! I'll jail the pair of you!"

Miss Timmins laughed. There was a knock at the door and Lord Scredington stood on the threshold. He had been leaning patiently against the doorpost till he heard the voice of Miss Timmins. The Bouncer's shout informed him that the time for intervention had come.

He bowed to Miss Calhoun and said, "Please forgive my intrusion. But I was told that there was a small sale of gold bricks going on here and I thought that there might be one for me."

Mr. Bosanquet dropped back onto a chair with one grunt of despair and plunged into speechless gloom.

Hector interposed feverishly; in carnying accents he said:

"'Ere, 'ere, why all this ill feeling about a trifle like this? It's only business. Suppose we drop all this talk about five thousand dollars an' come to brass tacks. What about two 'undred and fifty pounds for the eight frogs? What if they ain't Prince Sarrazin's? They're first-class frogs; the best as ever come over. What about two 'undred an' fifty pound?"

"What about fifty, without the two hundred?" said Miss Timmins heartlessly.

"I wouldn't give you a nickel for the eight!" said Anne Calhoun fiercely. "I wouldn't have anything to do with you! You're just two loathsome crooks!"

"Now, you two fellows—out you go before you're helped!" said Lord Scredington.

They seemed to have heard tones like his before. Hector hastily scooped the frogs into the box; Albert rose feebly, made a feeble effort to stalk loftily to the door, feebly twirling his mustache.

As he followed him out Hector gazed round on those unsympathetic faces and whined tearfully, "'E's 'ad me agyne. 'E always 'as me."

Lord Scredington rather cut short Anne Calhoun's thanks for his intervention at the awkward moment, and hurried away. He caught up the brothers Bosanquet. Anne began to thank Miss Timmins. Miss Timmins would not hear of being thanked. She said that she had long wanted to score off that rogue Albert Bosanquet, and she had done it. But Anne insisted on thanking her at length, and insisted that she must help her, at a pleasing fee, to find the genuine masterpiece. They went straight out to look for it. Later they lunched at the Savoy.

Miss Timmins returned to the shop in a pleasant temper. She had not been back long when in came Lord Scredington.

With an air of immense triumph, and holding it out for her to see, he said, "I've got the brown frog—the finest frog that ever came out of China, Beulah darling!"

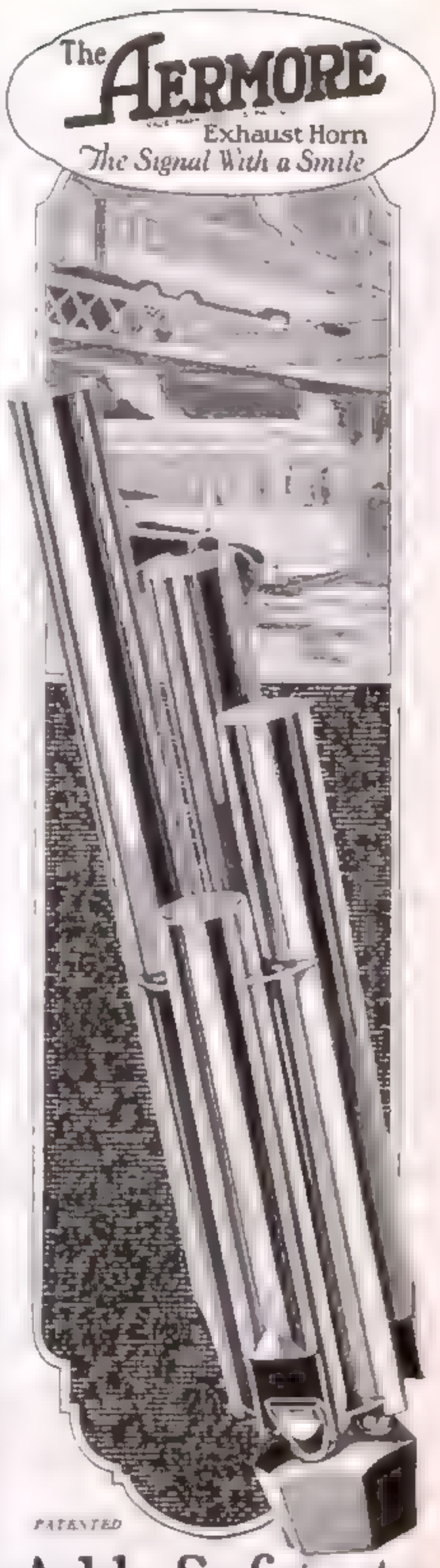
That tore it.

Miss Timmins scowled upon him; she said in icy accents, "I don't think it's quite the best frog that ever came out of China. I think that my green one is better. And I compared them very carefully before I chose it."

"Your green one?" he said sharply, taken aback.

Miss Timmins moved quietly behind the protective counter. Then she drew the green frog from her pocket and handed it to him. He looked at it earnestly, he compared it with his brown frog. Then he swallowed an ejaculation. Then he set both hands on the counter, and leaning over it, said in a terrible voice:

"One of these days I shall come round with a special license and drag you round to the nearest registrar's and marry you—not just because I adore you so passionately, but I know it's the only way of getting that green frog!"



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(Continued from Page 37)

could make some move to get the incriminating boodle bag off her person. She massaged the bag through her stocking and after repeated explorative fingerings was finally persuaded it held more than rings. There might be bills of any denomination, and the larger they proved to be, she remembered, the more strenuous would be the search for them. She had a longing to take the bag out and examine it, to determine the exact extent of her misdeed. But she was more and more afraid of being detected in this act. All she could do was to watch the clock and wait for the hour of her deliverance.

It occurred to her, once, to restore the bag to its place on the soiled pink chemise. But she knew well enough what would happen to it when it got out to the wash room. Some other girl would quietly appropriate it; some other girl who wasn't so squeamish would regard it as a legitimate find and tuck it down in her shirt waist.

Tiny was far from happy as the laggard hands of the clock approached twelve. She was still more unhappy, however, when she looked up to see the approach of Al Claussen, the manager of the laundry. He walked past her, frowning, and went into the wash room. He stayed there for several minutes. He stayed there, in fact, until the noon-hour gong sounded and an antiphonal number of whistles wailed, here and there, over the city of toilers. But Claussen stopped the "flat" girls as they went trooping toward the door. He had the telltale pink chemise in his hand and the frown on his face had deepened. Tiny's heart sank as he herded the girls closer to the sorter's counter. Her face, in fact, was considerably paler than the linen over which she was stooping.

"There's a leather wallet gone astray in this morning's take and the whole bunch of you are going to stay here until it's handed over. Who's got it?"

There were murmurs of indignation from the line of girls who stood looking at one another.

"Ain't he gotta noive to pull that poke-snatcher stuff on us!" exclaimed a plump brunette who was rolling down her sleeves. But Claussen paid no attention to that remark. He reëxamined the pinholes in the chemise neck and walked over to where Tiny was reaching for her hat and trying to keep her hands from shaking as she did so.

"You checked this lot," he barked out at the white-faced girl. "Did you find anything on this shirt?"

"Did I turn anything in?" countered Tiny, with a forlorn effort at pertness.

"Did you find anything on this shirt?" repeated the laundry manager, fixing her with an accusatory eye.

"I move, Mr. Claussen, that we line up and get soiched," suggested an older woman with lines of worry about her prematurely aged face. But Mr. Claussen, at the moment, was more interested in Tiny.

"What d'you know about that bag?" he challenged, not unconscious of the signs of guilt that hung over the girl.

"What bag?" she temporized, looking in vain for a friendly glance from the suddenly silenced line that faced her.

"The bag that belongs to this lady," said Claussen, turning to where Mamie Marnelle had followed him up from the office. And Tiny's eyes darkened as she studied the painted face and the hennaed hair under the flamboyant lilac-colored hat.

"Holding seven rings and three hundred dollars in yellowbacks," augmented Miss Marnelle, with a pointed stare at her rival. And the hate in those staring eyes only hardened Tiny in her purpose.

"Search me," she said with an effort at a careless shrug.

Claussen's movement was an unexpectedly quick one.

"That's what I intend to do," he said as he caught the younger girl by the shoulders. She struggled against his clasp, but he was too strong for her. And it was Mamie Marnelle herself who stooped, as Tiny fought with her captor, and ran a knowing hand along the leg of first one flimsy stocking and then the other. A cry of triumph escaped her as she found the hidden boodle bag. And her movements were anything but gentle as she removed her treasure from its hiding place.

"You thieving rat!" she gasped, still breathless from her struggles.

"Call a cop!" cried one of the girls in the group.

"You dirty thief!" repeated Miss Marnelle, having inspected her wealth and made sure it remained intact.

"Not as dirty as your money," the devastated Tiny found the courage to retort.

"Call a cop!" was the repeated cry from the crowd of workers that surged angrily toward the cowering girl.

But the thoughtful-faced Claussen forced his way between them.

"Cut out this rough stuff," he cried, remembering certain proprietary interests that had momentarily escaped his attention. "When an officer's needed around this establishment I'll send for him. The lady's found her roll and got her rings back, and I guess there's no further kick coming from her. As for you," he said, turning to Tiny, who stood with an opaque look in her half-closed eyes, "you come down to the office with me."

Tiny's step was listless as she followed him down through the borax-scented air. She knew what lay ahead of her. She knew that her overrun heels would never again clump up those well-worn stair treads. But she felt that she had already touched bottom and no further degradation could confront her.

"You could get a month in the workhouse for this," announced Claussen as he studied her listless figure and let an unlooked-for softness creep into his face. "But gee, kid, a police-court case wouldn't do us any more good than it'd do you. You've got an honest face, even though your foot did slip. But after what's happened, of course, you can't stay on here. You wouldn't want to, considering how those other flat frails would treat you. This is a hard world and advice to the young don't seem to make it any easier for 'em. But there's just one pearl o' wisdom I want to put in your lap: Honesty is the best policy. That may sound like preaching. But it's just ordinary common sense."

"I know it is," said Tiny, struggling in vain to keep back the tears of which she was so ashamed.

The laundry manager stood studying her distorted face.

"Kid," he suddenly inquired, "just what made you lift that roll?"

Tiny wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

"I—I wanted to buy a pair of crutches for Buddy," she managed to stammer out.

"Who's Buddy?" asked Claussen as he moved over to his desk and turned up his pay roll.

"He's a cripple kid I live with," explained Tiny with a gulp. "He can't walk without 'em much. And next Tuesday's his birthday."

Claussen stopped short. He seemed to see something humorous in her misery. But his laugh died away as he turned to his cash register and counted out a small number of bills.

"Can you beat that?" he said, more to himself than to the red-eyed girl. Then he handed her the money. "You're paid up until next Saturday night," he said as he moved back to his desk.

And Tiny, with the money still in her hand, knew that the movement was one of dismissal. She wanted to thank him, she scarcely knew for what. But the lump in her throat kept her from speaking. So she merely swallowed hard and reached for her powder compact, straightening her hat and talcuming her nose as she turned away. She was no longer sobbing, but there was a slumberous light in her eyes. She felt that life had conquered her, had beaten her down and trampled over her.

But she refused to stay down. By the time she had reached the street her grief had given way to what would have been accepted as an air of insouciance. She even imparted a slightly saucier tilt to her crumpled turban as she mingled with the noonday throng of the sidewalk.

"I don't know where I'm going," she said with a forced grimace of unconcern, "but I'm sure on my way!"

V

TINY, after her discharge from Claussen's laundry, found herself in a trough of recession that was not without its dangers. She rode without anchorage and seemed satisfied merely to drift. An odd mood of rebelliousness took possession of her, leaving her sometimes morose and sometimes flippant. She made no immediate effort to get work and for once seemed without the will to advance.

She had been wounded deeper than she imagined and for all her careless front was still nursing her hurt.

That interregnum of unrest, strangely enough, brought her into somewhat closer touch with Spider Logan, who was wise enough not to enlarge on her misstep. That fall from grace, in fact, seemed to humanize the once overexacting Tiny. Spider even nursed the growing hope that she might some day be an ally of his, an ally of unquestionable value. He claimed to be working in a garage, but Tiny had reason to suspect that his labors were largely identified with the bootlegging industry. He was never without money. He flashed an impressive roll and acknowledged his readiness to spend it all on Tiny.

"I'm crazy about you, kid," he said one night as they sat in Mandelbaum's oyster bar.

"Talk is easy," was Tiny's perversely diffident retort.

"I'm ready to do more'n talk," proclaimed Spider.

"What?" challenged the slender-bodied girl at his side.

"I'll slim my roll for you any day you say so," was his answer as they stepped out into the balmy night air.

"Save that for your blond friend," was Tiny's slightly embittered reply. Spider's face darkened at that thrust.

"Me blond friend didn't need to swipe her stuff," he was heartless enough to snap back.

There was a time when Tiny would have swallowed no such insult. But life had humbled her of late.

"Go on," she said with a grimace. "Kick me when I'm down!"

And Spider rejoiced at that evidence of a new humility. It fed the hope that he would some day have her where he wanted her.

"Gee, kid, I don't want 'o kick you," he said with a husky sort of solemnity. "All I want 'o do is show you a good time."

"And what's it lead to?" asked Tiny.

"Ain't the good time enough, while it lasts?" inquired the puzzled Spider.

"Can it last?" demanded the morose-eyed girl, stopping to stare up at the strip of starry heavens that showed between the narrow strip of the housetops.

"It's woith a try, ain't it?" he suggested as he linked his arm through hers. And, oddly enough, she felt less lonely with that muscled arm against her body.

"Maybe," she said with a ghost of a sigh.

"What's eatin' you, anyway, these days?" demanded the still perplexed Spider.

"Honest, I don't know what's the matter with me," was the slightly retarded answer.

"I know what's the matter wit' you, Tiny," said Spider with sudden conviction. "You want 'o break loose for a day and find out you're livin'. And I'm goin' to help you forget yourself."

"How?" asked the girl, still with her air of diffidence.

"By blowin' you to a day at Coney," was the reply.

"That sounds reckless!"

"Well, if that's too tame," proclaimed Spider, stung by her tone, "I'll make it a boat trip to Boston."

"I'm saving that for my honeymoon," was Tiny's defensively flippant retort.

"All right," announced Spider with a gesture of finality, "we'll make it a honeymoon."

Tiny stopped short, studying him in the half light.

"Are you trying to say you'd marry me?" asked the girl with the wordless ache of homelessness eating at her heart.

"Yes, I'd even go that far," was Spider's valorous declaration. "I'd marry you, if I had to."

Tiny, of a sudden, felt very grown-up, very old and mature and experienced in the ways of the world. She tasted, for a moment, the wine of power, of power over men.

"How about it, kid?" he asked, with his shadowy face held close to hers. But already that ghostly mood of triumph had flowered and faded again. Instead of being a cavalier in silk and lace, instead of being a knight in shining armor, he was merely the leader of the Gas House Gang in a lavender-striped shirt and *café-au-lait* colored shoes with pointed toes.

"Nothing doing, Spider," she said with a laugh that nettled the intensity out of his face. For as they turned the corner her restless eye caught sight of the towering roofs and walls of the old hospital, standing sentinel-like over one of the most congested quarters of the most congested city in the world.

"Why d' you say that?" asked the man at her side.

"Because we can't travel along the same line," she told him.

"And why can't we?" he persisted.

"Because some day I'm going to work in there," asserted Tiny, with a head movement toward the gateway through which an ambulance suddenly swerved.

"A fat chance you've got o' breakin' in there!" scoffed Spider, watching the ambulance as it went clanging along the narrow valley of the street on its unknown mission of mercy.

"I'll make it yet," said the girl with the solemn eyes, looking back at the gateway.

"The hell you will!" asserted Spider as he piloted her past that estranging building. "You'd last there about half as long as you lasted in Claussen's laundry."

"Well, I want my chance," Tiny said with a quietness that had a quaver in it.

Spider laughed.

"Then until it comes we'll travel along at the old gait, kid. And just to show you what you're missin', I'm goin' to give you that day at Coney. Day after tomorrow, see, we do the Island. And do it in style. Are you on?"

Tiny's spirits, as they approached Stanton Street, had been sinking lower and lower. "All right," she finally acquiesced. "We'll have that day at Coney."

"You say that as though you was headin' for a funeral," Spider announced as he stopped to inspect her face. "What're you gloomin' about anyway?"

"Oh, this is one of my off nights," she said with a shrug.

"Be yourself," commanded Spider.

"All right," agreed Tiny.

"And haul down those hearse plumes," he suggested.

"All right," was her reiterated listless reply.

When, two days later, Spider came to carry Tiny off to Coney Island, he did so in a manner which tended to startle the tenement dwellers along Stanton Street. For he came in a bottle-green sedan with red wheels, with the sunlight flashing on its fresh varnish and nickel.

(Continued on Page 150

ELGIN . . . . . TIME · KEEPER · TO · THE · SUCCESSFUL

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ELGIN

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CONQUERED

(Continued from Page 148)

"Where'd you get the boat?" asked Tiny as she settled herself in the suède-upholstered seat beside him. She did it with a flourish, after the manner of a grand lady about to take the air.

"Borrowed it from a friend," was Spider's casual reply.

"It sure looks like ready money," Tiny remarked as they turned into First Avenue and headed for Brooklyn Bridge.

"You'd look the same if you was travelin' wit' me," said the lean-faced youth at the wheel.

But Tiny chose to ignore that remark. She had no intention of spoiling Spider's day. She was satisfied with their swift movement along the streets, the crowded, sunlit streets with the golden-moted haze that made her remember that spring had already ripened into summer. She was satisfied with the sense of escape that took possession of her when they had left the city behind them and went rolling out through Brooklyn and Flatbush and felt the cooler air that beat on them as they threaded their course along Ocean Parkway.

"This is the life!" cried Spider as he stepped on the gas and swerved past an antiquated touring car well packed with children.

"It sure is," agreed Tiny, with her eyes half closed.

The last of her moodiness had forsaken her by the time they arrived at the Island. She laughed riotously as they shot the chutes and bumped the bumps and rode on the scenic railway. She had her fortune told by a gypsy seeress so laden with bright colors and gold bangles that Spider said she made him think of an explosion in a dye factory. Then they dined at Raven Hall and danced at the Steeplechase, and in the heat of the afternoon repaired to a bathing house on the beach, where they put on rented bathing suits and joined the army of beachcombers crowding the lip of the rolling Atlantic and shouted childishly with the sudden sweeping chill of the surf.

Tiny's suit was too big for her and the waves took her breath away, but Spider, who swam like a water rat, held her up and even tried to teach her the swimming stroke. He clasped the slender-bodied girl a trifle more closely than was necessary, it is true, and Tiny was not altogether unconscious of those prolonging embraces. But he was adept in that element and she needed his adeptness. When they sunned themselves on the sand and he attempted to pillow his head on her body she quietly shifted her position. When, after they were dressed again, they went back to the car and Spider intimated that he knew of a quiet little Wop place where they could get prewar hooch, Tiny coolly retorted, "Nothing doing, kiddo!" So they sedately paced the boardwalk, and had an early supper at a cafeteria and wandered into a shooting gallery where Spider proposed to show his prowess with firearms.

Now, Tiny nursed an instinctive dislike for man's weapons of warfare, and little tingles sped through her body as Spider, leveling his rifle, knocked over the revolving white ducks and broke clay pipes and rang the bells at the centers of the fresh-painted targets.

"How's that for shootin'?" he asked as he made his fifth bull's-eye in succession.

"I'm glad you're not gunning for me," she confessed with a laugh of relief as he put his rifle down.

"Look out you don't get me that way," he said with an answering laugh as he caught at her arm with a gesture of mock ferocity. And although the smile still hovered about his thin lips, some inner hardness about his eyes sent a second tingle needling through Tiny's body.

"Let's get out of this smoke," she suggested. So they went back to their parked sedan and escaped the evening crowds by motoring westward along Surf Avenue and turning north and then west again until the cottage clusters gave way to sand lots and they could once more see open water. And when Tiny said she wanted to sit on the sand and watch the sun go down Spider left her on a wind-drifted dune and recrossed the miniature Sahara in search of a soft-drink shack where he could buy a package of cigarettes.

Tiny sat watching the sunset, momentarily at peace with the world and touched into pensiveness by a solitude that was new to her city-cradled soul. She was letting the dune sand run idly through her cupped hand when two traffic policemen on motorcycles came popping along the paved avenue behind her. She noticed, over her shoulder, that they stopped beside the bottle-green sedan with the red wheels.

"That's the car, all right," said the younger officer after comparing the number plates with something written in a small notebook. "But where's the bird who stole it?"

Tiny's heart sank as she became conscious of the fact that the older man was stepping toward her.

"This your car, miss?" he casually inquired.

But Tiny, apparently, did not hear him. So it was necessary for him to repeat the question.

"No," said Tiny, with a well-acted yawn of weariness. "Of course it's not my car, or I'd be in it."

"Know anything about it?" was the next question.

"Nothing except that it's stood there empty for a couple of hours," she acknowledged with obvious lack of interest. And she continued to let the sand run through her crooked fingers as the officer, after a second inspection of her back, returned to his waiting companion. But she was watching, all the while, to make sure that Spider did not appear across the sand dunes.

"Run her in, Bill," said the older of the two officers, referring apparently to the bottle-green sedan and not the young lady so listlessly idling away an evening hour.

Spider did not make his appearance until the coast was clear. And his eye, when he did so, seemed reluctant to meet Tiny's.

"Spider, where'd you get that car?" she finally demanded.

"I told you I borrowed it," was the other's truculent reply.

"You stole it," proclaimed Tiny. And Spider, having lighted a cigarette, was able to laugh at her solemnity.

"Well, what if I did? Wasn't I takin' those chances to give you a good time?"

"But was that fair to me, or to yourself?"

"What call have you for gettin' thin-skinned so sudden?" was his counter demand. "You wanted your day and I saw you got it."

"I wish you could have it back," said the girl with the troubled eyes.

"It ain't cost you anything," contended the morose Spider.

"No, but I feel that I've been cheating myself. We've both been cheating ourselves. And I know, now, you can't get away with that crook stuff."

"If you want anything in this woild," contended Spider, "you've got to go after it."

"But not with a meat ax," countered Tiny.

"Life owes me a livin', boidie, and if I can't get it any other way I'm goin' to get it at the point of a gun."

Tiny shivered in the cooling night air.

"Let's be going," she said as she shook the sand from her flimsy skirt. Her day was over. The old sense of insecurity had come back to her. The last of her paling happiness drained away, like sea water out of shore sand when the tide runs low. "I suppose we're going back by the Interborough?" she listlessly inquired.

But Spider had no intention of going back by the Interborough. That route would take him too closely under the inspection of official eyes. Too many traffic cops had seen him disporting about in his bottle-green sedan. And a man was a fool to take more chances than he had to.

So they walked through the murmurous night air, lonely block after block, to where Spider said they could catch a Smith Street surface car. They avoided the more brightly lighted promenades and circled back of Luna Park and climbed aboard a crowded street car that went wandering cityward. The rocking of the car made Tiny sleepy. Spider, after watching her drooping lids, found the courage to slip an arm about her relaxing body. He stooped lower, when she did not move, and pressed his lips against the white column of her neck.

She started up, at that, with an unexpected flash of anger in her eyes.

"Cut out the soft stuff," she said with alienating listlessness as she settled back in the seat corner.

"Are you gettin' pious just because the plums ain't fallin' thick?" demanded her embittered companion. And that question seemed to shake the sleepiness out of Tiny's tired body. She turned and looked at the young gang leader beside her. He impressed her, in that impersonal appraisal, as cheap and flashy. He seemed pathetic in his furtive-eyed bravado, a victim of the crooked thinking that left those who lived by violence forever mired in a swamp of insecurity. He seemed suddenly remote from her, so remote that no word or act of hers could help him back to solid ground.

"It's all wrong, Spider," she said in a voice that was slightly tremulous with wistfulness.

"How's it wrong?" he demanded.

But Tiny didn't answer that question. For at the moment a uniformed patrolman swung aboard the car and blocked the door with the bulk of his blue-clad body. Spider promptly took note of that figure, and was suddenly preoccupied in tying the lace of his pointed tan shoe. Tiny herself leaned forward a little, to the end that her comrade's stooping face might remain better screened from the casually roving eye of the officer.

But their fears, they found, were groundless. For after riding half a dozen blocks and passing a jocular word or two with the conductor the patrolman swung down from the car again and disappeared into the night. And both Tiny and Spider breathed easier when he had gone.

"That," said Tiny as she met Spider's slightly abashed eye, "is one reason why it's wrong."

"Don't lose sleep over me, sweetie," Spider retorted with reviving flippancy. "I'm goin' my own road in my own way. And if they don't gi' me a chance, I'll take it."

"And where'll it lead to?" asked the meditative-eyed girl.

"I'm not so sure where I'm goin'," was Spider's self-assured answer, "but I'm soitainly on my way!"

And it came home to Tiny with a sense of shock that she herself, only a few days earlier, had made use of words strangely like Spider's.

VI

TINY arose early the next morning and set determinedly out to find work. She had no wish to be a drifter. She stood too alone in the world to be idle. And, until her life work was ready to receive her, she felt the need of being busy.

She sighed as she glanced at the picture of the uniformed nurse pasted above her narrow iron bed. Then she gathered up the list of "help wanted" advertisements so carefully clipped from her two morning papers, said good-by to a none too happy Buddy, and set out to prove to a waiting world her willingness to serve its wishes.

But luck was not with Tiny that day. She climbed stairs and rang bells and ferreted out obscure addresses and flashed her blithest smile at grim-browed foremen and demurely withstood the inspection of sour-faced old ladies and patiently endured the banter of office managers still young enough to respond to the piquancy of a young face touched with wistfulness. Tiny, however, came with no qualification beyond an eagerness to learn and a readiness to serve. She was without experience. And the world seemed to want only experienced persons.

So Tiny, in her perplexity, worked her way back to Sixth Avenue, where the employment bureaus house themselves in dingy upstairs offices and hang out above the sidewalk chalk-written bulletins announcing the momentary opportunities for the enterprising. But these, without exception, seemed to call for skill already acquired, for cooks and second cooks and trained housekeepers, for machine workers on waists and skirts, for glass packers and fur sorters and saleswomen in white wear, for everything, in fact, about which the eager-eyed girl knew so calamitously little. When she pushed her way through the foreign-looking groups clustered about these bulletins and ascended to the offices themselves she was either summarily dismissed as a young person without training or ponderously cajoled as a pretty girl without protection.

So it was a tired and none too light-hearted Tiny who at the end of her day trudged eastward along Twenty-third Street, envying the happy workers swarming toward the Subway kiosks. She stopped listlessly at a corner where a small crowd had collected about a woman writhing on the sidewalk.

"It's a poor thing having a fit," cried a chalk-faced stenographer, covering her face with her hands as she backed horrified away.

Tiny pushed resolutely in between the crowding bodies.

"The poor creature!" said an older woman, vacillating between flight and pity. "Somebody must call an ambulance."

And while the ambulance was being called Tiny wormed her way in to the unhappy lady who was horrifying the spectators with the intensity of her paroxysms. One look at that lady, however, took the pity from Tiny's widened eyes. For in her the girl who had once lived in First Avenue recognized an old friend. Beyond a shadow of doubt the lady with the oddly contorted face was First Avenue Annie, the most accomplished dummy chucker on all the East Side. Annie, who had once worked with a crust thrower named Crab Jilson, had graduated into the class of professional fit throwers who, when overtaken by an opportune seizure, capitalize their misfortunes by the solicitation of alms or the appropriation of watches and bill rolls from those assisting them in their distress.

So when the hospital ambulance surgeon stepped down from his hooded car Tiny stood close beside the convulsive lady, regarding her with a cool and rather admiring eye. And when First Avenue Annie showed no signs of responding to the ministrations of the white-clad young doctor, Tiny, out of allegiance to an institution with which she regarded herself as already in some way associated, felt that it was about time to put an end to the farce.

"I can stop that fit in two shakes of a lamb's tail," Tiny quietly suggested.

"And who are you?" demanded the puzzled young surgeon, glancing about at the girl stooping so close beside him.

"I'm Tiny McCann, and I'm going to join the next class in your training school," she found the courage to reply.

"Are you now?" said the man in white, with a closer look at the clear-eyed girl who could remain so calm in the presence of suffering. "And how would Your Majesty suggest stopping this convulsion?"

(Continued on Page 155)

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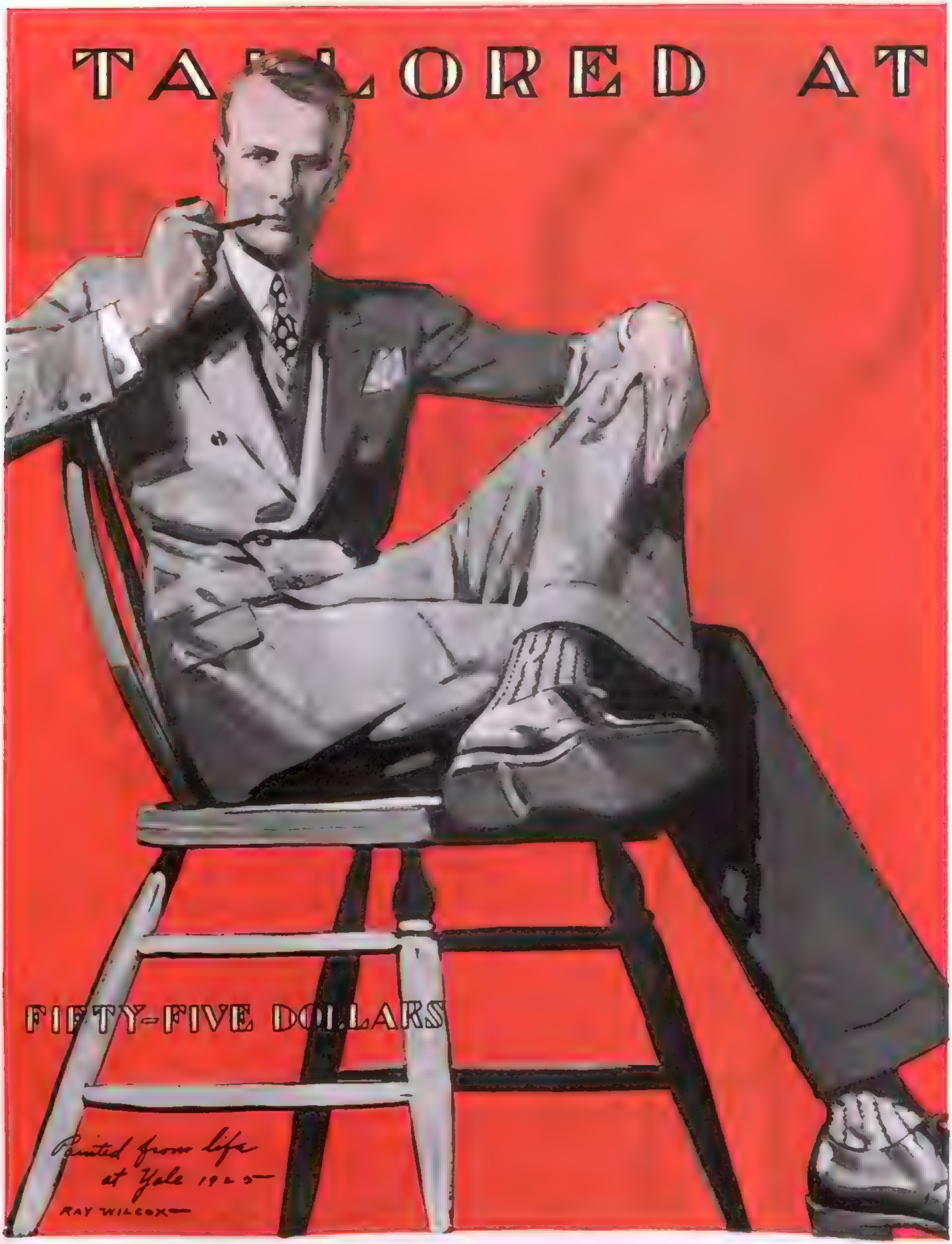
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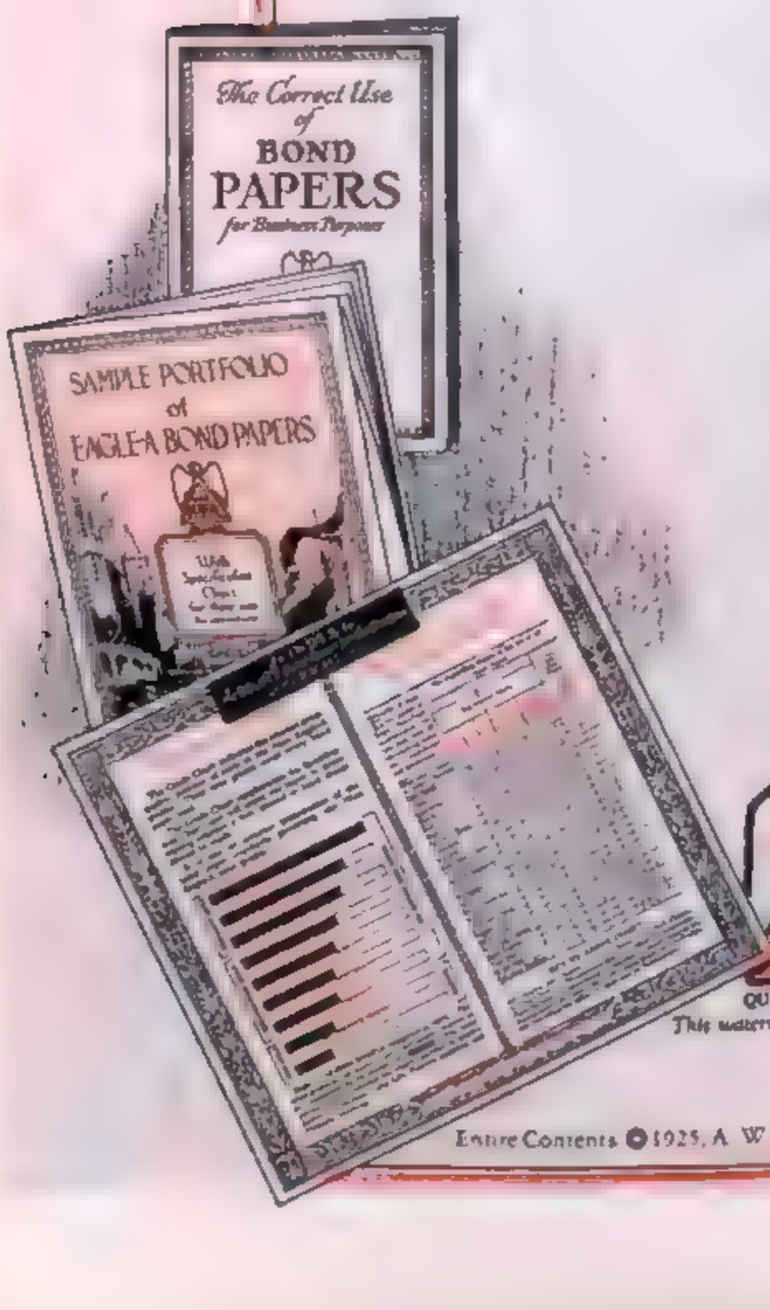

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(Continued from Page 150)

"Watch me!" was all Tiny said as she dropped to her knees beside their writhing patient. She stooped low and placed her lips close to the ear of the sidewalk sufferer. Just what words she spoke into that ear the bewildered young ambulance surgeon had no means of knowing. But there was no doubt as to their effect. The convulsive tremors died out of the twisted limbs, the heaving body grew quiet, and a look of frustration came into the agonized eyes. An unmistakably blasphemous ejaculation, in fact, escaped from the still slavered lips, and the startled Annie made an effort to arise from the dusty curbstones along which she had been content to repose.

But the ambulance surgeon, with a narrowed eye, put a stop to that movement.

"Oh, no, you don't," he said as he took possession of Annie and signaled for his driver. "You're going to come along with us this time."

And when he had the indignant and now loquacious Annie strapped down on the ambulance floor he turned back to the cool-eyed Tiny.

"You'd better come, too," he said as he pushed his way through the gathering crowd. And Tiny, to his surprise, was only too willing to seat herself on a folded gray blanket beside his swaying perch and go careening off toward the hospital.

"So you're going to be one of us," he said as soon as they were under way, with a second glance at the clear-eyed girl with the provocative smile and the vague air of intensity about her thin young face.

"I'd give an arm to," she said with a passionate sort of humility, remembering that in a way she had counted her chickens before they were hatched.

"Then you haven't been accepted yet?" he asked as he studied the luminous eyes with the brownish-gold streaks across a background of gray. And that led to a hurried but candid confession of her life dream, of her youthful ambition to be a trained nurse.

"Have you had two years in a high school?" her new-found friend promptly inquired.

"Not quite," Tiny was compelled to acknowledge. "But I've had private lessons to make up for it, private lessons from a Mr. Schultz. And if they'd only give me a chance I'd carry out buckets of blood and scrub floors and work my fingers to the bone."

"That would hardly be necessary," retorted the thick-shouldered young surgeon, doing his best to keep a solemn face as they swung in through the gateway. "But I'm going to see what I can do for you. I'm Doctor Beach, and you ask for me when you come back here tomorrow. If I'm out on a call, go up those stairs and ask for Miss Thrall. That's the superintendent of nurses, and I'll have a talk with her before you come. I just know you're a born nurse, from the way you handled this fit thrower," he added, a little ironically, as he helped Tiny to the ground.

"What time should I come?" asked Tiny, unconscious of that irony and with little thrills going up and down her backbone.

"About ten," announced Doctor Beach. "And remember a lot's going to depend on that first talk of yours with Miss Thrall. In the meantime I'll put in a good word for you—as an old friend."

She detected the kindliness beyond the façade of his gruffness and a deeper light came into her earnest young eyes.

"You'll never be sorry," she said with a small quaver of feeling in her voice as she spoke. But he was busy with his patient and didn't seem to hear her.

"Tomorrow at ten," he cried over his shoulder as he disappeared into the receiving room. And Tiny stood in the shadowy quadrangle frowned over by its solemn walls, watching a bevy of uniformed girls as they passed laughing and talking along the rough-flagged colonnade and dispersed through mysterious doors on their mysterious missions of mercy. Before long, she remembered, she might be one of that happy band, with a place in the world and a clearly defined duty before her. And she wondered how she would look in a blue-and-white-striped uniform and with a starched white cap on her tawny head.

But when Tiny presented herself punctually at ten the next morning she did not find the waves of destiny flinging her broadcast on the sands of duty. She had to wait a full hour, in fact, before her audience with Miss Thrall; and during a pointed cross-examination which did not add any to the applicant's happiness Tiny was compelled to divulge certain obscure details as to her parentage and her past seemingly inconsistent with a career of public service. And the little rouge-splashed face with the audaciously tilted nose and the insurrectionary eyes did not altogether impress the examining superintendent as an augury of a docile young spirit meekly bent on duty, just as the somewhat breathless pertness behind which Tiny hid a momentarily quailing spirit somewhat disturbed the older woman, who had to reach quick judgments and make prompt decisions. But Miss Thrall, notwithstanding an eye that could be both impersonal and appraising, claimed possession of a sort of Roentgen-ray instinct which often saw into the unrevealed heart of things. And there was something about this ardent-eyed and restless-handed girl that she liked, something that told her this still untamed Celtic nature might prove no easy stuff to mold, but in the end might be shaped into a woman of promise.

So Tiny, after being given application blanks to fill out and after being passed on to a medical examiner still further set on unearthing the inmost secrets of her life, was instructed to obtain a dentist's certificate as to her teeth and two letters of reference as to her character, and was told that she would be duly notified when and if accepted.

"Hadn't I better be making my uniforms?" suggested the sagacious Tiny, anxious to decide an issue that seemed too uncertain for her liking.

"That," said Miss Thrall with a ghost of a smile, "will not be necessary until the application has been formally accepted."

"Then I hope you'll take me," said Tiny with her most lambent smile, bumping against the door as she backed her embarrassed way out of the office.

Belowstairs, apparently by accident, she came face to face with Doctor Beach. Tiny's smile had vanished by this time, and some vague reaction of depression left her on the obvious verge of tears.

"Don't you worry," said her new-found friend of the ambulance corps. "This place needs probationers, and you'll go in with the new summer-end class."

"I don't believe they want me," murmured Tiny, still overawed by the magnitude of the machinery in which she was seeking to be a humble unit.

"They want you, all right," was the cheery response. "And I hope we're going to be good friends when you get back."

"I hope so, too," said Tiny, scarcely conscious of what she said, or why she had shaken hands with him, as she turned away and went down the rough-flagged walk and passed out through the huge gateway. The roar of New York was once more about her and a feeling of loneliness oppressed her as she once more lost herself in its maelstrom of movement. But as she turned the corner into Stanton Street she caught sight of Buddy Rapp waiting for her. And when he saw her he came stumping along on his homemade crutches, a wide smile of happiness on his face as he came.

VII

A DISTINCT sense of deprivation took possession of Spider Logan when he learned that Tiny had applied for admission to the hospital. Such a move, to his way of thinking, was as definite a divorce from the everyday world as a penitentiary commitment or a proposal to take the veil. And he stood ready to venture any reasonable step to save Tiny from her own folly.

So with the assistance of Spike Thigpin, an accomplished penman whose activities had once brought him into collision with the Federal authorities, Spider concocted a number of letters more or less pointedly dealing with the past of Miss Tiny McCann. These, unsigned and undated, were sent through the mails to the slightly perplexed Miss Thrall, whose first impulse was to ignore them. But when in the pursuit of her official duties she sought to disprove the anonymous intimation that one of her would-be nurses was the daughter of a once notorious gunman and that the lady in question had once been discharged from Claussen's Laundry for theft, and found upon investigation that the charges were only too true, even the eminently fair-minded Miss Thrall was compelled to reconsider her earlier decision.

Tiny, of course, had no knowledge of how the cards were being stacked against her, even though she did acquire certain underground yet definite information that Spider and Dago Mike had been involved in the holding up of a silk truck and the spiriting away of its cargo. And that, to Tiny, marked the parting of the ways with her and the friend of her youth. When, in fact, Spider stopped her in front of Kelly's pool room and suggested that they repair together to the Elite Social Club dance, Tiny stood inspecting his overdapper person, inspecting it with a cool and caustic eye.

"I'm sorry, but we don't seem to be traveling along the same roads," she said as she made a move to step past him.

But Spider blocked her way. A handful of the Gas Housers lounged about the doorway and the open disdain of his "rib" was not easy to swallow.

"D' you mean I'm not good enough for you?" demanded Spider with a slumberous light in his narrow eye.

"I didn't say that, Spider," Tiny admitted. "I guess it's me who's not good enough to go around with a man who's making a record like yours. And I've got troubles of my own, these days."

"Then come on down to the Elite and forget 'em," prompted the man who now seemed to belong to another world.

"There'd be certain things I couldn't forget," Tiny reminded him.

"There was a time when you weren't so finicky," scoffed Spider. And his laugh was a hard one.

"Well, it's all simple enough," explained the girl as she shook off the hand he had placed on her arm. "You can't travel with me if you don't travel straight. And you know as well as I do what you've headed for."

Spider laughed again, following her step by step as she backed away.

"I'm headed for the Elite," he proclaimed as he caught her by the wrist. "And you're goin' to come wit' me."

Her color waned as his clutch tightened and he drew her closer to his side, so close that she could smell the sour odor of gin on his breath.

"Cut out the cave-man stuff," she cried, reverting to the vernacular of the street.

"You're comin' wit' me," he repeated, his voice thick with a new harshness. Yet it wasn't until he, in his lordlier strength, attempted to shake her into submission that she made an effort to resist him.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he cried as she twisted and fought to free herself from his clasp. "You're not goin' to keep on playin' hot and cold wit' me, kid. And now we're goin' to see who's boss in this family."

She was not afraid of him. It was more her helplessness before his superior strength that brought the sudden tears of exasperation to her eyes. Yet she fought him as she still backed away, step by step, until they were off the sidewalk and out on the street pavement, where he caught her up in a firmer clutch and shook her again, shook her as a terrier shakes a rag.

"Let me go," she said, lapsing into sudden passiveness.

"Not on your life," asserted her pallid-faced captor.

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 155)

"Let me go," she repeated with a quiet intentness that merely added fuel to the fire of his masterfulness.

Spider Logan had no intention of letting her go. Nothing, indeed, was further removed from his thoughts. But, apparently out of a clear sky, a new and an unexpected factor intruded itself into that grotesque struggle. This factor took the form of a clenched fist at the end of a hard-muscled arm, a clenched fist that shot past Tiny's twisted shoulder and came into violent collision with Spider's slightly flaccid and yellow-tinged jaw. So abrupt was that collision that the startled Spider not only took three hasty steps backward to retain his threatened equilibrium, but also saw a number of stars quite invisible to other eyes. His clutching arms relaxed their hold and went up, instinctively, to guard the face where a second clenched fist thudded sharply against bone and sinew.

"We'll see if he'll let go or not," said the owner of the fists in question as he brushed Tiny inconsequentially aside. And she saw, to her dismay, that Spider had no intention of retreating.

"I'll kill you," he said, instead, in a voice husky with passion. There was hate in his face as he turned to the intruder who had so airily stepped into what should have been regarded as strictly a private and personal affair. And Tiny knew, by the answering look on the newcomer's face, that they were going to fight. She also knew, as her brain cleared, that this newcomer was the same youth who had already suffered at the hands of the embattled Gas Housers. It was the man who had danced with her at the Bon Ton Hall.

Now Tiny was in no way terrified by a fight as a fight. She had both participated in and witnessed too many of them to be unduly distressed by the brutalities of physical combat. But there were certain features about the encounter taking place before her judicially narrowed eyes which tended to worry her. Spider, she remembered, would fight fair only as long as he was compelled to do so. He had his friends in the background, friends whose gang loyalty would not passively witness the humiliation of a leader. And they would never be overfastidious in the manner of their interference.

But those pool-hole idlers, oddly enough, betrayed no intention of mixing in a contest that was already taking on the aspects of the Homeric. It was Spider's chance, obviously, to proclaim his right to leadership. It was a family affair between a man and his "moll." There was, too, a grim and resolute passion about the newcomer that made him an unsavory opponent to attack in the open. And before either Spider Logan or his pool-room friends could quite understand the reason for it, the former went sprawling back against the curb and lay there twitchingly pondering why he was without the will to rise.

The newcomer, wiping his knuckles on a red-stained handkerchief, stood looking at the twitching figure. But Tiny cut him short in his contemplation of victory.

"You've got to get out of here," she said as she caught at his arm. "You've got to travel and travel quick!"

"I guess I've proved my right to hang around," protested the other, objecting to the girl's continued tug at his arm.

"You won that round, all right," acknowledged Tiny, "but you wouldn't have a show against the bunch back there."

"Bring 'em on!" cried the embattled intruder.

"But can't you see they wouldn't fight fair?" cried Tiny as she pulled him away. "While you were busy with one, another'd give you a knife in the ribs. Come on!"

She led him away, ignoring his protests, until they came to a crosstown car line. It wasn't until they were safely aboard an all but empty surface car that the man with the battered knuckles stopped to stare at his diminutive convoy.

"We're still causing each other considerable trouble, I notice," he said with a laugh that was not without its touch of acid.

"Are you hurt?" asked Tiny.

"Not as much as I was three weeks ago," was the grim-noted reply.

"What happened then?"

"Some of your East Side friends held me up when I was driving a silk truck. Then one of them knocked me out with a pistol butt. And before I woke up they'd driven off with my load"

Tiny stiffened at that confession.

"Have you any idea who did it?" she asked, knowing what she knew.

"No, I haven't," was the other's slightly retarded reply. "But for over two weeks I've been raking the East Side in the forlorn hope of finding out. It was bad enough being knocked on the head. But being fired from my job for losing those silk rolls seemed like turning the knife in the wound. So you see, I was really souring for trouble when I stumbled on your boy friend trying to beat you up."

"Why were you driving a truck?" asked Tiny, studying him with an estimative eye.

"Oh, I'd driven one before I was eighteen," was the offhanded reply.

"Where?" demanded the slightly skeptical Tiny.

"On the Western Front," was the still half-diffident retort. "And it seemed the natural thing to do over again. Only it was an ambulance in those earlier days."

Tiny, still thoughtful-eyed, rose to her feet, making a sign for him to follow.

"Where do we go from here?" asked the young man with the half-reckless light in his eyes as he stepped out at what proved to be the corner of Fifth Avenue.

"It doesn't much matter," said Tiny, looking back to make sure they were not being followed.

"Let's take a bus," suggested her companion.

And to that Tiny, with a reviving sense of escape, duly agreed. So they climbed to the top of the next northbound bus and went charioteering up the twilit Avenue jeweled with its milk-white globes.

"I don't understand about your driving a truck," pursued the puzzled girl at his side. "Why were you doing that?"

"To make a living," was the terse reply.

"But I'd an idea you didn't need to work for a living," ventured the cautiously exploring Tiny.

"So did I," agreed the other. "But my old dad decided otherwise."

Tiny sat considering this.

"Who is he?" she finally asked. "Your dad?"

Billy Stone's laugh was a barricading one

"He's a man it never pays me to talk about. And I'd much rather talk about you. What is your mission in life just at present?"

"I'm going to be a hospital nurse," she solemnly proclaimed, choosing to disregard the note of banter in his voice.

It was his turn to become solemn at that. He stared at her in the half light for a moment, with a touch of incredulity on his face.

"That's funny," he said as she lurched against him with the movement of the bus top. "I was thinking of driving an ambulance for a pill house myself. And now I know I'm going to do it."

Tiny wondered why her heart lightened a trifle.

"Life is funny that way, sometimes, isn't it?" she said as they turned west into Fifty-seventh Street.

"Yes, it is. And perhaps some night," suggested the man who called himself Billy Stone, "we'll borrow one of the old white misery chariots and go wandering around in the moonlight."

Tiny sat silent until they turned northward into Broadway.

"You don't cotton to that idea of riding round in an ambulance?" her companion finally suggested.

"Neither of us is in the hospital yet," she reminded him. But there was a note of contentment in her voice, even though she couldn't always quite understand what this new-found friend of hers was driving at.

"But we will be," he announced out of the second silence that had fallen between them.

And Tiny, on thinking it over, somewhat conservatively proclaimed that you never could tell.

"Well, this is good enough for me," asserted her companion as they turned into Riverside Drive. And it was probably the sense of loneliness that hung over the widening river valley, combined with the cooler air sweeping down the Hudson, that prompted him to sit a little closer as they went careening up the undulating Drive.

VIII

BUT Tiny, without being a patient, rode in a hospital ambulance much earlier than she had expected. The primary cause of that movement lay in a casual but unsuccessful hold-up staged by Dago Mike and Oyster Benny. Dago Mike, who was the "gay cat" in that ambitious effort, leaped into his appropriated taxicab at the approach of the police, and, interweaving through the L pillars of Allen Street, swung eastward into Stanton. He was, obviously, in a hurry, and he had small chance to pick his course. The one thing he wanted was to put space between him and his uniformed pursuers and lose himself in the quieter vistas toward the East River.

He had no intention of running down the small figure hobbling across the street on a pair of homemade crutches. He did his best, in fact, to avoid that agile but indeterminate figure. Before he quite knew how it happened, however, he had struck the bandy-legged boy and sent him hurtling into the street gutter.

And Tiny McCann, hurrying homeward with a disconcerting number of parcels under her arm, witnessed that collision and caught sight of the inert figure lying huddled at the curbside. And her blood chilled as she saw it, for she knew it was her Buddy who had been struck by the flying car. She did not scream as she ran toward him. But her face was white and her hands were shaking as she took the stunned body up in her arms. Then she put it down again, suddenly frantic at the steady spurt of blood from one torn leg. That, her schoolroom lessons in first aid had already taught her, meant that an artery was cut and the bleeding must be stopped at any cost.

Yet as she looked frantically about she could see nothing that would serve as a tourniquet. So, like a woman suddenly gone mad, she kicked a stave from a wooden ash barrel. Then, sitting down on the curb, she jerked off her shoe and pulled off her stocking with a hole in the heel. The stocking she quickly knotted about the bleeding leg, inserting the broken barrel stave and twisting it round until the bandage tightened and the bleeding stopped.

Buddy, emerging from his coma, moaned aloud with the pain of that relentlessly tightened girth. So Tiny, motioning back the crowd that was gathering about her, took Buddy's head in her lap and was murmuring foolish endearments into his ear and mopping the street dust from his face when the clang of the ambulance gong came echoing along the street.

It was Doctor Beach who pushed through the crowd, bag in hand.

"What've we got this time?" he said with one quick look into Tiny's face.

"It's Buddy," was her inadequate reply as she struggled to keep back the tears. But Doctor Beach was not conscious of those tears. He was already on his knees beside the stunned boy, intent on his examination, absorbed in the emergency work which the case demanded.

"Pretty neat, I'll say!" he ejaculated as he inspected the twisted-stocking tourniquet. He even smiled as someone handed Tiny her shoe and she thrust her bare foot absent-mindedly into it.

"Will he die?" asked the girl with the stricken eyes.

"Not by a long shot," retorted the unruffled young ambulance surgeon. "He'll

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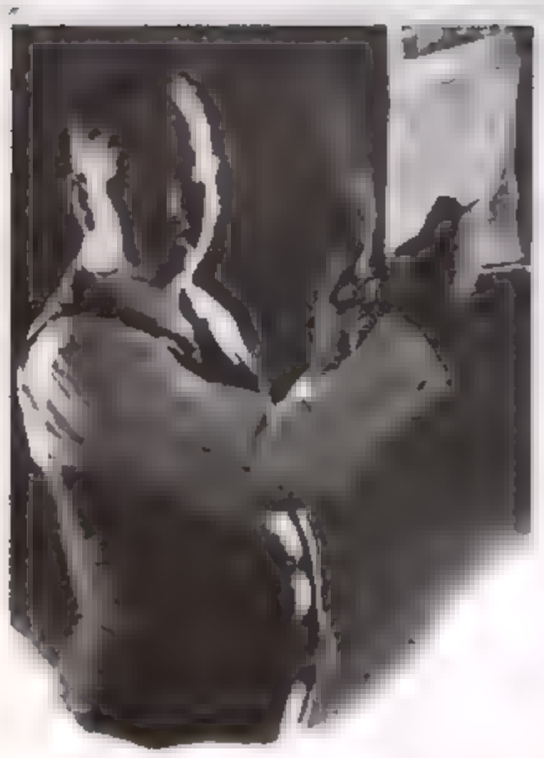

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take some patching up, naturally, with three ribs cracked and that lacerated leg. But you did the trick with your hole-proof tourniquet."

In fact Buddy, as he was lifted into the ambulance, wailed so stubbornly for Tiny not to leave him that young Doctor Beach found it hard to remain as solemn as the occasion seemed to demand.

"I guess you're billed for another ride back with me," he said as he motioned for Tiny to climb aboard. Then he added as he climbed in after her: "It's all right, Buddy. She's here. She's going to stick right to you. And I don't blame you for hollering for a girl like that when you're in trouble."

Tiny tried to smile her gratitude. But her smile was a wan one.

"I think you ought to stay with us this time," pursued the man in white as they swept in through the gateway.

"I wish I could," was all Tiny had a chance to answer, realizing of a sudden that she was a mere outsider amid the quickened activities of the receiving room. For beyond that portal she was not permitted to accompany Buddy. She lost sight of Doctor Beach himself and felt very alone in the world as she waited for news which nobody seemed sufficiently interested to bring.

But Tiny wasn't so completely forgotten as she imagined. For when Doctor Beach had finished the work immediately before him he made it a point to seek out the tranquil-eyed Miss Thrall, ostensibly in quest of an odd stocking of indeterminate size.

And in explaining the need for this stocking he found it necessary to place before the Superintendent of Nurses a description of Miss Tiny McCann's emergency work in saving the life of a patient.

Miss Thrall, barricaded behind her desk, listened to that recountal with characteristic quietness. She even sat for a full minute, staring abstractedly out of the window, before she opened a drawer and took out certain papers therein contained.

"I'd like to have a word or two with that girl," she observed as she stooped to make a number of erasures and alterations in the forms before her. There was a slight frown on her face as she did so, for this reversing of decisions was a serious matter, and for the second time she was prompted to reverse her decision in the matter of Miss McCann.

Yet when she confronted Tiny ten minutes later in the waiting room she impressed the dejected girl as a singularly austere and impersonal figure. A faint touch of color, in fact, crept into Tiny's cheeks as she made a none too successful effort to hide away a quite stockingless shin bone.

"I hope you'll excuse me," murmured the embarrassed Tiny, making no effort to rise.

"It's quite all right," announced Miss Thrall, with the faintest shadow of a smile about her momentarily severe mouth

"It was an accident, you know," quavered the unhappy Tiny with a useless tug at her skirt hem.

"I understand the circumstances, I believe," was the older woman's matter-of-fact response. "You will receive a letter from my office tomorrow, Miss McCann, announcing that your application has been acted on favorably."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the quite uncomprehending Tiny.

"That means, of course," pursued Miss Thrall, "that you're accepted here as a student nurse and that I expect you to report for the incoming class."

Tiny blinked dully after the uniformed woman who rustled past her to answer a telephone call.

"Hully gee!" she said with a gulp of gratitude as she rose to her feet. "Hully gee!" she cried for the second time as she forgot the unhappy Buddy long enough to execute an incongruous *pas seul* on the floor worn by a thousand hurrying feet.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

BOOKS ONCE WERE MEN

(Continued from Page 29)

the dress in which it first came from the binder, no matter how shabby and bedraggled it might have become after its years of service. Quite properly, they looked upon the binding as much a part of the book as the text itself. They also considered the advertisements, and the like, issued with the original parts, to be absolutely essential, notwithstanding the fact that the author not only had no hand in preparing them but was not even consulted about them. Today book collectors insist, where possible, on having volumes in the original cloth or boards or in contemporary calf; the advertisements must be correct and in accordance with the last word put forth on the subject by bibliographers, who though not always infallible are generally accurate. Even they are sometimes confronted—and therefore delighted—by discoveries upsetting everything on which they have based previous opinions.

That little thing by Dickens, for instance, Drooping Buds, reprinted from Household Words and issued in pink wrappers in connection with the Report of the Hospital for Sick Children. For years the edition of 1860 was considered the first separate issue, although it appeared in Household Words in 1852. Then someone unearthed a copy dated 1855. This upset everything. But scarcely had the bibliographical sleuths pounced upon it and declared it to be the rarest sort of find, when up comes a copy dated 1852, issued only a few weeks after it appeared in Household Words! There is said to be only one copy bearing this date in existence.

Plunging on Dickens

Dickens collectors went along for decades believing they had genuine first issues of The Battle of Life. Suddenly out of a clear sky, so to speak, dropped a trial issue, or pre-first, as such things are called. It is the earliest form, with the words A Love Story printed instead of engraved below the vignette on the title page. At once there was a bibliographical spasm. To the world at large this would be called a trifle; to the book collector it is as stupendous as the most shattering of earthquakes. There are said to be not more than four copies of this book in existence. I happen to possess one of the four—by good luck only, I am obliged to confess.

And this reminds me that it is now about time for the personal equation to enter into this article. I have owned several thousand first editions. Many of them were and are unimportant. That is only natural, for when one collects, say, Dickens or Thackeray he finds that only one out of every ten books by these great men approaches what may be classed as a rarity; one out of every twenty is actually scarce and very few come under the head of being practically unique or unobtainable except at great cost; and even then it is possible to secure them only when an important library or collection is broken up and the books come into the market through private or public sale.

I began by purchasing a set of Anthony Trollope, neatly rebound in half levant, and then retired from the field, so to speak, for nearly a year, having spent the enormous sum of $400 for the set! This was back in 1903, I believe. Today one has to pay $500 or $600 for Mr. Trollope's Macdermots alone. Recovering in time from the folly of that financial jamboree, I began to pick up cheap but good copies of Dickens in the parts and otherwise. I say cheap only because they were inexpensive as compared to the prices they bring today. I am proud to say that Charles Dickens is my favorite author. Witness my purchase of a set at two dollars a volume, two dollars a month, back in my hard-up reportorial days; and witness also my oath that long before I got married I had read for the second time every single one of the twenty-odd volumes in the set. But when it came to paying twenty-five dollars for a copy of Nicholas Nickleby in the parts, or fifty dollars for A Tale of Two Cities, I was prouder than ever of Dickens, but a little ashamed of myself for giving up a dollar or two dollars apiece for pamphlets that Englishmen had for sixpence three-quarters of a century ago.

As for Pickwick—well, if I hadn't received a surprisingly large royalty check from Beverly of Graustark about that time, and been rendered somewhat supine by opulence, I shouldn't have dreamed of spending the princely sum of $200 for a copy—which, by the way, I was soon to discover lacked practically every important point that makes for a high-class set of Pickwick in the parts. The first three numbers were wrong, as they usually are, in the matter of covers; many of the "addresses" were missing; most of the advertisements were incorrect, and the Seymour and Phiz plates were second or third state. The dealer who sold it to me did not attempt to deceive me. He was very honest about it. He told me that if I wanted a top-notch copy, first issues in every respect, I would have to plank down a couple of thousand dollars. I thought he was entirely too honest. I almost hated him for it.

But the truth of the matter is, a fine copy of Pickwick is as necessary to the building up of a desirable set of Dickens as the foundation is to a thirty-story skyscraper. Unless one has a Pickwick that is correct in every particular, he hasn't much standing among those haughty and arrogant collectors who are fortunate enough to possess perfect copies. Confronted by the certainty that I could not be a true Dickens collector unless I had a Pickwick that would stand the test, I got rid of my imperfect copy as soon as possible and bought a better one—not much better, to be sure, but as good as the average. Then, some years ago, I exchanged a couple of hundred books—I may say that though they did not cost much when I bought them, they had increased considerably in value by the time I decided to dispose of them—I exchanged them for what is now regarded as an exceptionally fine copy of Pickwick. If my modesty in making this assertion is questioned—and I am sure it ought to be—I hope to overcome the criticism by confessing that I have committed so many foolish acts in the way of collecting books that I may be pardoned for speaking with scant timidity of one of the few sensible things I have done.

Cramped for Shelf Room

Then came Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth, Reade, Marryat—substantial old Englishmen all—and, later on, the so-called moderns: Meredith, Moore, Hardy, Kipling and Stevenson. The thing was getting beyond me. If I were to keep on at that rate, even though the cost was not great except in a very few instances, there was shelf room to be considered, and also a quite definite fear that my friends would think I was losing my mind. So I began to eliminate. One cannot have everything unless one has everything, ambiguous as that may sound. I decided to confine my aspirations to one or two distinctive and outstanding books by various authors, concentrating only on Dickens and Thackeray in the way of complete—or as nearly complete as possible—sets of first editions. This meant the disposal in one way or another of all of Lever, Ainsworth, Reade, Marryat, Meredith and others.

It was not that I disdained these authors—far from it—but I had resolved

(Continued on Page 163)

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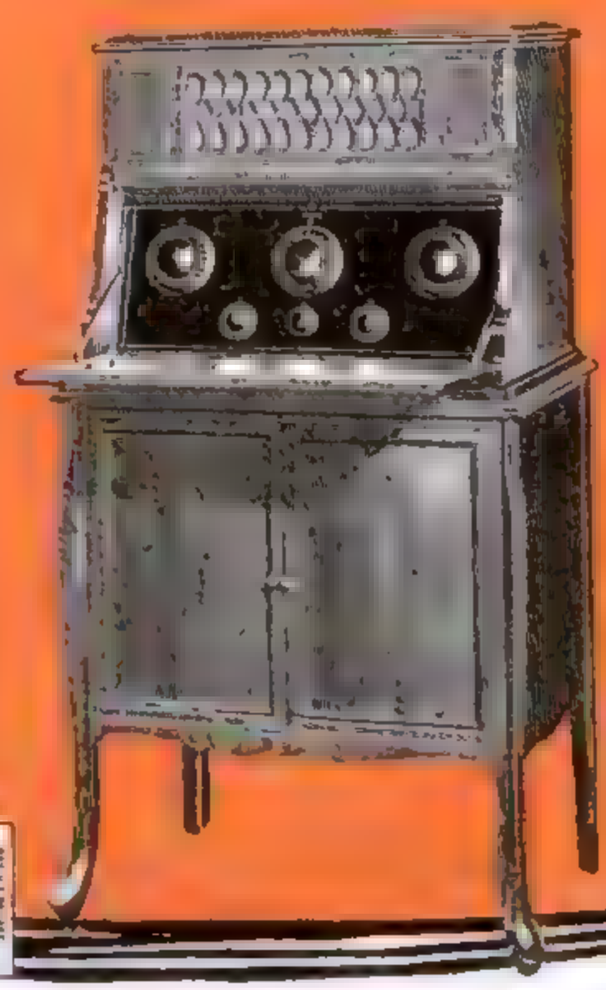

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(Continued from Page 158)

upon a course that, so far as I am concerned, is entirely satisfying. In short, it was and still is my practice to select one or two notable books by each of the great authors and to content myself with them. Instead of having a long and somewhat ponderous set of Lever, for example, Harry Lorrequer—my favorite—alone represents that distinguished author. Ainsworth's Tower of London, Reade's The Cloister and the Hearth, Marryat's Peter Simple, Meredith's The Egoist, George Eliot's Romola, Wilkie Collins' No Name, Cooper's Precaution and The Spy, Hawthorne's Fanshawe and The Scarlet Letter, Irving's History of New York, Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy—one of a dozen copies printed—without going any deeper into the matter a few books, my own particular favorites, occupying a couple of feet of space instead of the many crowded yards necessary to house complete sets of first editions, are all that I now possess. Naturally, it is all a matter of personal liking; taste, I dare say, has nothing to do with it. Other people may fancy other books by these writers; but after all is said and done, I have pleased myself and that is all there is to it. There are collectors who make a practice of having two books by an author—his first and his best. There can be no doubt as to which is his first book, but it is always a matter of opinion as to which is his best.

Now for a few confessions. The sets I disposed of were fairly complete; in most cases they had increased considerably in value. I did not actually sell them. On the contrary, by bargaining with dealers, exchanges or trades were consummated whereby in the end I obtained—for value received, you may be sure—outstanding single items, all of which go toward the making up of a small, representative library. For the sake of illustration, I may say that all of George Meredith's books went in a bulky lump in exchange for a single pamphlet by Robert Louis Stevenson, The Thompson Class Club; a lot of others went toward the purchase of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, and others brought a first edition of Paradise Lost into my hands. Gulliver's Travels, an extremely rare work; some of Thackeray's and some of Dickens' scarcest books; Gray's Elegy, and Keats' Endymion, and Shelley's Laon and Cythna are among those coming to me in that way—some years ago, to be sure, and before they were as costly as they are now.

Today, instead of possessing a dozen or more complete sets of first editions by noted authors—chiefly modern, it will be observed by this time—I have retained but two, Dickens and Thackeray. In passing, I may mention that I possess and treasure practically all the works of my close personal friends and contemporaries; but being presentation or inscribed copies from the authors themselves, they stand in closer relationship than the others and cannot be regarded in the same cold light.

Book Investors and Book Lovers

It is not my purpose to advocate or even suggest methods to be followed by those who collect books or plan to acquire libraries. Every man to his own liking, everyone to his own system, if such it may be called. It would be folly for me or for anyone else to attempt to govern another man's desires and inclinations when it comes to books and authors, or to question his judgment. I can only say that if one is bent upon getting together a small and intimate library, he can serve himself best by choosing the books and the authors he likes regardless of that hated word "investment."

There are no end of book buyers whose first thought and whose eternal question is, "What is this book going to be worth next year?" That type of book lover is misnamed, even in his own secret estimation, for he is thinking more of what the book is worth to someone else than of its value to himself. It would be ridiculous, however, to pretend that it is not gratifying to feel that one can sell his books for more than he paid for them. He likes to have people think that he is smart.

In this day, especially in these United States of ours, smartness, ability, genius—everything else—is measured largely by that great by-product known as money. Few people give a thought to a present-day author, playwright or painter until someone happens to mention the fact that his earnings were $100,000 or so last year; and then he is worth thinking about. It is the same with books. The general public isn't interested in Mr. Kipling's Smith Administration—in fact never heard of it—until the newspapers announce that it brought more than $4000 at an auction sale, whereupon it immediately becomes famous. And when it finds out, for example, that a foolish, simple-minded, bookish sort of fellow bought a copy of the first edition of the Rubaiyat for five dollars fifteen or twenty years ago, and sold it for more than $2000 last week—well, the public suddenly takes notice of him, doffs its hat to him, and ungrudgingly, almost lovingly, admits that he is smart.

Traps and Plants for the Unwary

The real joy of book collecting, aside from the actual love of the books themselves, is to be found in the search. There is a very definite thrill in the discovery of a rare book in some dingy little bookshop in an out-of-the-way street, hidden, so to speak, among a heterogeneous mass of cheap and apparently worthless junk. There are no end of stories, mostly true, of startling finds wherein some knowing hawk-eyed collector has picked up a treasure for fifty cents or a dollar. At the same time, it is a well-known fact that traps or plants are arranged to catch the unwary and self-esteemed snooper in quest of bargains. Clever facsimiles, adeptly prepared reprints, scientifically and almost undetectably antiqued pamphlets and broadsides, faked title pages, and all that sort of thing, are planted in the shop of some supposedly ignorant but thoroughly advised bookseller of the smaller type, and to this place the eager collector is guided by a dishonest scout, who has assured him that the article can be had for almost nothing. But when he gets there he discovers that the supposedly ignorant little book dealer suddenly has become wise and has locked his wares up in his safe. Nevertheless, he will part with them for a price. Before the greedy collector knows what has happened to him, he has paid several hundred dollars for the spurious books and has gone away happy in the thought that he has picked up a great bargain. Some day he learns to his disgust that he has been bilked, but he is too smart to put up a cry that will reveal his own stupidity.

There are instances of crafty, unscrupulous rascals planting half a dozen or more books in the homes of New England villagers or farmers, rehearsing those individuals carefully in the parts they are to play, and then notifying a promising dupe where the rare old books are to be found. The farmer or villager, as honest as the day is long in all other respects no doubt, having learned his lines and also how to control his risibilities, informs his visitor—who also is as honest as any average day in the year—that these dusty, well-thumbed old books have been in the family ever since his grandfather's day; yes, come to think of it, he can remember hearing his granddad say that his father bought them just about the time they came out, back in 1835 or '40, and—well, no, he wouldn't care to sell 'em.

"To be perfectly honest with you, mister," he will declare, with feeling, "I don't want to part with them. Besides which, a college professor from Harvard spent last summer in this neighborhood and he told me they were worth a lot of money—how much, I don't know. But anyhow, no amount of money would tempt me to ——"

And so on and so forth. The result is easily foretold. He does part with the books and—and everybody is happy because everybody has been swindled!

It pays to deal with established, reputable purveyors of rare books. There once was a time, not so long ago, when the ardent, ambitious collector could rummage around in the secondhand bookstores and occasionally find unsuspected treasures. That day is gone, or almost gone. The keeper of the smallest, most insignificant bookshop today knows his wares. Nothing much gets past him. He reads up on things; his eye is peeled, so to speak; he is always on the lookout for finds. And if he himself should prove to be ignorant or shortsighted, the alert scouts of the big book dealers are always on the job. They are constantly on the wing. They fall upon what he may have overlooked and instantly snatch it up, pay him his price and go away with the find. They know its value, they know its history and its rarity. The only chance the questing collector has therefore is to happen upon a guileless secondhand man ahead of the clever scout. This sometimes happens, but it isn't often.

Years ago, I myself picked up books for the proverbial song, risking my own judgment and taking a gambler's chance; but it is a good deal like looking for a needle in a haystack today. The whole book world is wise. So, I repeat, it pays to look for treasures in the strongholds of the big dealers. If they haven't got what you want, they usually know how and where to find it. You pay their price, but you may be pretty sure that the book is worth what they ask for it and that you will be treated fairly and squarely.

My experience with the first-grade dealer in rare books—and I know most of them well, although I abstain from mentioning their names here—has proved to me that he is a square, conscientious man, and that he guards his reputation as zealously as any other merchant in the world. If by chance he errs in the representation of a book, the customer will rarely experience the slightest difficulty in returning it and getting his money back. To put it baldly and plainly, it isn't good business to saddle a buyer, big or little, with something that isn't right—or, for that matter, questionable—and no one knows it better than the dealer. Of course, there are shyster booksellers just as there are shyster lawyers or doctors or—alas!—collectors. Booksellers of that stripe do not go to the trouble of pasting the warning sign Beware on their doors.

Choice Literary Treasures

My fancy turns toward works of fiction. In the first place, I can read them with some degree of appreciative understanding: in the second place, I know little or nothing about poetry that is not of an epic or narrative character. There are a couple of thousand of these books in my library, nearly all of them preserved in slip cases. Not long ago a very astute and successful business man—a man who has made a great deal of money and confines his reading to the Wall Street Journal and his golf-score card—came to my apartment for dinner. The evening was half over when he spoke of the rows of books on the library shelves. He admitted that he had read several books of which I am the author; but if anyone had told him that I had written so many, he would have called him a liar.

"There must be 2000 or 3000 books on those shelves," he said. "How on earth did you ever find time to write them all?"

It was easy to be honest with him. Astonishment and, I suppose, chagrin, overcame a habitual reluctance to discuss my own feeble endeavors, so I blurted out the truth. I told him I didn't write a single one of them. He seemed bewildered.

"You didn't?" he exclaimed, eying me doubtfully.

I handed him Milton's Paradise Lost.

"Do you think I wrote this book?" I demanded.

He didn't get a chance to answer. His wife answered for him.

"Why, of course Mr. McCutcheon didn't write it, you old goose! Dickens died nearly

Bergster
F. BERG & CO.
NEW YORK

A Sta-Shape Hat at 7.00
(Slightly Higher West of Rockies)

It Retains the Style Lines Longer

WHETHER your face is fat and friendly, executively square-jawed, or thin and esthetic, you'll find the new Bergster does more than its share in promoting your manly beauty. It's smart and universally becoming—to young men, older men, *all* men of good taste. Different without shouting the fact. A Sta-Shape, which means it *stays* stylish.

Others $5, $6 and $10

F. BERG & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO
Factory: Norwalk, Conn.

Berg
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Sta Shape
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

100 years ago. The first thing you know you'll be saying that Dickens wrote Graustark."

"Well, who did write it?" inquired her husband, rather warmly.

This is a true story, as the gentleman himself will confess with becoming glee.

Many men of many minds. There are men who collect nothing but original manuscripts, others who devote all their time and spare money to the accumulation of autograph letters. Fabulous prices are paid for manuscripts of great novels, poems and even drawings used in illustrating famous books. The manuscript of a novel, in the handwriting of the author—especially if he be long dead and therefore famous—possesses an appeal unsurpassed by anything else. Here is the novel, the poem or the essay just as it was transferred from the brain by way of the hand to the paper on which it was written. No printer has done this job. For months and years the man himself has toiled over these sheets, his own fingers have held the pen, his own eyes have followed the course of the ink as it ran in readable streams across the page, his innermost thoughts have been rendered visible by the magic scribble that turns them into words for all the world to see if it will.

The man puts himself upon those sheets as surely as he draws the breath of life. Other men transform his words into type and others bind them up, but he alone has put a brain, a heart and a soul into the thing we afterward call a book.

I can only say that a visit to the Morgan library in New York is more discouraging than inspiring to the would-be collector of original manuscripts, no matter how rich he may be. He at once realizes that his field of operation is limited, his possibilities curtailed. There are manuscripts to be had, of course; but one glance at the vast and imposing Morgan collection is sufficient to daunt the most determined, for here are hundreds of the choicest literary treasures of the world and all of them beyond grasp. A recent exhibition of these manuscripts at the New York Public Library revealed the extent and importance of the Morgan collection and took the heart out of even the most opulent of aspirants.

Suffice it to say, I have no manuscripts save those I have written myself; and though they take up a lot of room and look formidable enough, they are lamentably uncoveted. Still, when you come to think about it, I have a complete collection of my own manuscripts. Mr. Morgan has nearly everything else, to be sure, but I've got something that he lacks. Courtesy alone forbids me to mention what it is.

Authors' Autograph Letters

However, I adopted a plan some years ago and have pursued it with fervor and some degree of success ever since. It concerns autograph letters of all the authors represented by books in my humble, comparatively insignificant library. As soon as a letter comes into my hands, I send it down to the most expert inlayer I know, and he skilfully inserts it in a volume by the same writer. By this time practically every first edition in my library contains a letter in the handwriting of the author. This does not include all of Dickens and Thackeray, however; it takes in only what may be classified as miscellaneous books. Dickens and Thackeray are represented, but only by a dozen or so examples.

It has been no simple task to get together all these letters. Many of them were easy to find, but others were so scarce as to be almost unobtainable, except at a cost far beyond my means. Hundreds of my books are graced by autograph letters. Among them are letters of Goldsmith, Hogarth, Shelley, Keats, Poe, Fitzgerald, Hawthorne, Irving, Colley Cibber, Sheridan, Balzac, Dumas, De Maupassant, Hugo, Lewis Carroll, Cooper, Mark Twain, Blackmore, Byron, Napoleon Bonaparte, Barham, Borrow, Bryant, Charlotte Bronte, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Thomas Gray, Holmes, Samuel Johnson, Kipling, Hardy, Stevenson, Longfellow, Lamb, Lever, Pope, Scott, Swift, Tennyson, Whittier, Whitman and Zola. Some of these letters are important, some are not, and some refer directly to the book in which they are inserted. They provided a distinct thrill to the hunt and add what may be described as an intimate sort of spice to the volume itself.

Some men—in fact most of them—collect rare books in a speculative sense, or, more properly speaking, as a speculation pure and simple. The first thought with them is, "What will this book be worth if I hold onto it long enough?" They regard it as an investment. On the other hand, their wives as a rule look upon it as a most pernicious sort of crime, with selfishness as the ruling incentive, not to say motive. Many a husband, otherwise bold and domineering and as open-faced as a watch, becomes a stealthy, conniving, almost pusillanimous coward when it comes to introducing a new book or two to his collection. Where once he was wont to have large packages of books sent up to the house by the dealers, he finds himself driven by guilt—not shame—to all manner of sneaking little subterfuges and devices in order to achieve an end that can only be boasted about outside the home and in the company of despicable fellow criminals.

Book Collectors' Duplicity

He gets into a wily way of sneaking home with a book or two at a time, carefully concealed in his overcoat pocket; when his wife isn't looking, he hastily, guardedly slips them into an already crowded shelf, and for the time being breathes easily. He lives in a curious state of terrified exaltation up to the moment the books are safely bestowed in a place where she will never notice them—upon his shelves. Watchful, argus-eyed, suspicious as she may be, she never sees them once he has put them where they belong.

He doesn't want to be caught at it. He cannot stand the look of reproach in her eyes, even though she is silent and apparently docile—which isn't often—and he unofficially hates himself, because somehow he is made to feel that not only is he taking bread out of her mouth but that he is stealing it to satisfy his own hunger. And when she does catch him at it, he has to lie about the price, provided the cost is greater than ten dollars. I sometimes feel that she is right.

I well remember looking through a friend's library once, envying him with a sort of joyful bitterness of soul, and was in the act of complimenting him on the possession of such a wonderful —— I got no farther than that, I believe, because he made haste to head me off. His wife had just come into the room.

"Oh, they're nothing," he assured me; "nothing at all. I don't suppose the whole blooming lot set me back more than $400 or $500. . . . Have a fresh cigar, old chap."

I, too, have learned how to put on the mask of innocence and to wear it becomingly. So I took the cigar and dropped the subject. I happened to know that his library had set him back a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

A well-known collector who died a few years ago left an estate valued offhand at $500,000. He was a professional man of some repute. For many years his wife had bitterly complained of his extravagance in buying books. When the time came to settle up the estate, she discovered to her despair and horror that most of his investments in stocks and bonds were ill advised and she was what might be called, in the language of the day and of her kind, practically penniless. After the payment of inheritance taxes and other expenses, she was left with a scant $50,000. Practically penniless! She had to give up her motor and move into a cheaper apartment. Then the executors proceeded to sell the despised library at auction. His books brought $246,000. She bought a new motor car, returned to Park Avenue and, they say, has never ceased talking about what an amazingly clever and astute man her dear husband was.

"If only he had bought more books, as I kept urging him to do, what a wonderful investment it would have been," she laments, forgetting that the wise man had to sneak his books home, one by one, in order to escape being called a fool.

There are a few collectors of otherwise unquestioned repute who indulge a certain unwholesome ambition to possess the so-called erotic books that are to be obtained only by secret and devious means. The filthier, the more salacious, they are, the better they suit these vicarious lechers. It is no secret that books are printed today and sold under cloak of the gravest caution that are indescribably vile; books so lewd that the word itself is inadequate. Some of them are frankly obscene, crudely and baldly done; others are actually works of rare artistic skill from a literary point of view, written by master craftsmen whose craft impels them to hide their identity behind pseudonyms. Beloved poets have been known to write verse of the most lascivious character and have printed it for private distribution; novelists whose published works are models of dignity and refinement have turned out little brochures and pamphlets so foul in plot and language that even the hardiest of readers are shocked and disgusted.

In the main, however, these vicious productions are the work of coarse, lickerish individuals with all the tendencies of perverts and without the decency of ordinary prostitutes. They are what might be termed literary androgynes.

Not so long ago a man who had dealt for years with one of the most reputable booksellers in New York, and had an extensive library of which not only he but his family and his friends were proud, approached this dealer and behind closed doors offered him a vast collection of erotica which he secretly had got together during his lifetime. He had, he confessed, several hundred books, pamphlets and dodgers under lock and key in a chest which he kept in a closet up in his study, also double-locked. No member of his family had the faintest idea of what that closet contained: indeed, it is doubtful if they knew of its exustence.

Literary Garbage

He wanted to sell those books. The dealer, who had always regarded him as a most fastidious collector, was stunned by the revelation. He at once refused to have anything to do with the collection, declaring that in all his years in business he had never had a rotten book on his shelves. His patron gave his reasons for wanting to dispose of the nauseous collection. He was well past seventy years of age and his heart was none too good. He had been thinking a good deal of late about what his wife and children would think when they opened that closet after his death.

The only thing for him to do, he declared, was to sell the stuff and get it out of the house.

"Why don't you burn the whole lot?" demanded the dealer bluntly.

"Burn them?" gasped the old man indignantly. "Why, man alive, they cost me nearly $3000! What do you take me for—a fool?"

Whereupon the dealer, even more bluntly, said that that was exactly what he took him for, and they parted without shaking hands.

A few weeks later he dropped in again to ask if the dealer had reconsidered. The dealer hadn't.

"Well, you can do this much for me," sighed the other: "You can tell me who you think would buy them, can't you? You must know someone who goes in for that sort of thing—some private party, of course."

"I won't have anything to do with them," said the dealer firmly, and the man went away.

In a very short time he was back again.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll sell you those Blake and Alken books you've been trying to buy for a couple of years, the whole lot of them, and I'll throw the others in for nothing."

"What do you want for the Blakes and Alkens?"

"Twenty thousand."

The dealer smiled.

"You offered them to me for seventeen thousand only a year ago and I refused. I see through your game. You are determined to get your $3000 out of them, whether or no. No, thank you."

The collector threw up his hands.

"I give up," he sighed, mopping his brow. "I was willing to make a sacrifice in order to get rid of them. I would have hated like fury to let the Blakes and Alkens go, but I was willing to do it. Now I am going to ask a special favor of you. I can't bring myself to the point of burning those things; but if you will send up and get them and burn them yourself, I will be everlastingly grateful, and I'll pay the cartage. Do that much for me, won't you? I don't want to die and have my family find out I'd been collecting that sort of stuff all these years."

A Book Lover's Sanctuary

The dealer agreed to do this much for the unhappy gentleman and he went away relieved. But the books were never delivered. He dropped dead in the street two or three days later. No one knows what ever became of the chest of "choice literature" he had kept in a closet for years. Talk about skeletons in closets!

When George Millard, for many years in charge of McClurg's rare-book department in Chicago, resigned his position and went to California to finish out his life, he established a book room in his South Pasadena residence. In this room he kept the books he loved the best, choice old things that were as tenderly treated as any young and adored babe—although one doesn't dust babes in precisely the same way that books are dusted—and to gain admission to this sacred lair was quite a ceremonial. First, the gray-bearded old lover of books would solemnly approach the low, heavily studded door to the little chamber. He would knock thrice, very gently on the thick panel. Then he would pretend to listen for an invitation to enter. Evidently satisfied that he was permitted to enter with his visitor, he would take a huge key from his pocket and unlock the door.

One had to stoop in order to pass through and into the small windowless room—as I remember it. There were not many books on the shelves and tables—300 or 400 perhaps—but they were stalwarts of an age long gone by. I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe them. Suffice to say that they were literary giants, notwithstanding the fact that few of them were more than ten inches tall; some of the most stupendous and overpowering of them all were less than six inches in height. One could not help feeling that he had stepped out of this age far back to the time when these books were born. The atmosphere of the quaint little room was suggestive of a classic antiquity. One seemed to be in the presence of austere yet genial spirits, actually in touch with men who had lived and

(Continued on Page 169

$28000 for this four page announcement!

THE IMPORTANCE of this announcement necessitates the largest single radio advertisement ever published—four pages in The Saturday Evening Post at a cost of $7000 per page.

It deals with the revolutionary advancements that have been made in the new line of Crosley radios.

Its message reiterates Crosley's leadership in the development of radio receiving sets noted both for technical superiority and for the low prices that volume production alone makes possible. Crosley is the world's largest builder of radio sets.

We feel that this constitutes the greatest of all radio advertisements and announcements—

—and that a study of these pages will give you a keener appreciation of radio values; better radio at lower prices that set an entirely new standard of comparison.

CROSLEY
BETTER—COSTS LESS
RADIO

Read About

The New Super-Trirdyns
—in which three tubes do the work of five.

The New De Luxe Combination
—Crosley's greatest achievement in combining beauty and flawless radio reception.

The Crosley "Pup"
—a genuine double circuit Armstrong regenerative receiver priced at $9.75.

Two New Cabinet Receiving Sets
—embodying radical improvements in selectivity, performance and appearance.

And Many Other Facts
—of vital importance to all who desire the best in radio reception!

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO

New De Luxe Combination

Combining Beauty of Design With Efficiency of Reception

The new Super-Trirdyn is a double purpose model. It can be used alone or in combination with a graceful table and the Musicone De Luxe. The authentic beauty and grace of this new Crosley living-room assembly is appropriate to any surroundings. Its smart simplicity of appearance has been achieved by slender structural proportions and excellence of detail.

Here matchless performance and exquisite beauty are combined to delight the radio lover. Complete assembly as illustrated, without accessories $112.50

If so desired, the console table may be purchased separately as an additional piece of furniture from any Crosley dealer. It is built of solid mahogany and beautifully finished to match the Super-Trirdyn Special $25.00

Likewise the Musicone De Luxe is sold separately. A complete description of this handsome new-type loud speaker is given on page four of this advertisement $27.50

The New Super-Trirdyns

Three Tubes Do the Work of Five

During the past three years Crosley engineers have developed a new circuit, first called the Trirdyn, and with further refinements the Super-Trirdyn. This circuit combines and utilizes for the first time successfully, tuned radio frequency amplification, regeneration and reflexed audio amplification, making three tubes do the work of five. There is a marked saving both in first cost and upkeep cost. Batteries last longer. There are less tubes to replace.

Repeated competitive tests reveal that no present day set, regardless of price, is capable of out-performing the Super-Trirdyns. They give all the volume possible with the best of existing vacuum tubes. Instead of adding to volume and increasing selectivity, additional tubes only result in distortion and tube noises.

By its superlative performance, the original Trirdyn model quickly built up a world-wide reputation. Yet these newest models incorporate vital improvements which are immediately apparent in the notably finer results they give.

Coupled with their improved performance, the Super-Trirdyns present a new appearance that recognizes no peer in the quality radio field. Here Crosley has again demonstrated the value-producing economies of gigantic production.

Super-Trirdyn Special

The improved Super-Trirdyn panel is assembled in a new solid mahogany cabinet finished in duotone. This cabinet is of ample size to house all dry batteries required for dry cell tube operation. Price, without accessories,

$60.00

Super-Trirdyn Regular

This model has the same panel as the Super-Trirdyn Special. The cabinet of beautifully finished solid mahogany is less elaborate in detail and more compact. In performance both sets are identical. Price, without accessories,

$50.00

T H E C R O S L E Y R A D I O

A Pair of New Cabinet Models

Radical Improvements in Two Popular Long Distance Sets

These new low priced cabinet receiving sets—51 Special De Luxe and 52 Special De Luxe—embody radical improvements in performance and appearance.

Greater selectivity, sharper accuracy of control and improved receptivity have been achieved by the use of a new worm type tickler, the new Crosley vernier plate condenser and the double circuit, thus reducing radiation to a minimum.

Both are genuine Armstrong regenerative receivers, the 51 S. D. with one stage of audio frequency amplification; the 52 S. D. with two.

Both cabinets are attractive in design, handsomely proportioned to hold necessary batteries, mahogany finished and have sloping panels.

Both are true long range receivers—easy to tune—easy to enjoy and easy to pay for. Crosley 51 S. D. two tube $23.50—Crosley 52 S. D. three tube $32.50. Both without accessories.

CROSLEY
BETTER-COSTS LESS
RADIO

The Crosley PUP

A Highly Selective Long Distance Receiving Set $9.75

A genuine Armstrong regenerative double circuit

Here, without question, is the biggest value ever offered in radio history—a one tube set with a radius of 1500 miles or more on head phones under average conditions! The PUP is a genuine Armstrong receiving set, employing the double circuit to reduce radiation to a minimum and to provide a degree of selectivity that enables you to tune through local stations without difficulty.

Everyone—you, your mother, father, family and the cook should have one. Half as big as a shoe box and conveniently portable. A permanent, substantial, quality product throughout, phenomenally priced only because of its simplicity and Crosley's tremendous manufacturing facilities. The price, $9.75, does not include accessories.

$1000 Grand PRIZE

Pedigreed Puppies and Larger Crosley Radios as Monthly Awards

Who will send Crosley the best verified report of reception with a one tube radio between September 1st, 1925 and March 1st, 1926?

Who will send in the best report each month?

$1000 prize for the best report for the entire period. A real, live, pedigreed puppy valued at $100, each month as first monthly prize and larger Crosley radio sets as other prizes.

Contest open to all, except Crosley employees, no matter where you are, or what set you own and use, factory or home built. Reports of reception must be verified. Judges may ask for affidavits.

Full details of contest and entry cards are packed with each Crosley "PUP," or may be obtained from any Crosley dealer, or upon application to the Crosley Radio Corporation. Try for the prizes as many times and as often as you like.

CORPORATION, *Cincinnati, Ohio*

The Musicones

Rapidly Replacing Other Types of Loud Speakers

From present indications, it appears that at least 500,000 present day "loud speakers" are being replaced by the Musicone in this, its first year.

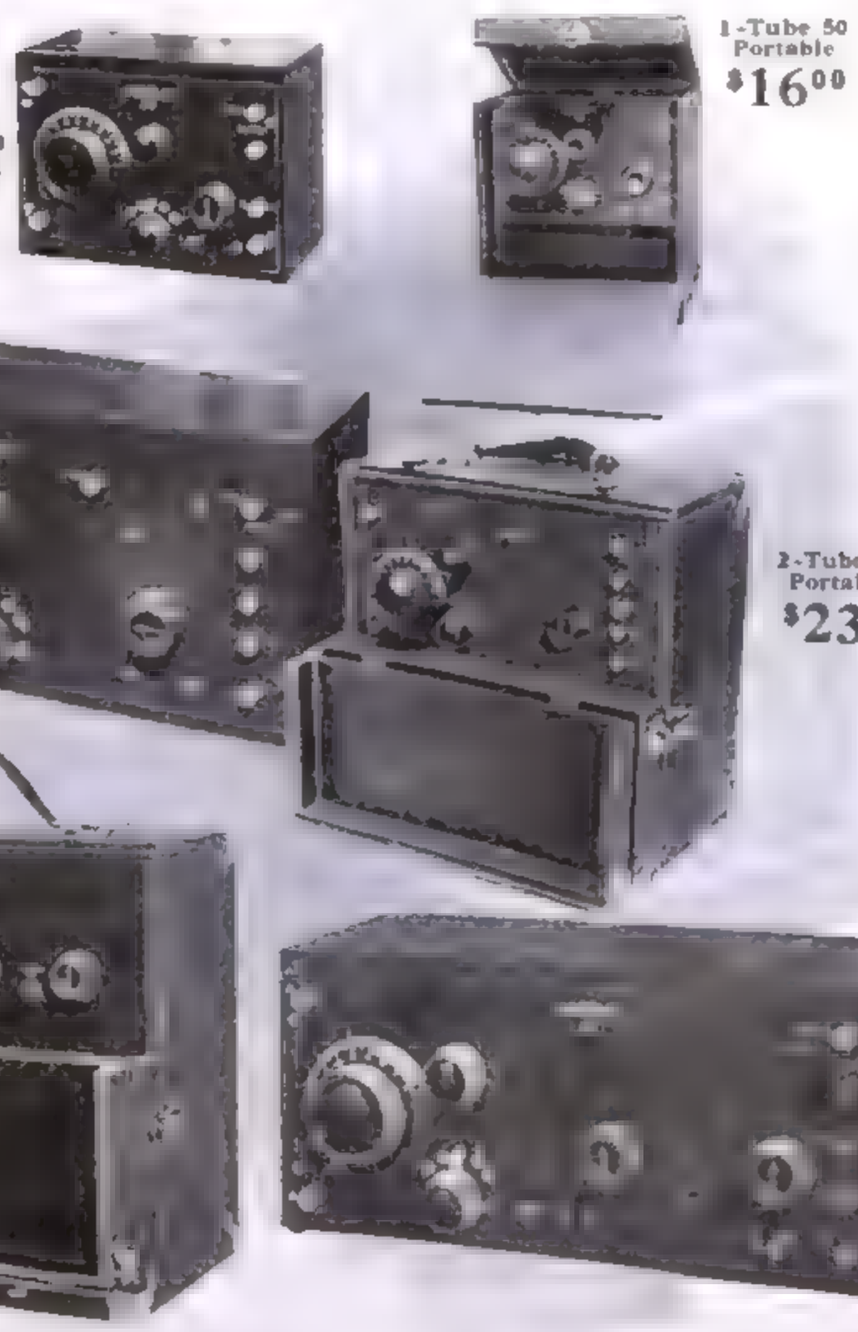
Its full, rich, mellow tones—its extraordinary reproduction of the human voice and all musical instruments without distortion of pitch or tinny overtones, constitutes one of the outstanding achievements in all radio history.

This is based not on the cone, but on the patented actuating unit which Crosley engineers have developed and which is exclusive to the Musicone.

You are urged to beware of imitation cone speakers, for only the Musicone represents the full perfection of sound reproduction. Requires no adjustments nor additional batteries. **$17.50**

Musicone De Luxe

The Musicone is also offered encased in an artistic clock-type mahogany cabinet with a grilled screen. Its superior beauty makes it ideal for use with the Super-Trirdyn or any other set. Price **$27.50**



1-Tube 50 **$14.50**

1-Tube 50 Portable **$16.00**

2-Tube 51 Regular **$18.50**

2-Tube 51 Portable **$23.50**

3-Tube 52 Portable **$32.50**

3-Tube 52 Regular **$27.50**

Radio At Every Price
From $9.75 to $60.00

At the right are shown the six sets which complete the Crosley line. Their popularity has contributed to the attainment of Crosley's present position as the world's largest manufacturer of radio receiving sets

In Models 50 and 50 Portable, one tube does the work of three, making possible long distance reception with dry batteries. Prices: Model 50—$14.50; Model 50 Portable—$16.00. Both without accessories

Model 51 (2 tubes) is the most popular radio set ever built—nearly 200,000 in use. One stage of audio frequency amplification frequently gives loud speaker reception up to 1500 miles. Prices: Model 51—$18.50; 51 Portable—$23.50. Both without accessories.

Embodying Armstrong regeneration and two stages of audio frequency amplification, Crosley three tube sets combine coast to coast range with extraordinary volume and tone on the Musicone. Prices: Model 52—$27.50; 52 Portable—$32.50. Both without accessories.

Add 10% to all prices west of the Rocky Mountains.

Crosley manufactures receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 and priced from $9.75 to $60.00 without accessories.

Crosley owns and operates WLW, first remote control super power broadcasting station.

See the Crosley line at your dealer's or write for full descriptive catalogue.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, *Cincinnati*

(Continued from Page 164)

toiled in the fifteenth and sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and at the same time with the striplings of the eighteenth and nineteenth.

There were two or three chairs—rather sturdy old things—in which Goldsmith and Ben Jonson, I think, had been wont to sit, and there were flagons and tankards that had been used by such men as Fielding and Smollett, to say nothing of snuffboxes and pipes, inkwells and quills, sand shakers and quaint old candlesticks. Mr. Millard made tea in the kettle that Charles Dickens had used and served it in cups that the great novelist had drunk from. In another part of the house there were books for sale; but here in this cozy little retreat, peopled by a hundred or more of the most famous men in the world, there was no thought of trade or barter. This was sanctuary. These were George Millard's friends. That which he held for love, he would not part with for money.

A few years ago a charwoman lay ill in her squalid home in London. One day she gave her twelve-year-old daughter a hard-earned sixpence, directing her to run down to the dingy little corner bookstall and buy as much poetry as she could get for that amount of money. The charwoman had a leaning toward poetry. She had all the prose she wanted when she was able to work; whatever leaning she may have had at such times was very hard on the back.

The girl came back with a little bundle of tattered, well-thumbed, disreputable-looking pamphlets, a dozen or more, all for the lucky sixpence. The next day the visiting doctor came to see the charwoman on his regular charity round. He found her reading one of the pamphlets.

"What have you got there?" he inquired.

She was shamefaced. She didn't like being caught reading poetry.

Now the young doctor had gone through Oxford. He suspected himself of knowing something besides medicine. For a few minutes he studied the booklet.

"Would you mind letting me take this book for a day or two?" he inquired at last.

She had a plentiful supply of reading on hand, so she begged him to take it along and keep it, if he liked. The next day he went to see one of the big rare-book dealers in Conduit Street, taking the book with him. He knew the dealer well.

"What do you make of this?" he asked.

The dealer's eyes popped.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "Where did you pick this up, doctor?"

It turned out to be a copy of the first octavo edition of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, one of the scarcest of books. The doctor told him the story and asked what the book was worth.

Finds in the Book World

Now the strangest part of the tale is that the doctor dropped in to see the sick charwoman that very evening and handed her the eighty pounds sterling he had received from the dealer, nearly $400 in American money.

I have no means of knowing the history of this little booklet prior to the time the child gave sixpence for the bundle; the bookstall dealer himself accounts for ten or fifteen years of its sequestered existence, vouchsafing the information that it spent that much time among a heap of rubbish in one of his bins below stairs. But I do know what happened to it after it passed into the hands of the rare-book dealer. It came straight to my library and there it is today. I understand that there are not more than half a dozen known copies of this paper-cover octavo edition of The Deserted Village which unquestionably precedes the quarto edition of the same year, 1770.

The book world recalls the find made by a summer vacationist in Maine a very few years ago. In this instance, however, the finder was a smart young bookstore salesman. The story goes that he ran across an almost perfect copy of Poe's Tamerlane in a Maine bookshop, paid a dollar or so for it, and less than a month later saw it bring something like $8000. Then there is the always-to-be-mentioned story of the finding of a copy of Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue in an upper New York State farmhouse, which was sold to the discoverer, a summer boarder, if I am correctly informed, who in turn disposed of it to a famous Manhattan dealer for more than $2000, from whose hands it went into one of the greatest private libraries in the United States. On the other hand, there was a faked copy of the Murders going the rounds not long ago, and not very cleverly faked at that. A collector with more money than patience—I hesitate to say sense—was on the point of giving a couple of thousand dollars for it when the fraud was exposed.

In passing, it is worth the space to assert that several of Edgar Allan Poe's books are regarded as the rarest and most costly things in American literature; his manuscripts are prohibitive in price, while even the most uninteresting autograph letter is expensive. Fine letters by Poe run high up into the hundreds of dollars.

Rarities Among the Moderns

Just to mention a few of the more familiar American moderns—that is to say, books by writers who have died within the last half century or thereabouts. Longfellow's Evangeline—the right issue—is exceedingly scarce and expensive; Bryant's Embargo is practically unobtainable; Whittier's Moll Pitcher and the correct Snow-Bound are hard to find; Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy, only twelve copies printed for the author, and his Pere Antoine's Date Palm are rarities; Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, in good condition, is another elusive book, while his Huckleberry Finn, genuine first issue, would bring a small fortune if it ever came up for sale—that is to say, if it were a copy with the canceled illustration. Mrs. Eddy's Science and Health brings well onto $1000 now. Among the other scarce ones are Riley's Old Swimmin' Hole, Eugene Field's Tribune Primer, Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Crane's Red Badge of Courage and Bret Harte's Lost Galleon.

Crossing the Atlantic, the 1865 edition of Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland is almost priceless now. But few copies survived his decision to withdraw from circulation the first lot published and to destroy every one that could be regained. The edition of 1866, which appeared almost immediately thereafter, is accepted as the first, the other being described as a pre-first.

It is said—and vouched for—that a quantity of the unbound sheets of the 1865 edition were sold to Appleton & Co., New York, who at once printed a new title page and put them on the market. So, it will be seen, the 1866 American edition of Alice is, in a sense, the second issue of the first edition. The English edition of 1866 is therefore the second edition. As a matter of fact, the 1865 English edition and that of the Messrs. Appleton are quartos, while the 1866 edition in London is an octavo.

Robert Louis Stevenson's little pamphlet An Appeal to the Clergy is almost as scarce as hailstones in the Sahara, and unmistakably more enduring. I owned a copy which was recently sold at auction in New York. It brought $3200. I paid fifty-three dollars for it about twenty years ago. My copy of Kipling's Smith Administration went at the same time for $4100. It cost me $400. The little Davos-Platz juvenilia of Stevenson's, including the Moral Emblems, The Black Arrow, and their hand-press advertisements, which cost me little more than a song—which you would say was practically nothing if you could hear me sing—brought astonishing prices. These things, however, have been commanding very high prices in the market for the past ten or twelve years. His South Seas, of which I had one of the few copies extant, is now classed among the unobtainables. Thomas Hardy's Dynasts, Volume I, bearing the 1903 date, ranks as one of the scarcest of all modern books.

Among the books by present-day writers a few of the outstanding ones from the point of view of the collector are Arnold Bennett's The Old Wives' Tale, John Masefield's Salt Water Ballads, Housman's Shropshire Lad, Galsworthy's The Man of Property and one or two of his earlier novels written over the pseudonym John Sinjohn, Wells' Love and Mr. Lewisham, Lord Dunsany's The Gods of Pegana, certain of the works of William Butler Yeats and Synge, and Theodore Dreiser's Sister Carrie. I am of the opinion that at least three and possibly four of these writers are bound to endure.

The craze for investment is, I am convinced, responsible for the recent and rather sudden elevation to importance of certain writers belonging to the so-called new school. I refer to the young ladies and gentlemen of the pen who have been able to delude and excite a great many people by calling a spade a spade when—as we all know, or ought to know—the very simplest way to discuss a spade is to speak of it as if you had handled nothing else all your life. Spade calling has become quite popular in these eager days of ours and it pays to be abreast the times. But I am in danger of digressing. What I started out to say is this: Certain misguided but hopeful investors are paying stiff prices for smart new books dealing with problems of sex that courageously were anticipated and settled by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden long before history had the slightest opportunity to repeat itself. Granted that it pays to write these books, the question remains, Does it pay to collect them on the chance that they will become valuable in time? The safest way to answer that question is to dismiss it with the reminder that there is no time like the present—for books of that character.

Autographed Editions

It is not the easiest thing in the world to recognize a first edition, even for those who presume to be experts. Usually the first, second, third and even later printings of a book, done from the same type, are similar in all respects; and unless one is posted on certain little distinguishing features—such as a broken letter in the text or a faulty page number or an obscure typographical error hastily corrected between printings—there is an even chance that he will get the wrong issue. Bibliographical students, however, have cleared away practically every vestige of fog in connection with the older books and to a large extent have done as much for those of recent origin. Half titles and bastard titles are important; signature letters or numbers—that is to say, the capital letter or number at the foot of a page appearing in all books up to a very few years ago, introduced and exacted as guide to the binder in putting the sheets together in proper sequence; catchwords carrying text over from page to page, unknown to modern methods of printing; advertising lists at the back of volumes—all these points and many others of a different nature must be considered. And unless one is advised in all these particulars he is walking in darkness.

In the last five years it has become the custom for certain publishers to issue limited first editions of books by their favorite authors, each copy signed by the author himself. They are sold at considerable of an advance over the regular trade price and so avid is the neophyte to get in on the ground floor, so to speak, that these editions usually are snapped up in short order. As a matter of fact, there are numerous instances where these special editions, purporting to be first, did not appear until long after the trade edition was on the bookstore counters. Of late, however, this incongruity is rarely encountered. The special editions are real firsts and are quite handsome books, well worth possessing and preserving—if only for the sake of the poor author who has signed his name 400 or 500 times and begins to hate the sight of it after about the second hundred. If one were to take the pains and had the opportunity to

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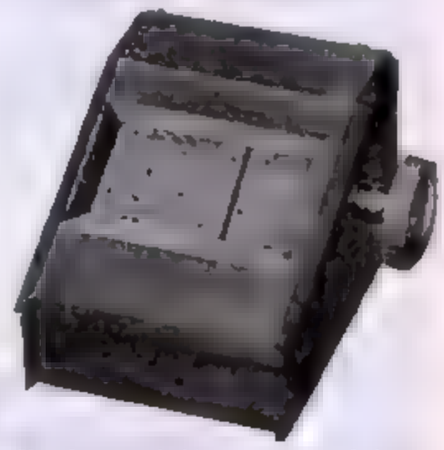

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—the largest of any woman's magazine and with the exception of *The Saturday Evening Post*, the largest among all magazines.

In October 1923, when *The Ladies' Home Journal* price was reduced to ten cents a copy, we announced that, "It has for years been the aim of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, as it has been the achievement of *The Saturday Evening Post*, to provide the homes of America with the best magazine in its class at the lowest price."

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

compare the signatures appearing in the first fifty with those of the last fifty he might be justified in fearing that the poor chap—or chappess, whichever the case may be—was on his—or her—deathbed. The first fifty or so are dashed off in a bold, confident, even blithesome manner. Not so the final fifty. One can almost visualize the poor fellow passing away—you might almost say in convulsions, if the signature is any criterion to go by—and saying with his last breath:

"Something must be the matter with me. I don't seem to be able to recognize my own name."

Speaking of privately printed editions, a certain novelist who enjoyed an adolescent conviction that he was a poet, got out a little booklet when he was in the very early twenties. It contained some fifteen or twenty poems he had written up to that time, and he had them printed more or less surreptitiously for distribution among his friends, paying the bill himself out of hard-earned wages as a reporter on a small newspaper. That booklet is today one of the scarcest of all items, and yet I fancy it wouldn't bring more than fifty cents if it should happen to turn up—mysteriously—for sale. So far as I know, there are only three copies in existence. One belongs to me, one to my wife and the third to my sister. The other forty-odd copies were never distributed among friends. They were locked away in a drawer, where they remained in virgin condition until the would-be poet, arriving at years of discretion, took them out one day, and anticipating by a great many centuries the destruction of the world by fire—as prophesied—attended to the job himself. They burned very slowly, as all green things do, but they raised a lot of smoke.

The name of this rare little collection of verse was—and still is—Several Short Ones. The author steadfastly refuses to divulge his name and he has sworn his wife and his sister to secrecy. It is on the title page, to be sure, but what of that? No one is ever going to see it if I can help it. I take no pride, however, in saying that though its value is somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty cents—sixty at the outside—it is every bit as scarce as anything that Mr. Shakspere or Mr. Milton or Mr. Tennyson ever wrote.

The interior decorator has not acquired the same ascendancy over books that it has over paintings. The neuter pronoun is employed because of a profound desire not to offend either gender. Books have defied the interior decorator—that is to say, they have held their own with a stubbornness that commands respect. As a rule, a man's library stands its ground against all innovations. And yet there are known instances where rare and extensive libraries have been forced to abdicate. A case in mind is that of a prominent New York collector—I do not say, mind you, that he was a distinguished one—who boxed some 4000 or 5000 exceedingly fine books and sent them to a storage warehouse simply because it was made plain to him that his walls ought to be bare. There is now a fine, expansive coat of sea-green paint where once an army of books used to stand in shameless effrontery, and Delilah chortles.

As for paintings—well, it is a hardy painting that can look an interior decorator in the face. Even Rembrandt and Frans Hals, to say nothing of the rugged portrait of grandpa, who begot the family fortune while he was engaged in begetting descendants to whom he could leave it—even they have given way before the onward rush of the painter with the bucket and the calcimine brush. The worst that can happen to books, however, is to suffer a touch here and there of new art in the shape of paint that they haven't the power to dodge. They tell me that the storage warehouses and vaults are full of paintings waiting for the day to come when they can once more stand with their backs to the wall and challenge the interior decorator, even though they first have to be hung for it.

Books once were men. You may buy them and sell them, but you cannot make slaves of them. Put them on the block and knock them down to the highest bidder—and yet they are free men. They always will be free men no matter who owns them or where they sprang from in the beginning.

And if they are very, very good, they live a long, long time—and so beget other books.

A Glimpse of Jasper Lake, Looking Toward The Sawtooth, Boulder County, Colorado

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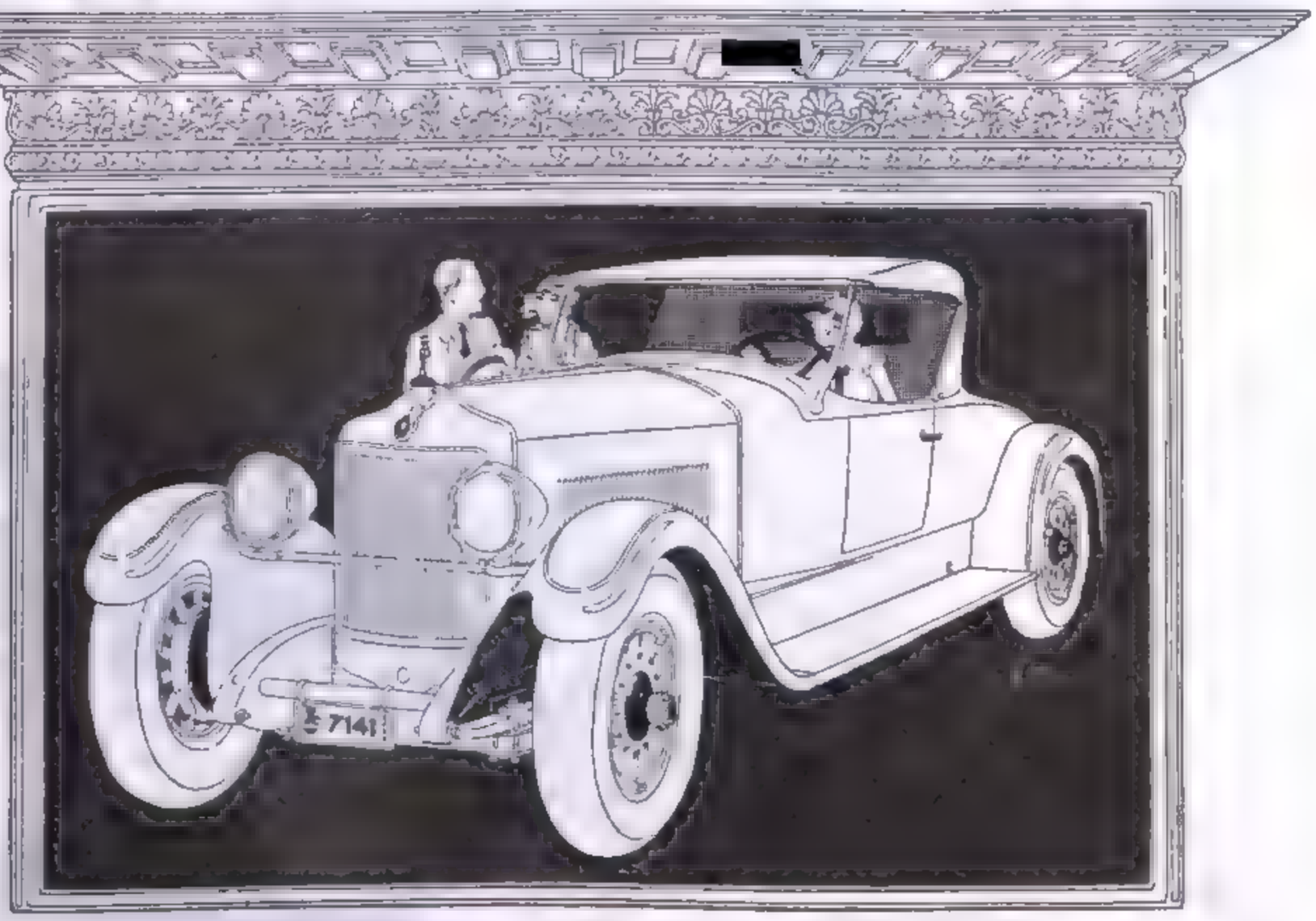

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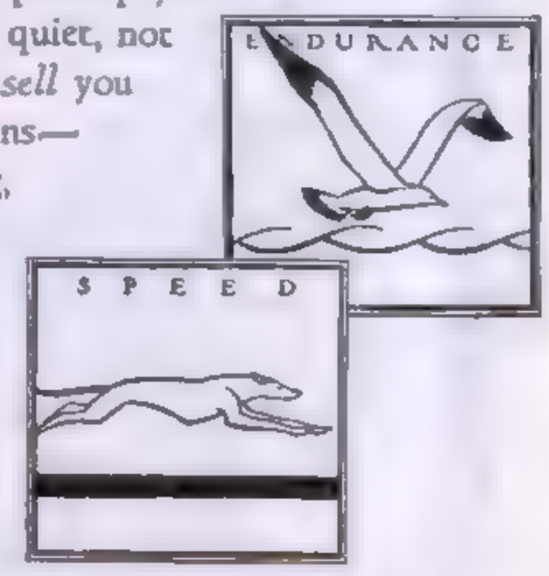
Diana design, Diana engineering,
Diana performance.



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YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE

(Continued from Page 11)

possible to determine the shrinkage from these taxes.

Take for example the twelve estates ranging from $102,306 to $132,973 which were probated in Sacramento County, California, in the period from May, 1919, to October, 1924. There were smaller estates as well as larger ones; I take these merely as examples of the variation in taxes paid on practically the same amounts. It may be said incidentally that the rates in California are not so high as in some other states.

Although all these properties were of almost the same size, the taxes actually paid ranged from $83 to $4958. On an estate of $111,507 the tax was $921, while if we take the very next on the list, $121,625, the tax was $3822.

On large fortunes the inheritance tax is, of course, a very heavy item. On a certain $50,000,000 fortune the owner left an obligation in this form of $19,000,000, payable in cash within a year and a half at the longest, which did not exist a moment before his death. A capitalist who left $7,000,000 gross had debts of $2,145,000, inheritance taxes of $785,000, and only $18,000 cash to pay them both with.

But generally speaking, inheritance taxes on estates under $100,000, where the property is left to wife and children, and is not abnormally scattered about the country, are usually very small in amount. The man who leaves $50,000 or $75,000 to his wife and children need not worry much about death taxes.

But while the shrinkage in estates from taxes and other causes varies enormously from case to case, it is surprising how generally a good, fair slice is taken out from one cause if not from another. On the large fortunes inheritance taxes account for most of the deductions, and on small estates, administration and funeral expenses. On those of moderate size, debts are often the big factor.

Deductions or shrinkages of from 10 to 20 per cent are very common, no matter what the size of the estate, although, of course, where very small amounts are left, say $5000 and under, administration and funeral expenses, together with current bills, eat up practically the whole sum.

The inference commonly drawn from these facts is, of course, that far larger amounts of insurance should be taken out. In numerous instances this is no doubt true. Perhaps it is true as a broad general statement. But there is need for very careful qualification. The insistence upon more life insurance should not be swallowed whole; there is no specific remedy for all the ills of poverty, not even in life insurance.

Loss of Insurance Money

Additional life insurance is not infrequently like putting more water in a leaky bucket. In many cases it does not serve the purpose for which it was intended. It falls too often into the hands of those inexperienced in the care and management of property. It may be lost or wasted; in any case, quickly dissipated. To the extent that this is true the whole present system of making future financial provision loses its effectiveness.

The loss of insurance money by its beneficiaries, the widows and orphans, is so taken for granted that the country is rather cynical about it. It is assumed to occur on a colossal scale and to be as unavoidable as death and taxes themselves. Nor is there any question that circumstances often favor the rapid disappearance of insurance money.

Except in the larger estates, life insurance forms an important part of property left at death. In thousands of cases it constitutes the major share. Frequently the widow has nothing else. She receives the proceeds from a policy for $10,000 or $20,000, or even as much as $50,000, and only a few thousand dollars besides. Among the poorer classes a policy for $1000 or $2000 is frequently the only property, albeit there is very often a home besides.

Although an increasing amount of life insurance is paid to beneficiaries gradually in installment or income form, the bulk is still paid in lump or principal sums—that is, in cash in full. These sums appear large, and it would be natural to expect, it is almost self-evident, that recipients unaccustomed to handling such sums might not conserve them to the best advantage.

There is no doubt considerable truth in the suggestion that one cause for the enormous losses each year in worthless securities is the fact that equally large amounts, relatively speaking, are paid out in lump-sum insurance.

Despite all the changes in the status of women and children, it is still probably true that the husband and father is the financial head of the average family. In the majority of cases he is the chief financial support. The wife and mother has been busy either in her home life or in social activities. Her round of detail in the care of home and children has given her little time or inclination to learn the management of property and choice of investments.

In many instances she has never known what it is to lack for money, because of the generosity of her husband, and at the other extreme there are many families in which the wife has no chance to learn about finances, because of the smallness of the doles handed out by her husband.

Principal and Income

Often the more successful the husband, the less time and inclination does he have for discussing financial affairs with his wife. They may both feel that he is such a good provider that there is no need of coöperation or even of consultation along these lines. In the family of the day laborer it is quite common for the pay envelope to be turned over intact to the wife, and she manages the whole family financial system. It is only where a surplus exists that the wife takes little part. Thus strangely enough the widow least experienced in money matters is often she who has had the most. Then suddenly the widow is left alone with money.

Emergency conditions arise that would test the husband's experience, but the wife has none. There are unusual and confusing legal details to attend to, old and new liabilities, disputed settlement and perhaps income and inheritance taxes to pay. All these come when the woman is under a burden of grief, and wondering how she and her children will live on the far smaller income which is now available.

But this is not all. There will be no income unless the insurance money is both promptly and properly invested, and thus her main problem becomes one of investment, a subject which in so many cases has been left entirely to the husband. Experienced as her husband may have been, he probably never had so much to invest all at once, and she must do it without his help and with no experience at all.

Not only did the husband never have such large sums to invest, but as a rule he was not obliged to depend upon the income from investments for his living. Even if his flyers in the market went wrong, he had his business or profession to fall back upon. In a way the untrained widow is given the harder half of the family financial problem, that of conservation; it may be that accumulation took less wisdom and judgment.

If the widow loses, is it entirely because she is a woman? May it not be merely because she is the one upon whom large lump sums of uninvested capital are dumped? Men are rarely the beneficiaries of insurance policies, and sharpers follow those who are, be they men or women.

Now one of the most complex subjects in the realm of law, economics, finance and taxation is the difference between principal and income. Courts, lawyers, economic theorists and boards of tax review debate endlessly upon the distinctions involved. What is more natural than for the widow, inexperienced in matters of finance, to be misled by the large sum and make no distinction between the corpus of the estate and the income which it might reasonably be expected to yield?

If the money is banked it is too accessible and fluid, and is quickly spent. It requires a large measure of self-denial not to make one pot of principal and income. It seems like such a large round sum, and if the beneficiary is unrestrained the temptation to draw and live upon the principal is very great.

It is a truism that no one knows the value of a dollar unless he has worked for it. A man may have labored for years to accumulate a fair estate, either in the form of insurance or other property. He has been long at it; the heirs come into it all at once without the necessary discipline of slow accumulation. There are times when leaving money to a person is exactly like handing a loaded revolver to a child. Men often object to taking out life insurance on the ground that their wives, being untrained to handle so much money, will only flounder around with it.

It would seem a natural presumption that persons inexperienced in making investments, whether men or women, and suddenly called upon to exercise financial judgment, are fairly certain to fall a prey to mere fluency and persuasiveness. It is well known that slick salesmen with wonderful business opportunities are always on the lookout for widows and other sudden heirs.

In almost the same mail that brings the insurance money comes the wildcat prospectus. Sharpers are very ingenious in discovering and following up windfalls and inheritances. The widow no longer has the protecting presence of her husband; the average salesman prefers as a rule to get past the brusque male and reach, if possible, the lady of the house. It is not merely that the husband's business experience has gone; a lone woman often has the feeling, whether rightly or wrongly, that she is sure to be victimized.

A Widow's Money

A lawyer for the tax commission of one of the states, in settling up the inheritance tax on a $300,000 property, was told by the widow that she hated to answer the telephone or go to the door, so many were the people trying to sell her something.

"I almost wish Mr.——had left me penniless," she said.

Widows are certainly a mark, a target. The papers are filled with accounts of arrests and litigation arising from allegations of swindling widows. In cases of accident money, where full publicity naturally attends a jury award, the widows are frequently deluged with offers of marriage from perfect strangers. It may not be the exact purpose of these romantic gentlemen to swindle the suddenly enriched ladies, but their kindly offers give an unpleasant glimpse into the depths of existing mercenary depravity.

Court records would seem to show that the trust which women place in men is by no means always justified. It may be a peculiarly despicable trait in men to swindle trusting women, but it is by no means unheard of.

Not all swindlers are crude in their methods, and widows may be the victims of extremely clever reloading, "high-grade-low-grade" schemes. The widow meets a pleasant, gentlemanly "broker," perhaps through her church. He advises her to put

(Continued on Page 177)

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You may now hear broadcasted radio programs in amazingly faithful re-creation of the original.

A Music Master demonstration will convince you of the broad range, high selectivity, ease of operation, clarity and, above all, the unsurpassed tone quality of these splendid embodiments of principles that have made the name Music Master a world-wide symbol of pre-eminent excellence in radio.

See Music Master—hear—compare before you buy ANY radio set

TYPE 400 Five Tube Special ... Price $400

Music Master Reproducer, Model VIII ... Price $40

TYPE 215 Six Tube Special Music Master Circuit ... in Music Master Reproducer. Very sensitive, long range, splendid tone quality. Table equipped with battery compartment ... Set without Tubes $175 Set and Tube complete $215

Built to insure Radio Reception equal to the Powers of Music Master Reproduction

PHILADELPHIA, 128-130 N. Tenth St. NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH MONTREAL

Canadian Factory: KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Ten Models—$50 to $460
Unconditional Guarantee

Music Master RADIO PRODUCTS

Why I * recommend MASON TIRES

How Mason Safeguards Mason Quality

The life of a balloon tire depends very definitely on the character of its cord structure. So instead of buying cord fabric from various sources, Mason buys the raw cotton itself and spins it into cord fabric in the Mason Mills.

The cotton which Mason selects so carefully is of a particularly tough and sinewy fibre and provides a cord structure so sturdy and so pliable that it lastingly endures the constant flexing which gives you balloon comfort.

This control over raw material and manufacture uniformly safeguards Mason quality and assures car owners everywhere of the twin advantages—

Greater Comfort
—Longer Life

* It will pay you to buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—a merchant who will sell you the kind of tire that will merit your continued patronage. Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.

MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO., *KENT, OHIO*

MASON BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 173)

her money into Standard Oil stock. She doesn't trust him because she does not know him well enough. So she consults with her bank. She is told by her banker that the advice is good. But having won her confidence the new friend puts her into a low-grade stock the next time, and she doesn't go to the bank on the second occasion.

If the estate is small, too small to yield a satisfactory income when invested in trust funds, there is a special, a fatal fascination in the siren appeal of those who offer large returns. If the widow were hardened by long financial experience she would grimly pass these false friends by, but to the extent that she is ignorant and inexperienced there is often an irresistible lure in the chance to make her small funds stretch out into larger sums.

But even when the most expert, conscientious and cautious advice is sought the widow may lose her money in investments which appear safe and are not, or which later deteriorate in value. This is the common experience of mankind, of male and female alike, and has point here only because the widow, unlike the business or professional man, must so often live wholly upon what she has inherited.

Now and then the widow, perhaps through sentiment, invests in enterprises which her husband favored but which are no longer profitable. It may be that the surest way of reducing herself to poverty is to leave the money in her husband's own business.

Then, too, a woman in this position is subjected to the well-intentioned but not always intelligent advice of close relatives and old friends. Frequently she finds it difficult to refuse them loans, especially as all concerned know that she has just banked $25,000. She is fond of Cousin Harry and believes him when he enthusiastically promises her 12 per cent on her money. She knows nothing about the scheme, but she knows or thinks she knows that Cousin Harry would never cheat her.

Relatives and neighbors are always in need of money for their business ventures, and ties of kin and friendship are very strong. Even if no worse befalls, the widow receives contradictory and confusing advice from her relatives and friends.

A further danger comes from the fact that women who suddenly inherit considerable sums do not always use it fairly or wisely among their children. It sometimes happens that they lavish money on their worthless children and stint those who are thrifty and industrious. They are inclined to mingle the money that should properly go to the children with their own, thus sacrificing a strict accountancy. Perhaps in this way money is spent or wasted which if kept separate might eventually accrue to others to whom it properly belongs.

Dissipated Legacies

While the number of cases of downright extravagance in the expenditure of insurance money by widows has no doubt been exaggerated, they are all too frequent. An insurance underwriter tells of a widow of a Pennsylvania coal miner whose only inheritance was a $1000 insurance policy. She promptly spent $800 for a piano. Another received $4000 and spent more than half for an automobile. Of course there are many instances where even much larger sums received by presumably intelligent people are wasted or frittered away.

Robert Grant, the author, who for thirty years was judge of the Probate Court and Court of Insolvency of Suffolk County, Massachusetts, tells in one of his books how the heirs of an estate received $8000 after a long period of litigation, and dissipated it all within a week. Apparently, remarks Judge Grant, they had embraced their first and only opportunity to live as they foolishly imagined persons of large means live.

The receipt of large sums in cash permits persons of low mental caliber to gratify desires which they have always had for a new set of furniture, unlimited clothes, trips to Europe, and the like, regardless of consequences. Just as mental defectiveness takes the form of crime or bad habits in some people, it shows itself in others by a literally childish lack of forethought.

The facts which I have outlined are often driven home by most impressive-seeming statistics. It has been said that of the 3,700,000 widows in the country, one-third are over sixty-five years of age, and of these 90 per cent are wholly or partially dependent upon charity. Thirty-two per cent of all the widows are forced to earn their own living.

Other estimates having directly to do with the dissipation of estates are employed even more by life underwriters and trust companies in their publicity matter. One such estimate is that 90 per cent of all insurance left in bulk is completely gone in from five to seven years, while if only sums of $10,000 and less are considered, most of it is gone within four years.

An official of a large trust company in addressing a conference of trust-company men last winter repeated with apparent approval an estimate that not merely 90 per cent of lump-sum insurance money, but "all estimates of $5000 or over are entirely consumed or dissipated in a period of five to seven years."

The Estate Idea

Even if these estimates are grossly exaggerated, they would appear to indicate a serious condition. Are there no surer methods of providing for dependents than merely showering them with large sums of cash or other property which they are not equipped to handle?

It is well known how the insurance companies have sought to meet this situation. With increasing insistence they have urged the desirability of having the insurance paid to beneficiaries in installments of the principal, or to leave the principal with the company and pay out income or annuities upon it. In theory the beneficiary of insurance reinvests the single or principal sum, but in practice such a method is far from satisfactory.

Life insurance is intended to replace a lost income, it is urged, and is not conclusive unless such is the result. No government or other pension system pays out the principal amount to the pensioner, nor do men receive their wages, salaries, fees and profits for years and years in advance. Wives are not given an allowance by their husbands even for a year in advance. There is no more reason, then, why insurance should be paid in advance. The family has been supported by income in the past; why should it depend upon principal now?

By tying up the principal it will not be spent too rapidly or lost in unwise investments; and necessities for life, or at least for many years, are thus assured, instead of luxuries for a few years.

Such is the familiar and weighty argument. But the life-insurance companies are huge institutions, national in their operations, and from the very nature of their business are able to sell only a relatively few standard forms of insurance. Obviously they cannot use discretion in dealing with the individual heir.

But trust companies and trust departments of national banks are more numerous, local and personal in their operations, deal with fewer people as a rule and are able to exercise discretionary powers. Thus there gradually emerges the so-called estate idea, which boiled down out of its surrounding ocean of enthusiastic sales verbiage amounts to something very much like this:

In a far greater number of cases than at present, life insurance should be made payable to a trust company or bank in trust for the heirs. Discretion can be given to pay out portions of the principal if necessary, such as for a college education. But there will be no waste or loss, and the thousand and one dangers which threaten the widow and orphan when full control of money is turned over to them are obviated. A fair rate of interest on the remaining principal, possibly 5½ per cent, taking the country as a whole, is reasonably certain.

There is a wealth of possibilities for many men in the estate idea. But before we come to closer grips with these implications it might be desirable to go back a little and check up on the argument by which we have reached this point. There are weak points in the argument, which have been glossed over, and so-called facts and truisms, which have been taken for granted merely because of their repetition.

The whole case as presented up to this point is based quite largely upon the assumption that money in the hands of widows is almost invariably spent or lost. A man is under obligation, so runs the argument, to provide for the future of those dependent upon him, and if his widow cannot conserve the money he should either provide more of it through additional insurance or, better yet, tie it up so that it will do its work more effectively.

But this whole case rests in turn upon a further assumption, which seems to the writer to be in large part false, namely, that women are incapable of financial training. A widely distributed leaflet bearing the imprint of the Trust Company Division of the American Bankers Association reads in part as follows:

"The newspapers have recently carried amazing accounts of the operations of a man who induced women to part with money, on his representation that he could invest it for them and give them big profits. Practically all of his money was lost, and the total is put at some $600,000. The following is just one case quoted from the newspaper accounts:

"'Another victim is described as a widow with four children, one a cripple. She is said to have given up $20,000, representing the life insurance policies left to her on the death of her husband.'

"It would be of little value to relate such tragic occurrences if they did not point a moral. The moral in this case is not that the widow should have used better business judgment, but that the man who left the insurance should not have taken it for granted that his wife could handle such a large sum wisely."

Just why should women be relieved of the responsibility of using good business judgment? Are they lacking in intelligence and incapable of being trained? Just what conception of marriage do most people have anyway? What kind of social and family system exists that women should thus be freed from all business responsibility? Even the briefest consideration of these questions will lead us away from strict finance, but I fear such a course will be necessary for the moment.

Feminine Finance

Now it is not to be denied that despite the revolutionary change in woman's status there is still a tendency on her part to regard property in any large sense as a "sacred white elephant, august and unapproachable." She has a purse, a small allowance, perhaps a small bank account. But as one trained observer has said, woman seems constitutionally gun-shy when confronted with the differences between stocks and bonds, premiums and discounts, net yields and the like.

This statement at least reflects a general opinion regarding women's financial ability. A trust company official of long experience told me that he had met only one woman out of hundreds who had any real business ability. He related the case of a woman with five children who inherited nearly half a million dollars and yet did not know how to sign a check, and implied that this was fairly typical. Says a trust-company advertisement:

"Her husband left $18,500 for the care of herself and two children. She drew the money out of one bank to transfer it to

How you can help your child with the "Three R's"

READING, 'riting, 'rithmetic, the famous "Three R's," remain today—just as they were in your school days—the foundation upon which your child's progress rests.

Good penmanship in particular is important. The ability to write rapidly, easily and legibly is an asset that is helpful to success all through life.

One essential to good penmanship is good tools. Make sure that the school tablets your child buys are the ones endorsed by the Palmer Method—the official system of handwriting in over 90% of the schools of the United States.

The standard Palmer Method No. 1 Tablet contains 40 sheets of Palmer Method water-marked paper. The finish of this paper is perfectly adapted for penmanship practice. Both the finish and the ruling were determined after scientific tests and experiments by skilled penmanship supervisors. Every sheet in every Tablet is of a uniform quality that never varies.

The name on the cover and the watermark (reproduced below) in each sheet identify the genuine Palmer Method Tablets. No other tablets have the approval of Palmer Method.

You or your child can buy them at stationery or any stores selling school supplies. In addition to the Tablets, there is a complete line of Palmer Method accessories for penmanship practice.

Special introductory offer

If your dealer does not have Palmer Method No. 1 Tablets on hand, send us one dollar and we will mail you ten Tablets postpaid. Or, if you prefer, just write us to send you the ten Tablets and you can pay the postman one dollar plus postage.

THE A. N. PALMER COMPANY
Dept. E2, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York
2128 Calumet Ave., Chicago
Pittock Bldg., Portland, Oregon

Palmer Method TABLETS
TRADE "THE PALMER METHOD FOR BETTER WRITING" MARK

Comfort in the morning

ON THOSE zero days that are coming, you will be mighty glad you have Hoffman Vacuum Valves on your radiators. It's great to get up in a snug, warm house after a blizzard has howled all night.

Hoffman Vacuum Valves not only let air out of steam radiators but they keep it out. That means that you are not constantly wasting steam to push out the air that has sneaked back into radiators, and made them cold. You will be amazed how much less coal you burn and at the same time wonderfully improve the comfort you get from your steam heat.

The Thirty-Day Challenge Test

Make it yourself

PUT a Hoffman Vacuum Valve on one radiator or equip all of them. Hours after you have banked your fires you will find that the radiators you are testing are still hot. In the morning they will be the first to heat. That is because air has been kept out. That is the magic of a vacuum.

Send us the coupon below for a little book "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" which explains in simple words just why the magic vacuum created by Hoffman Vacuum Valves transforms the operation of steam heat. We will also send you a "Thirty-Day Trial Certificate" which lets you test these valves at our risk.

Your local plumbing and heating shops sell Hoffman Vacuum Valves

HOFFMAN
VACUUM VALVES
more heat from less coal

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
Dept. O1, 25 West 45th Street,
New York City

Please send me without obligation your book "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" and the "30-day Trial Certificate."

Name .
Street .
City State .

Carry Good Luck with you
The best pocket piece is a
Pilcher Detachable Button
Snap it on your clothing when one of your buttons disappears and avoid
6 for 10 Cents
PILCHER MFG. CO., Dept. C, LOUISVILLE, KY

Wanted $5,000.00 a Year Man

I want over $1,000 workers on a [illegible] commission basis as local representatives to distribute well known line of personal and business Christmas Greeting Cards to everybody in their town. Send reference with application for territory at once to DEPT. A
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING COMPANY, Inc.
Crawford Ave. at 18th St., Chicago, Ill.

CASH and PRIZES [illegible]
The Saturday Evening Post [illegible],
801 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

another. In transit it was lost. Such a loss is not unusual. Sometimes it is through accident; more often from unwise investment."

To the writer it seems absurd that any person presumably high enough in the scale to inherit $18,500 could be so ignorant as to carry that amount in cash with all the attendant dangers, when by the stroke of a pen money can be transferred without any danger. But I assume that a trust company would not put out such copy if there were no basis for it.

A life-insurance underwriter who has a record of getting results tells in the course of some of his sales copy of a widow who, following her husband's death, "with her son Raymond, nine years old, went down to the office of Mr. Smith's [her late husband's] lawyer to hear her husband's will read. She found that he had thoughtfully provided a large amount of insurance."

The inference is that she had not previously known about the insurance, a truly amazing condition, yet one which seems of a piece with the whole attitude we are discussing. In one of his stories Edwin Lefèvre tells of a woman who bought a bond at ninety-six and when it went to ninety-five a few days later, demanded that the broker take it back. This he did very reluctantly, only to receive another visit from his client a few weeks later when the bond had risen to 106, at which time the woman wanted to buy it again at ninety-five.

"We had a case," said a trust-company officer, "where a man left a large amount of insurance to his wife, partly to pay the inheritance taxes. But as you know, the widow is not compelled by law to use the money for that purpose even though her husband so intended. We had a hard time finding enough assets in the estate to pay the taxes, and the widow never told us she had the insurance money. However, she came to us and wanted to create a trust fund for herself with the insurance money. Knowing something about her character, I persuaded her to put the money into an irrevocable trust for two years."

Wives as Financial Partners

"This she did, but within thirty days she came back to us and asked if she could take out half the money in cash. It seems a friend had induced her to go into real-estate speculation, and she had already invested so much of her other property that if she didn't put up more she would lose the whole amount."

Another evidence of the lack of financial sense and foresight often shown by women is their frequent opposition to life insurance, even in their own favor. Life-insurance salesmen often find the wives to be their chief sales resistance. The wife apparently looks no farther ahead than the new hat, set of furniture or automobile, whose purchase is prevented by the necessity of paying a premium.

It quite often happens that when insurance is left to women in income form they try in vain to compel the company to commute it; that is, to pay it to them in lump sums, and investigation shows that the reason for their insistence is not infrequently the desire to throw good money after bad; in other words, they have already put their other property into an unfortunate investment and hope to save it by placing the insurance money there also.

It is a grave question whether our social system is not seriously at fault in the lack of financial coöperation so commonly found in many families. It is a question whether family life is as self-respecting as it would be if there was more mutual confidence in money matters. Rarely is there complete understanding between husband and wife as to sums needed for various purposes, and certainly the wife cannot be expected to economize in spending if she does not have full information in regard to her husband's affairs.

Few men look upon their wives as financial partners in the same sense that they look upon their business partners, with whom they share all profits and all power as well as knowledge of income and outgo. The result in too many cases is that wives wheedle money out of their husbands, manage them, and even peculate from them.

Such a wife regards it as smart if she can persuade her husband to buy something for the household out of his pocket which would ordinarily come out of her allowance. Just as though the money did not come from the same source, and just as though it was not an expense to the copartnership, no matter which partner pays it out.

Why Women Squander Money

One of the most experienced trust officers in the country told me that scores of wives had confided in him that they were building separate bank accounts out of what he declared were really peculations from their husbands.

"They call it savings," he said. "They open accounts in their maiden names or in fictitious names, and their husbands never know anything about it. There are hundreds of such accounts in this bank alone. Many of these women make wills through me disposing of this property, wills which their husbands know nothing about."

Judge Robert Grant, after thirty years of experience in probate courts, says this kink, this obliquity in woman's brain in financial matters, is due to inexperience; it is because she has been banished from the field. Both common sense and justice in such matters are due to background—to attention and interest.

When women give attention to and take an interest in finance they will think in terms of stocks and bonds as subconsciously as they do now in terms of hats. Native business ability is found quite as often in women as in men. Often they are more capable in handling detail. The fact that the laborer's wife so often manages the family finances shows that those in higher circles could do the same if they were trained to it.

"I am satisfied that if women should be given the business training that men receive, they would be as competent as men to take care of their money," says William Alexander, one of the most experienced of insurance officials. "There is very little difference between men and women when similarly situated."

Judge Henry Horner, of the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, and author of Horner on Estates, says, "I think one explanation of this—the number of women who squander money—is that men do not habitually consult their wives on their business affairs."

There are a number of reasons why men do not more habitually train and consult their wives in business matters. Many of them no doubt still hug the tradition that women are inherently incapable in such matters. One probate judge has said that this tradition dies hard because its decayed roots are ponderous with legal verbiage.

There are men who no doubt feel that financial coöperation is almost impossible. Their wives may have spent a carefree and wholly undisciplined girlhood. It is hard work to begin from the ground up. The husband has enough else to do; he thinks it wiser to keep the finances in his own hands, and there are cases where he is right.

Financial partnership is naturally difficult where the husband is old and the wife very young. Or men may really enjoy their wives' lack of sense in money matters, regarding it as part of the attractiveness of femininity.

There are husbands who argue that they are too tired at night to talk business with their wives; they want relaxation and pleasure. It's enough for the wife to hold up the social end; if she were a business woman, husband and wife would be too much alike, and only opposites are happy.

This line of talk, I feel sure, is essentially fallacious. French wives are not lacking in femininity, according to general testimony, but they are frequently real business partners of their husbands. It is indeed a decayed tradition from the days of harems and slavery to suppose there is anything unwomanly in knowing the difference between a stock and a bond, or between a reputable banking house and a sharper. Nor does a modicum of such knowledge mean that husband and wife will necessarily be in the least alike. Male business partners are almost always unlike in temperament.

If a man prefers his wife to be wholly ignorant of business principles, that is possibly his affair. But does he not realize he must pay a high price for the privilege of supporting, of keeping her that way? Now we are back squarely on financial ground. The greater the wife's ignorance of her husband's business and of investments in general, the more future financial protection must he provide, and the harder must he work to provide it. If he can afford the luxury it is no doubt his affair.

A Tradition That Is Dying

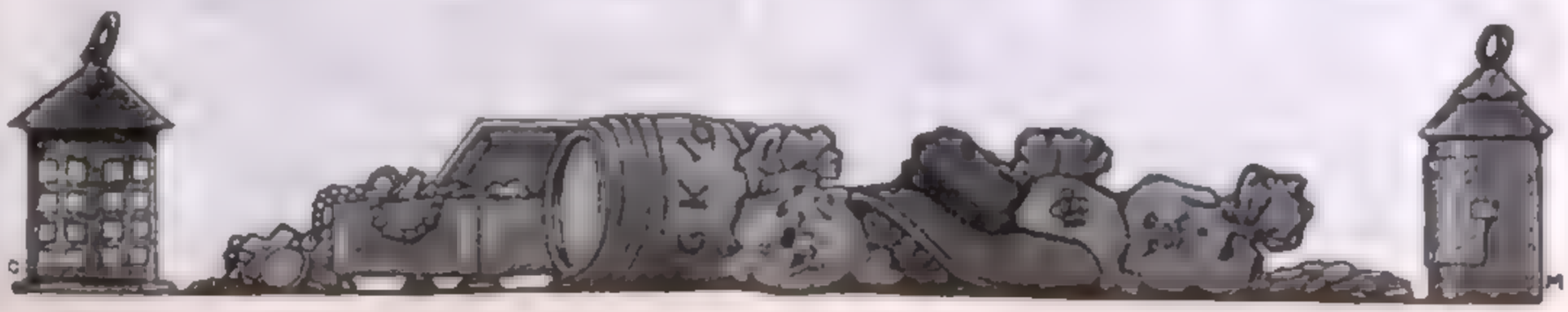
But decayed traditions finally die, and whether men like it or not the wives of the future will know far more about investments than has been the case in the past. This is a fact to be taken into consideration when anyone discusses the estate idea. With the vote, with increasing property holdings in the name of women, with the rapid spread of college and other higher forms of education for women, and with their entrance by the millions into practically every known occupation, it is patently impossible for them to continue ignorant of financial matters.

To a rapidly increasing extent men marry women who not only have been in business or professional life but who often remain there after marriage. Suppose a lawyer marries a lawyer; not an unheard-of mating. Is it reasonable to suppose that the wife will be totally ignorant of money matters, or that her husband must tie up the property he leaves her as if she were a minor child?

But even if the wife is not a lawyer, or never went to college, or has never had business experience, is it a fact, after all, that she is practically sure to lose the money her husband leaves her?

We have gone largely on this assumption up to now. It is high time to examine it more closely.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue



Back of the Noe-Equl *Representative* . .

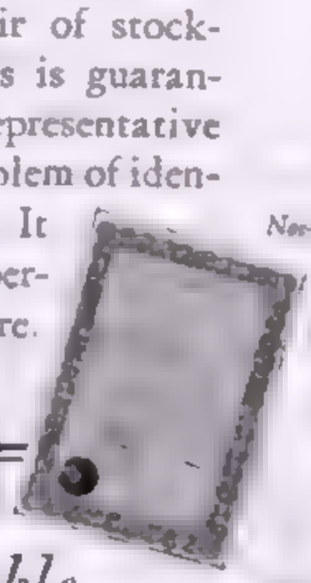
the largest mills in the world selling fashionable tailored lingerie and pure-silk hosiery direct to the wearer

It is a *personalized* service—this wider service which is offered by the Noe-Equl representative who comes to your home. A trained intelligence concerns itself solely with your individual needs. The merchandise you choose is right for *you;* and it is of superb quality, finer by far than you could otherwise obtain at the price.

"How is such service made possible?" we are often asked. Obviously, it cannot be maintained and extended from State to State save by an institution of vast resources—such as the Noe-Equl Mills.

In the Noe-Equl Mills ten million flying needles are fashioning the luxurious lingerie and hosiery that bear the Noe-Equl brand. In the Noe-Equl Mills hundreds of men and women are inspecting every skein, every thread, every seam, that not the slightest flaw may reflect against the Noe-Equl name.

That name is a symbol of integrity which must be preserved at all costs. Not only is every precaution taken to guard the quality of Noe-Equl merchandise, but every beautiful undergarment, every pair of stockings, every pair of socks is guaranteed. Every Noe-Equl representative is *bonded* and wears an emblem of identification. Look for it. It is your assurance of the personalized service told of here.



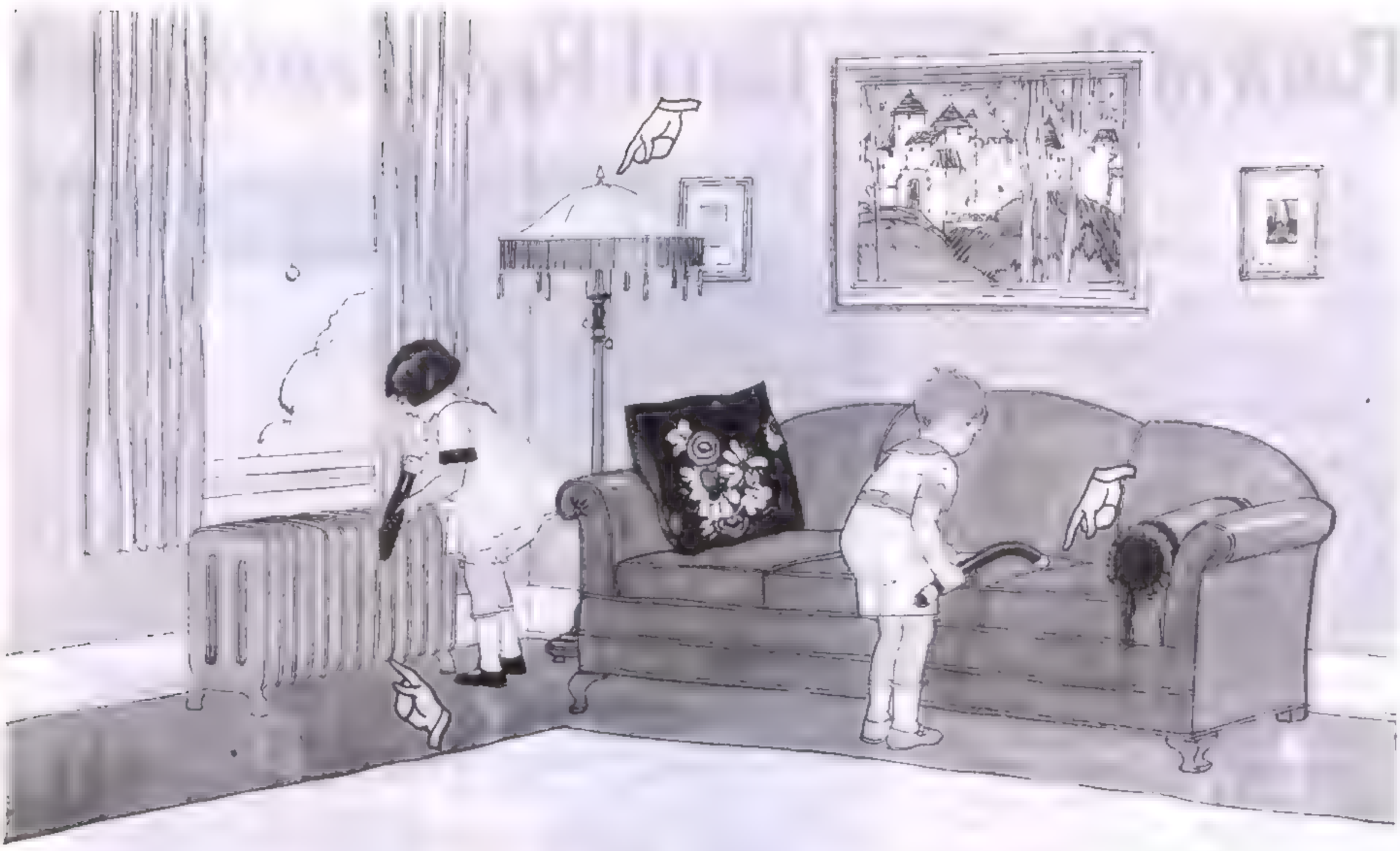
Noe-Equl Bond

To men and women who want a profitable business connection

If you have an appreciation of success and the desire to win it, there is an opportunity for you with the Noe-Equl Mills.

In the expansion of Noe-Equl business, there is room for more men and women of the right caliber. "Progress" is the Noe-Equl watchword and it must be yours.

To be a Noe-Equl representative does not require previous experience in direct selling. Noe-Equl people are specially trained to give the personalized Noe-Equl service. Connections in this service are still open in many communities—perhaps in yours. If you think you can qualify, write Stanley H. Pursell, Sales Manager, Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pennsylvania.



Keeping your house clean

Corners and recesses that "don't show"; hard-to-reach ledges and mouldings; **under beds and low-built** furniture; behind and beneath radiators; the interior of pianos; **upholstered furniture; behind books** on shelves—all these, and their like, may be easily reached **and thoroughly cleaned with The Hoover**—*the complete home-cleaning servant.* With its **beating-sweeping brush, its powerful suction,** and the newly designed dusting tools, your rugs **and stair carpets are kept immaculate a**[illegible] every bit of your "dusting" is done—*dustlessly.* **You need not stoop or stretch to reach the farthermost** dusty spots. You need not even twist **your wrist to guide the cleaning tool. A *swivel joint*** provides for that. And a spring catch holds **all connections *tight*, till you release it. The Hoover** completely solves your cleaning problem. **And $6.25 *down* is all you need pay to obtain it.** The balance is divided into small monthly payments.

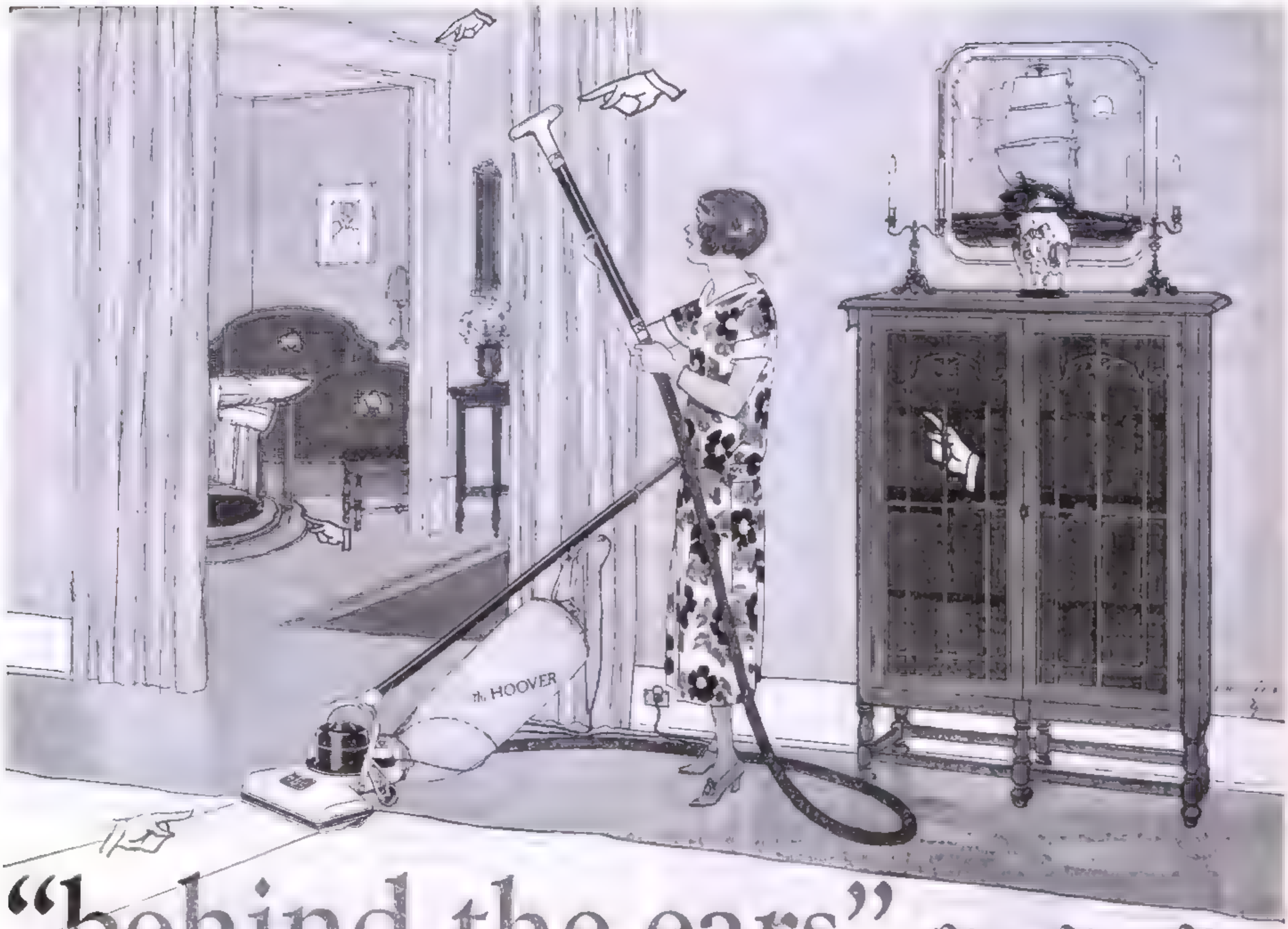
The HOOVER

It BEATS . . . ***as it Sweeps*** ***as it Cleans***

DOUBTLESS, YOU BELIEVE that your rugs are clean. But a way has been found to *prove* whether they are clean, or not. Read the small paragraph at the bottom of the opposite page. Lay down this publication, now, and see if your rugs are as clean as you thought they were. *Even though you now use a vacuum cleaner, try this test on your rugs.* You may be surprised. And in this event, the ease with which a Hoover can be purchased, complete with a most remarkable set of dusting tools, will become even more attractive

$6.25 DOWN

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners • The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*



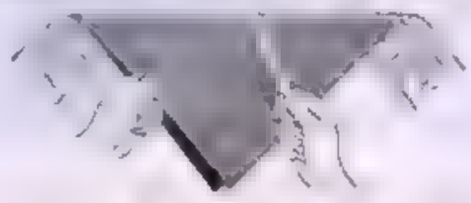
"behind the ears"

You might not suspect it, but the depths of your rugs, the bottom of the soft nap, provides one of the best "hiding places" for dirt the home affords. It may be one of the spots "behind the ears" that you are unconsciously overlooking. Try this test, now, and see*. . . After you have proved to yourself that rugs *need* beating, to be thoroughly clean, you will be more than ever anxious to own a Hoover. For with a Hoover it is easy to keep them *beaten, swept and suctioned,* all in one operation. Quickly, dustlessly, it will perform your every cleaning task. The leisure hours you've always wanted will be yours. And you'll *know* that your home is clean! Choose now, between dirt and a Hoover. *You can't have both!* And remember! All you need pay to secure a Hoover is $6.25 *down.* The balance is equally easy to meet, in small monthly payments. Let your Authorized Hoover Dealer make delivery today.

The HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

*TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING: Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp taps and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. This is the dirt your present cleaning methods have missed, and that beating has dislodged. Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle beating of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust-tight bag



THE HOOVER COMPANY NORTH CANTON, OHIO · *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* · *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

Patch up those cracks where insects hide

THE only real way to prevent vermin is to *seal them out of your home.* Liquids and powders help, but there are always some vermin that hide in cracks and holes. There they nest and breed.

With Rutland Patching Plaster you can fill up all the cracks and crevices in your kitchen, and bar insects *effectively* out of your home.

Vermin cannot bore through this wonderful plaster. It is *permanent*—does not crack, crumble or fall out. You can paint or paper over it without shellacking—the patch does not "spot" through. And so handy—it comes all ready to use. Just add water and apply.

Rutland Patching Plaster is wonderful for repairing holes in plaster walls, in stucco walls, for pointing brick-work, etc. Paint, wall-paper and hardware stores sell it. If your dealer hasn't it, mail coupon for 2 1-2 lb. carton Send no money. You can pay the postman 30 cents, plus postage, on delivery. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B8, Rutland, Vermont.

Rutland Patching Plaster

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
Dept. B8, Rutland, Vt.
Send by mail, collect, a 2 1-2 lb. carton of Rutland Patching Plaster. I give my dealer's name below.

Name
Address
Dealer's Name.....

Anyone who has a selling problem needs this

FREE BOOK

Packed full of valuable ideas, suggestions and information concerning how to increase sales and decrease selling costs by using

"DIRECT-BY-MAIL ADVERTISING"

"The best book of its kind we have ever seen"—"A remarkable publication"—"Very helpful"—is what we hear from those who have already read it.

And, now, you can get YOUR COPY—absolutely free of all cost or obligation—simply by clipping out this advertisement, pinning it to your regular business letterhead, and mailing it to the

ELLIOTT
ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
147 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

PIPE SMOKING NOW A PLEASURE—VEST POCKET PIPE CLEANER, cleans, dries and sweetens foulest pipe instantly No odor, indestructible, fits all shapes, weighs half ounce. By mail 25cent coin. Pat. Pndg NOVELTY CO. . . ORCUTT, CALIF

AGENTS WANTED to sell Personal Christmas Cards with customer's name and monogram. Liberal commission. Fine selection. Dollar a dozen up. Full or spare time. Write KLEIN CO., 69 North St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE TWEED COAT

(Continued from Page 9)

"Accident?" he grumbled down the speaking tube. "Who is this?"

"This is Miss Bronson—Abby Bronson—and a man's been shot. I found him by the side of the road and I've got him here in my car."

"All right," grumbled the good physician, knowing quite well by that time that he would never get a cent for it. "I'll be down in a minute."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Grinnell in a sleepy voice, curious, but not wanting to get too wide-awake.

"Abby Bronson," said Doc.

"What's she want?"

The doctor made a professional jest, meaning to get a bit of fun out of it, if he got nothing more.

"What?" demanded Mrs. Grinnell, sitting up in bed, wide awake in a moment.

"Well, anyhow, she's got a man in her car," said the good physician. "I'll tell you about it when I come up."

Miss Abby had driven into the doctor's driveway, so that when he opened the door and turned on the porch light, he was able to see his prospective patient through the window of the flivver.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked, opening the car door. "Unconscious?"

"Pretty well, I guess."

"M'm—let's feel his pulse."

He seemed to have trouble finding it.

"Shot, you said?" he asked.

"Yes; he was held up. There's an awful gash, beginning at his wrist. I tied it up as well as I could."

"You were with him when he was shot?"

"No, no!" said little Miss Abby hastily. "I was coming back from New London and he signaled me from the side of the road."

"I see. Well, you seem to have tied him up good, and he'll have to go to a hospital anyhow. So why not run him over to Westerly? It'll only take a few minutes; and I'll phone ahead and they'll have everything ready for you. Then if they have to probe for the bullet, they can do it a whole lot better than I can here."

Miss Abby briskly nodded, proud that she had made a good job of her bandage and anxious now to get her patient to the hospital as quickly as she could.

"Thank you ever so much, doctor," she said, slipping back under the wheel again. "I'll get him right over there."

So with one thing and another, it was pretty late when little Miss Bronson finally reached her home at Bronson's Cove that night. At the hospital they had discovered that the injured man had a second wound—the bullet which had plowed his arm evidently entered the side of his chest as well—and she had waited in the office until the night nurse had told her that he was resting quite comfortably—"everything considered, of course." Indeed, it was after two o'clock when Miss Abby ran her flivver into the miniature garage back of her house, and she was about to turn out the lights when she caught sight of something unusual on the back seat of the car.

"That's funny," she thought. "What is it?"

She opened the door of the car and reached it out; and the moment she saw it, she knew what it was—even though she was holding it upside down. It was the tweed coat which the wounded man had been wearing when she had first seen him—the coat which they had taken off so that she could bandage his arm; and just as she was reaching over for the collar to hold it properly, a sumptuous-looking wallet of pigskin tumbled out of an inside pocket—a sumptuous-looking wallet of pigskin with corners of polished gold.

V

ALMOST in haste Miss Abby replaced the wallet in the coat; and then, after locking the garage, she carried the coat into the house and laid it on the kitchen table and lit a lamp preparatory to going upstairs.

"I guess I'd better take the coat up with me," she thought, "especially with that big wallet in the pocket."

So she carried it up, the lamp in one hand and the coat in the other, her breath coming somewhat faster again at the thoughts which arose to her mind.

"It's just like him, somehow," she thought, looking down at the coat and thinking of the blond-haired, keen-chinned stranger to whom she had played Good Samaritan that night. "You'd almost know it was his, just to take one look at it."

Which was a woman's thought, and you'll have to get from it whatever you can.

She began to undress, though slowly—her thoughts still busy with the adventures of the night; but whichever way her memories turned, they always came back to when she was taking the owner of the tweed coat to Doctor Grinnell's office and his head was resting on her shoulder —— "I loveyou—loveyou—nicest—beautifulest—ever lived ——"

"Of course he was delirious; I know that," she told herself with a slight flush of her cheeks. "But I can't imagine Henry saying that, even when delirious."

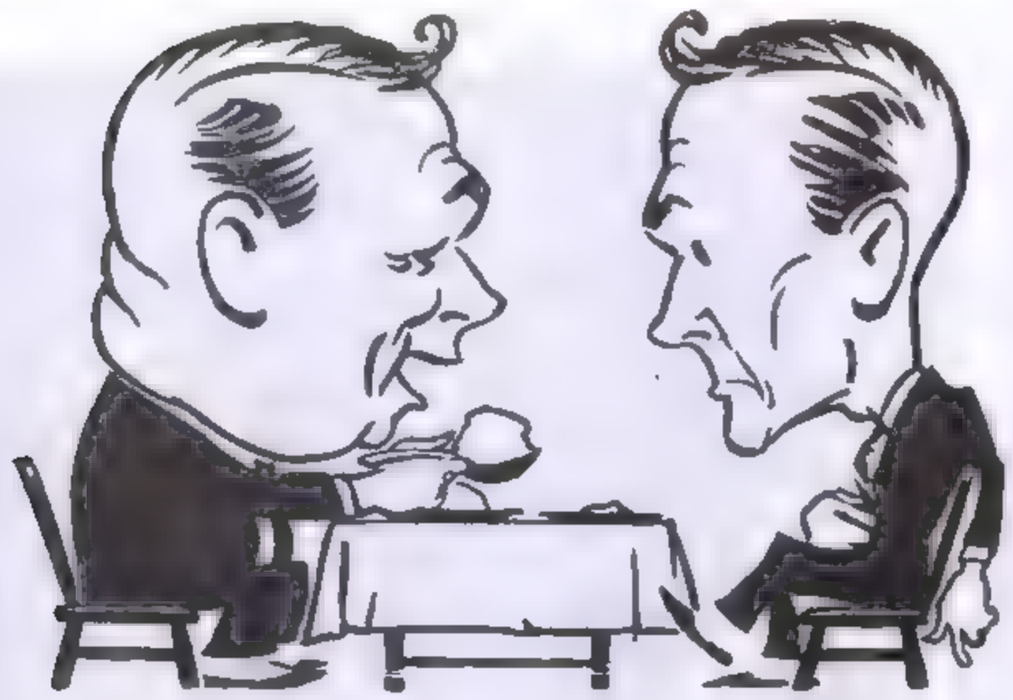
Her thoughts turned then to the car—the Penguin Twelve—which they had left by the side of the road.

"He must be awfully rich," she thought. "It's funny I never wondered before who he was. I guess I must have been too busy. But even at the hospital I couldn't begin to tell them who he was—and maybe his folks are just being worried sick because he doesn't come home. His mother, or—or—or—or even his wife, though I don't believe he's married," she hurriedly added. "He didn't look married, somehow, and you can nearly always tell."

Which again was a woman's thought, and you'll have to get from it whatever you can.

(Continued on Page 185

Instead, He Kissed Her—Kissed Her, it Might be Said, Legally, on Her Cheek



Twin brothers -- but oh the *difference*

One eats too much. He's fat, soft and pudgy. The other's underfed—lean, scrawny and weak. You wouldn't hire either to do hard work.

The cylinders of most cars are just like that. Exact duplicates in construction, yet how different on the job! Tests on four-cylinder cars by a U. S. Government agency show that two cylinders get an average of 30% more fuel than the other pair. On the average Six, cylinders One and Six get too much gas. Two and Five are fed fairly well. Three and Four get barely enough to keep them on the job.

In other words, some cylinders eat their heads off. Others verge on starvation. Naturally, neither condition is healthy—neither gives the power, smoothness and economy of which the car is capable.

This system provides equal fuel distribution to all cylinders ··· that means *uniform* combustion· *improved* performance··*greater* economy of gasoline

EVERY motor car owner should realize the necessity of equal fuel distribution. Without it, good combustion is impossible.

Startling as it may seem only very few cars even approximate proper combustion conditions. A government bulletin issued by the Bureau of Mines reads, in part as follows—

"Tests made by the Bureau of Mines have shown that for the *average* motor vehicle approximately 30 per cent of the heat value of the gasoline passes out in the exhaust as incomplete-combustion products. The tendency at present is to pay more attention to ease and flexibility of operation than to efficiency of combustion. However, neither condition can be fully realized except where each cylinder gets a mixture of the same composition—that is, where certain cylinders do not "load up" with gas at the expense of others. When this occurs, due to some of the cylinders having too rich a mixture while in others it is too lean, it is impossible to get efficient combustion from the fuel used."

These conditions are due to several causes—principally, however, to the fact that carburetion and distribution units of the modern motor car have not been designed to function with modern gasoline.

The Swan System is the most definite advance in carburetion principles in the last ten years. It is a complete system—a carburetor designed to handle present day gasoline and a fuel distributor (intake manifold) which assures equal and uniform distribution to each cylinder.

With the Swan System these results are certain: better combustion—smoother, sweeter action—easier starting—added power—quicker pick-up. Economy of upkeep, too—less carbon and spark plug troubles—less crankcase dilution.

That's why General Motors, Peerless, Buda, Lycoming Motors, American La France, Yellow Sleeve Valve Engine Works and others have taken out licenses to use either the Swan System as a whole or the Swan Fuel Distributor.

Many of the country's leading service stations carry specially built Swan reinstallation outfits for Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Nash and Hudson. There is also a complete Swan System for Ford cars. It costs $18.95. Also a Swan Fuel Distributor with a patented "Booster" for use with the standard Ford Carburetor—$9.50.

No matter what car you drive, you should have our booklet "Some things you ought to know about your car." Send for it. It's free.

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★ [SERVICE STATIONS—*You will find it worthwhile to inquire about the Swan Franchise in unoccupied territory. It is an exclusive proposition.*] ★

Swan System

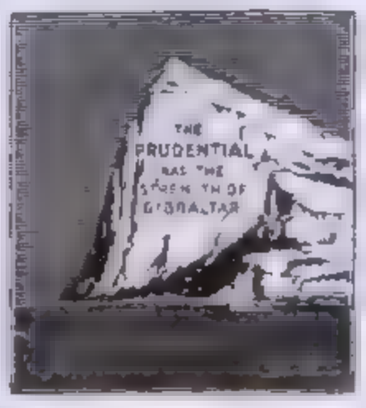
CARBURETOR AND FUEL DISTRIBUTOR

The little grey lady

Toil—toil—a merciless cycle of toil is all she knows. Daily the lines on that pitifully beautiful old face grow deeper. Daily those slender, needle-scarred fingers tremble more and more.

Someone is responsible for this—glaringly responsible. A husband, a brother, a son has failed in his imperative duty.

Because life insurance provides a way to give to old age the comforts and consideration it so richly deserves, this forlorn spectacle is less general today than in bygone days. May the time soon come when it will be completely obliterated!



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

(Continued from Page 182)

"But married or not, I think his folks ought to know," she presently continued, brushing her hair by that time and standing sideways at the mirror so she could look down at the coat which was draped on the back of a chair. "A man with a car like that—he's almost sure to have a phone, and it's the least I can do to call his people up and tell them where he is."

She was pretty sure, she knew, to find his name and address in one of the pockets of the coat—a card—a letter—his automobile license—even his driver's license—it was almost sure to be there somewhere.

"Of course it sounds awful, looking in anybody's pockets," she uncertainly continued; "but in a case like this, where they'd probably want to rush right over to the hospital ——"

She picked up the coat then and sat on the side of the bed with it; and noticing that one of the sleeves was damp, she tucked it in as far as the elbow, this giving the coat a crippled look which made her feel quite weepy.

"Yes, and he may lose his arm too," she thought, her nose smarting. "But oh, wasn't he brave! It must have been hurting him dreadfully, but he didn't even pull a face. Just sat there with his head against my shoulder. 'Love you—love you—nicest—beau'fulest ——'"

She did weep a little then, and when that was over, and she had blown her nose, she resolutely nodded her head and began exploring the contents of his outside pockets. There was a pack of paper matches, a silk handkerchief without a monogram, the end of a lead pencil, the metal seal of a bottle; but that was all.

"I'd hate to open the wallet," she thought, turning the coat over. "Perhaps there's a letter or something like that in the inside pocket."

But when she looked, there was only the wallet—fat and sumptuous and gleaming at her from its polished gold corners. It was one of those long affairs which are kept closed with a strap, and when she unfastened the buckle, the thing almost grunted like a fat man who has loosened his belt; and the wallet, opening in her hand like a book, showed each of its sides filled well-nigh to bursting with a sandwich of orange-colored bills, each one a masterpiece of the engraver's art, and each one instructing the Treasurer of the United States to pay to the bearer on demand ——

"Oh-h-h, what a lot of money!" gasped Miss Abby. "I don't believe I ever saw so much in all my life!"

Disregarding the money at first, however—more intent upon finding clews of identity than certificates of the Treasury—she opened a leather pocket that had been fashioned in the inside of the flap, hoping to discover some card, some letter; but the only article in it was a girl's picture—the picture of a blonde with a halo of hair and a pair of eyes which coyly looked up from under her lashes as though expressing "M'm-m-m!"

Now little Miss Abby was dark, and between the blondes and the brunes there is a feud which probably goes back to the dawn of human history. So Miss Abby should at least be partly excused for her next remark, and the blame placed where it properly belongs—that is to say, upon heredity.

"A frizzy blonde!" she scoffed to herself. "You'd have thought he'd have more sense!"

But even at that, there was something gentle in her scoffing—the note which you sometimes hear in a mother's voice when she would make excuses for her first-born son.

"She probably looped him in before he knew it," she thought. "Everybody knows how bold they are."

The picture bore the name and address of a New York photographer, and from that again Miss Abby strengthened her case.

"A Broadway beauty!" she told herself, with a quite indescribable accent. "I thought it was funny, the way she rolled her eyes."

As though to express the way she felt, she turned the picture face down on a chair by the side of the bed, and thereby disclosed a line of writing on the back of the photograph.

"All Yours, M'leen," she read.

"Didn't I know it?" Miss Abby demanded of herself, almost angry in her unquestioned virtue. "Pushy! Common! The very idea, writing like that on the back of a photograph!"

At that, walking primly, she carried the picture to the other side of the room and put it on the shelf behind the clock.

"Anyhow," she thought, "I don't have to telephone you!"

She returned to the wallet then, but there was nothing else in it—absolutely nothing else except the money.

"A hundred-dollar bill!" she thoughtfully told herself, looking at the top of one of the sandwiches. "Isn't it pretty? I never saw a hundred-dollar bill before."

It was some little time before she did it; but knowing human nature as well as you do, you have probably already guessed that after a while she looked at the next bill, to see if that was for a hundred dollars too.

"Oh-h-h!" she gasped then, seeing the noble figure "1000" in each of the top corners. "I—I wonder if it's real!"

But she didn't have much doubt of that. Perhaps it was because of the appearance of the keen-chinned stranger whom she had taken to the hospital, perhaps because of the Penguin Twelve which he had been driving. In any event, little Miss Abby suddenly became cautious, looking over at the windows to make sure that the shades were tightly drawn and then locking her bedroom door, after first listening for any suspicious sounds downstairs. Then, almost tiptoeing back to her bed, she took out both the sandwiches and counted them, her eyes growing rounder and rounder and her fingers trembling a little before she was through.

"Eighty-five thousand dollars!" she gasped then. "What—what—what on earth am I going to do with it!"

It was at least easy to see that she could do nothing with it that night except to hide it; and so, after a while, she took it to her closet and put it under the lining of an old hat—a hiding place which she had sometimes used before. But after lying awake for more than an hour, she went to the closet and got the wallet and put it under her pillow, one of her hands around it under cover of the bedclothes.

This, she presently found, was a much more satisfactory place than the hat. It seemed to bring the wounded Knight of the Keen Chin more closely to her, and finally growing drowsy, she could feel his head against her shoulder again, could hear once more his gentle "Love you—love you—nicest—beau'fulest—ever lived ——"

It was daylight when she awoke in the morning; and as though she had decided in her sleep just what to do, she threw a dressing gown over her shoulders and went straight down to the phone in the hall.

"Hello!" she said, after she had got her number. "Is this the Westerly Hospital? This is Miss Abby Bronson, of Bronson's Cove. I brought a young man to the hospital last night. He had been shot. . . . Yes, that's the one. Can you tell me how he is this morning, please, and whether I can come over and see him for a few minutes?"

For as long as it might take you to count ten slowly, she stood at the telephone, listening to the answer from the other end of the wire; and when it was over, she hung up the receiver and placed her arm against the wall and buried her face in the angle of her elbow.

"Dead—he's dead!" she whispered to herself, and straightway fell into the strangest fit of weeping.

VI

MORE and more clearly, then, Miss Abby saw that she must find out who he was. There was not only the matter of the wallet, but the hospital wanted to know his name and address so they could get in touch with his family.

"Of course if no one else turns up, I shall look after him myself," she thought. "But surely there ought to be some way of finding who he was."

All at once then it came to her, as solutions, elusive at night, will often come when Aurora trots her horses into view.

"His car of course!" she suddenly told herself. "We can tell who he was from his number!"

She lit the fire then and put on the coffee—the chores of life demanding attention, no matter what mountains may fall. And after she had washed her face in the coldest of water, and dressed and had her breakfast, she rolled her flivver out of its miniature garage and headed for the New London road, riding carefully over the ruts in front of Tillinghast's store and then getting a good run for the hill that led to the church.

As she passed the church, Old Gooseberry the Invisible must have stepped upon the running board, for she suddenly found herself thinking in the craziest way, "It wouldn't take much of that money to fix the steeple."

Of course she banished the thought as soon as it entered her mind; but at least it had found the way in.

Next she began wondering if Henry could help her with the number of the Penguin Twelve.

"If I telephoned him the number," she thought, "he'd know how to find whose car it was."

And here again Old Gooseberry, blithely cloven-hoofing it after the flivver, must have bobbed up on the running board again.

"Henry often says that if he could afford a better office it wouldn't be long before he had a good practice."

But here suppression was easier than in the matter of the steeple, for although she wasn't openly conscious of it, the tight-lipped Henry seemed queerly out of the picture that morning, extinguished, eclipsed by the memory of a keen-chinned stranger for whom she had stopped on the edge of the road after two Pharisees had passed by on the other side.

"Oh, well, anyhow," she thought, as she neared the scene where her adventure had started the night before, "I'll soon be there now, and I guess I'll find out something."

As a matter of fact, she found out more than she expected. As she neared the stranded Penguin, she saw a motorcycle standing by it; and drawing still nearer, she perceived a state cop standing at the back of the car and making an entry in his notebook.

Little Miss Abby hesitated, Old Gooseberry babbling away; but then, holding her head unusually high, a touch of color on each of her cheeks, she stepped on the brake and stopped.

"Good morning," she said to the cop.

"Good morning," said he, somewhat gruffly, she thought, and went on writing in his notebook.

Evidently that was all he meant to say: so, swallowing hard, Miss Abby started again.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me whose car this is?" And seeing that he was staring at her without answering, she added, "I was coming past here last night, and the gentleman had been held up and shot. So I took him to the Westerly Hospital, and—and—they want to know his name and address so they can telegraph his family."

"You mean he's dead?" said the cop, staring harder than ever.

Miss Abby nodded, meanwhile whispering to herself, "Now you're not going to cry. You know you're not going to cry."

The cop whistled—not only whistled but snapped his fingers too.

"Well, I'll be jigged!" said he. "Jerry thought he plugged him, but wasn't sure!"

"Jerry?" she asked, wondering. "You mean the man who shot him?"

(Continued on Page 189)

Two Secrets of Refreshing Sleep

FRESH AIR—plenty of it—windows open, even through the coldest winter nights! And *comfort*—warmth, freedom of movement—generously sized sleeping garments of downy flannelette! Glover's Brighton-Carlsbads, of course. They're big, roomy, with exclusive "comfort kinks" like the button-and-loop-at-ankle, yet so beautifully tailored they make you feel well-dressed. And they wear, wear, wear! Ask for them at your favorite store.

If you don't find just the style you want, write us. Take a minute and [illegible] Send me Eight [illegible]." It will prove a great [illegible] comfort and satisfaction.

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For [illegible] Glover Flannel Sacks [illegible]

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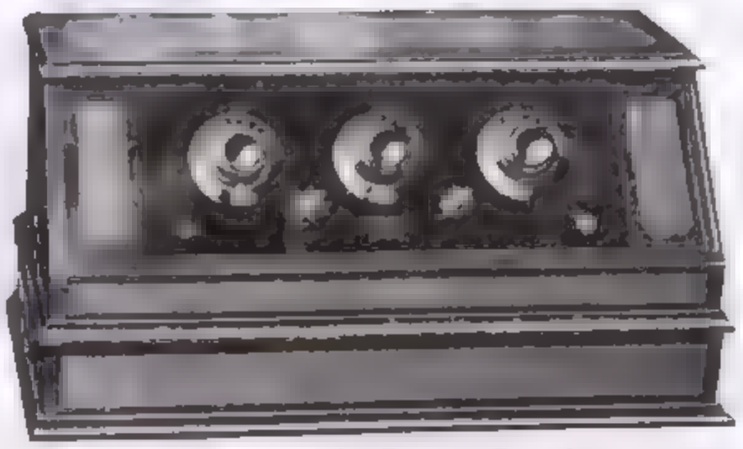

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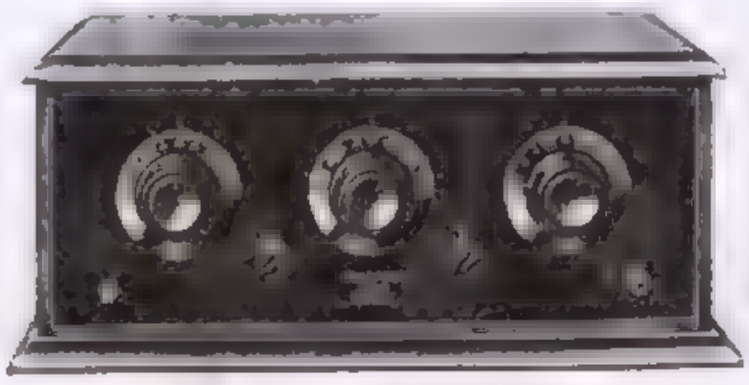
List Price $180. The famous Thompson 6-tube Neutrodyne with reserve power for distant stations. Uses either dry or storage battery tubes. Two-tone mahogany cabinet, with dry battery compartment

The Parlor Grand

List Price $145. The standard set of the Thompson line. A 5-tube Neutrodyne in an artistic sloping two-tone mahogany cabinet. Uses dry or storage battery tubes. Great distance, clarity and volume of tone



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List Price $125. A 5-tube Thompson Neutrodyne, the same as the Parlor Grand, but in a vertical mahogany cabinet.

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List Price $35. A special speaker reproducing the deep tones as well as the high, enclosed in a beautiful mahogany cabinet of a type which will fit in any living-room. Unlimited capacity for tonal volume without distortion

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List Price $28. The standard by which all other speakers are still judged. Employs a special cone-shaped diaphragm with large composite horn. Six other special features.

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Apartment House Special. List Price $150. A new conception of the Thompson designers as to the form a self-contained dry battery set should take. Circular in shape, of beautiful mahogany, the front in itself comprising the cone of the new cone-type speaker, built in. Single master control for tuning all circuits with a fixed station indicating dial three times the ordinary size. A 5-tube radio unit using self-contained dry batteries, but producing results in distance, clarity and tonal volume heretofore attained only with the larger storage battery sets.

THOMPSON

sailing the seven seas use *Thompson-built radio apparatus*

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Armies and navies of the world use its apparatus, and this organization now puts into its broadcast receivers all the experience and skill so gained by years of working with radio communication problems. Where the many newcomers have to guess, the Thompson organization knows by experience. Therein lies the greatest factor of safety for the buying public.

Today there are in use millions of radio receivers sponsored by manufacturers or assemblers who are as new to this difficult industry as broadcasting itself. Many of these sets will be unsponsored when inexperience has taken its toll. Between theory and practice there is a vast gap that no manufacturer can cross save over the bridge of experience.

Go to a Thompson dealer and see the complete line of receivers as designed and built by Thompson today. Examine particularly each of these Thompson developments. Note their over-all and special superiority as compared with any other radio at any price. Any of these receivers will give satisfactory reception years from now. Note the many evidences of the master craftsmanship and engineering skill which come only from long familiarity with the art. You will then sense the value of buying the product of those who have learned thoroughly what to do and how to do it.

Have your Thompson dealer install a set in your home on trial. Then operate it yourself and let your friends operate it. Note the ease with which you tune in the stations you desire and exclude those which tend to interfere. See for yourself how distance, clarity, selectivity, tonal realism and all that is in radio are brought out by a Thompson Receiver. You will find a beauty and performance second to none, and the closer your examination the more evidence of true value will be disclosed. You will then begin to realize why Thompson owners proclaim such pride and satisfaction in their ownership and why this pride and satisfaction endures from year to year. R. E. Thompson Manufacturing Co., 30 Church St., New York.

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List Price $360. A 5-tube special Neutrodyne with single master control, large Queen Anne console cabinet, with space for all batteries or battery eliminator. Includes the newly developed Thompson Duo-Tone sound reproducing system, comprising both specially designed bass and treble tone speakers, built in and operating together as desired, creating both sound perspective and a range of tonal reproduction never heretofore attained. The greatest contribution to sound re-creation realism since broadcasting began.

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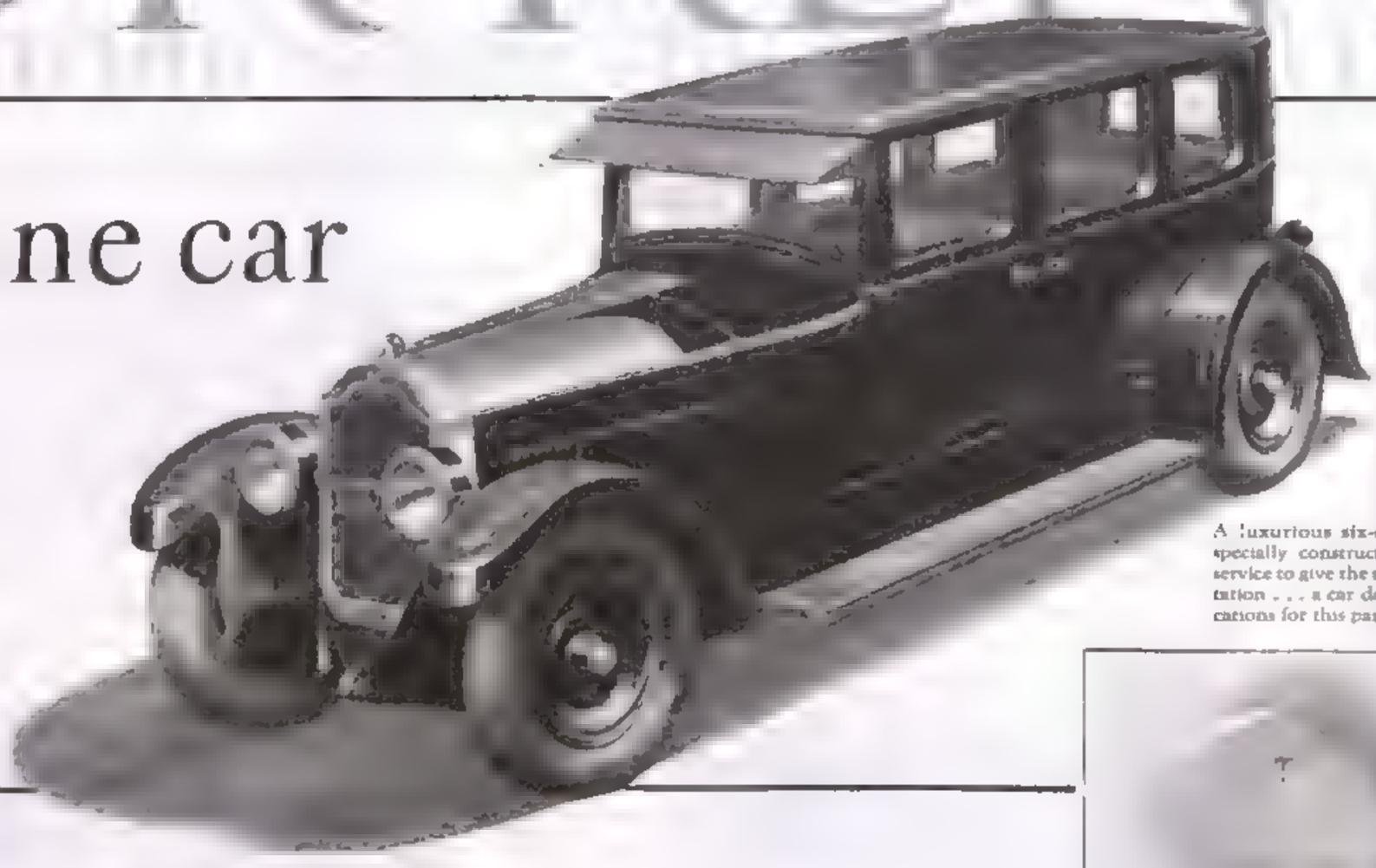
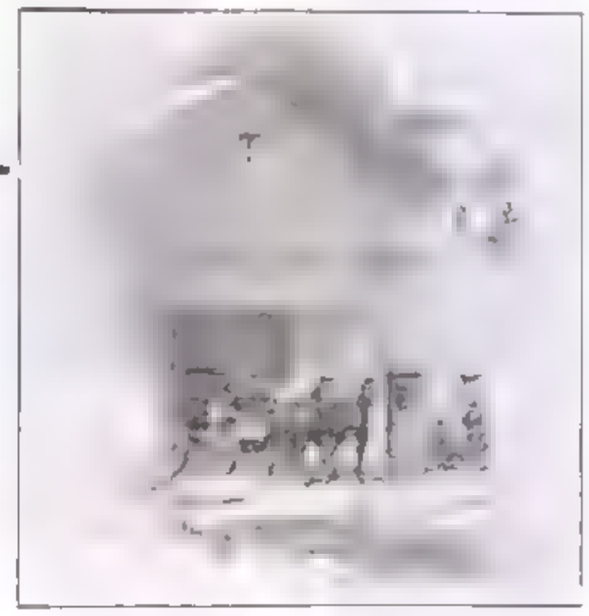


A luxurious six-cylinder automobile specially constructed for this exacting service to give the superlative in transportation . . . a car designed to rigid specifications for this particular type of service

Drive whether you own a car or not. Drive when your own car is in the shop. Let your wife drive when you are using the family car—a service you'll like.



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General Motors recognizes an obligation to supply motorized transportation in all its phases

Just as it is not physically or economically possible for every family to own its own home, so automobile ownership is denied to a vast group of people who appreciate the convenience and economy of the modern automobile.

In the Hertz Drivurself System, General Motors finds the solution of a problem for the man, woman or business firm that must rent, rather than buy, a car.

Because the Hertz Drivurself System fills a genuine need and renders a constructive human service, General Motors welcomes the opportunity to endorse and sponsor this new transportation plan.

The Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company, founded by the men who originated the world-famous Yellow Cab [illegible] operated by them, is an integral part of the [illegible] In the specialized field of revenue producing commercial transportation, it occupies a pre-eminent and unchallenged position.

NOW comes the old-fashioned livery stable on a *new-fashioned* plan . . . *motorized*, brought up to date.

It is a new idea, a new plan. A service based on soundest principles of utility and convenience.

If you can drive a car, you can enjoy it now. If you want a car to meet an emergency, you can get one.

And, above all, a fine car; easy to drive, smart and sparkling, to all appearances a top-hole, privately owned open or closed car.

That's about ideal, isn't it?

There's a station right down the street from you. A car waiting and ready.

Simple, easy and dependable

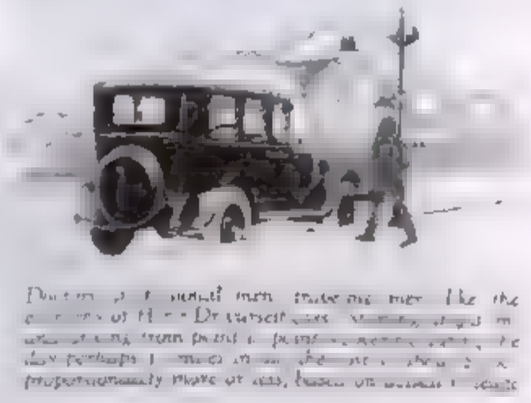
This system is called the Hertz Drivurself System.

John Hertz, the man who developed the world-wide Yellow Cab Service, and consolidated the Fifth Avenue Coach Co. of New York with the great bus systems of Chicago and St. Louis is the sponsor of a new system.

He, and his associates, with billions of miles of motor transport experience, direct it. Thus dependable service is assured.

Pay by the mile

You can go into any Hertz Drivurself Station, get a fine six-cylinder car, drive it where you want, as far as you want, as long or short a time as you want . . . and pay only a few cents a mile for its use.



Don't you think small men make our men like the [illegible] of Hertz Drivurself cars [illegible] the idea perhaps I [illegible] proportionately more or less, based on [illegible]

Thus you pay only for what you get.

"Standing" or "waiting" time is not charged for—after 6 p. m. a small hourly charge.

You pay only for actual service given.

That's all there is to it. A simple service that's revolutionizing transportation in America.

$2.40 for an all-day outing

If you need a car in business, rent one. If your own car is in the shop, use this service.

If your wife wants a car when you are using yours, she can get one this new way.

You can take four friends, drive out to your golf course, sixty-six miles, stay all day, come back at night . . . the bill will be about $2.40. Figure this against the cost of private ownership.

Or

If you employ salesmen, or have occasional need for "special delivery" of parcels get figures on this method. Its low cost will amaze you.

If you travel from town to town in your business, you can get a car *wherever* you are. Just go to the Hertz Station, or ask the hotel clerk.

If you travel men, we'll supply you with a National Credential . . . good anywhere.

Stations now everywhere

Stations under Hertz Drivurself direction are now in hundreds of cities. If none in your town, write us. There may be a business opportunity waiting for you to act as owner-manager of the Hertz Drivurself System.

Look up your local Hertz Drivurself Station . . . today. Take out a car if only for an hour. See what we offer.

The coupon below brings book fully describing this new transportation development. Send it in before you forget.

OWNER-MANAGERS WANTED

Hertz stations are now operating in hundreds of cities—99% of them at a profit.

Five Hertz Drivurself stations have opened in New York City since June 10—now operating 310 cars—have ordered 300 more cars for immediate delivery.

South Bend, Ind., started in April, duplicating, on a small scale, this experience.

Dubuque, Iowa—Sold 1000 trips in July.

There are splendid opportunities for men of character with a reasonable amount of working capital to become owner-managers under the Hertz Drivurself System.

Are you the man? If so, write us.

DRIVURSELF Hertz SYSTEM

Look for this sign in your city

Send today for one of these interesting Free Books

YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MFG. CO.

(Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation)

5801-6600 West Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your new Free Booklet on ☐ this new service, ☐ on this new business opportunity. Check the one you want.

Name

Address

(Use margin to write on, if necessary)

(Continued from Page 185)

"Sure! Some shot, too, in the dark, at that speed. Clipped the side of his gasoline tank too; that's what must have stopped him."

This time it was Miss Abby's turn to stare. Instead of expressing indignation, the cop seemed to be holding some sort of jubilee at Jerry's marksmanship.

"Have you got this man Jerry?" she asked in a colder voice.

"Got him? What do you mean—got him?" demanded the cop. "He's my buddy at the barracks, and we've been after this bird for the last six months."

When he said the word "bird" he pointed to the Penguin Twelve, but Miss Bronson knew that quite a different bird was meant.

"Do you know who he was?" she asked, cold tone giving way to faintness. "The—the gentleman who was shot last night, I mean?"

"Know who he was? Sure, I know who he was," said the cop. "Blondy Dykmann, one of the busiest little booze runners on the Sound!"

Miss Abby's next question was a long time coming; but when it finally did come, it must have sounded rather peculiar to a stranger.

"Has he—has he any family, do you know?"

"Family?" repeated the cop, going back to his staring.

"Yes," she said; and catching herself in time, she added, "I thought I told you the hospital wanted to know."

"Search me," he said. "They tell me he lived in New York somewhere when he was home, but I guess that wasn't often."

He took her name and address, then, because she had carried Blondy to the hospital; and when that was done, Miss Abby started back for the Cove.

"I shall have to watch the papers," she thought. "They'll tell his address. And as soon as I know where his family lives——"

She made a vague gesture then, her memory turning to the picture of the frizzy blonde which was back of the clock in her bedroom.

"I wonder if that was his wife," she mused. "I—I wonder what she'd do with all that money."

VII

THE first thing Miss Abby did with the money when she reached home was to hide it—certainly not with any idea of keeping it, but so that it wouldn't be stolen from her before she could turn it over to its rightful owner. And truth to tell, she hid it rather ingeniously, screwing the money tightly inside a pint jar, placing this pint jar inside a large pickle jar, covering it with piccalilli, pouring melted wax over it and then placing it in the back row on her hanging shelf in the cellar.

Three times that day she telephoned the hospital, asking if anything had been heard from Mr. Dykmann's family, and each time the answer was the same.

"We'll phone you as soon as we hear, if you like, Miss Bronson," said the girl on the other end of the wire, the last time Miss Abby called.

"Thank you," she said. "I'd like it very much, if you would." But no phone message came.

After supper, Miss Abby rolled out her flivver again and went to New London, where she bought a copy of all of the late evening papers that she could find. Nearly all of them had a story of Eric—Blondy—Dykmann's death after a breathless duel with the state police, most of the shots being fired when both pursued and pursuers were going more than seventy-five miles an hour; and although some of the stories were long ones, none of them told where he lived, other than to say New York, and none of them made any mention of his family.

One of the stories ended, "So far, Dykmann's body has not been claimed by relatives; and if nothing is heard by Thursday, it will be buried in the local potter's field."

"It will not!" thought little Miss Abby, her breath coming faster.

Again she thought of getting in touch with Henry; and again she didn't; Henry still seeming remote, almost as though he had never been.

"Andanyhow,"shethought,"hewouldn't understand."

On the way home she made a face—a wry grimace—as though life, that inscrutable doctor, had just given her a bitter pill to swallow.

"That blonde," she thought—"the photographer could give me her name and address. I guess I'll have to see her after all."

Time, you see, was getting short. That day was Wednesday, and if nothing was heard by Thursday——

"I could take the boat to New York tonight," she thought. "It doesn't sail till eleven." But she would have to hurry. "If there'd only been something else in that coat!" she thought. "Of course I can get the tailor's name; he might be able to tell me something."

So, as soon as she got home, she copied the tailor's label that was underneath the hanger, and then took the girl's picture from behind the clock.

"Isn't it funny," she told herself. "The more I see her, the more I hate her."

Then Justice raised blindfolded head.

"I know," nodded little Miss Abby, hurriedly turning to pack her bag. "She—she may have claims on him, even—even if they aren't married. Men sometimes fall for a girl like that—fall awfully, dreadfully hard."

But all the same, she decided to go and see the tailor first.

VIII

THE tailor's name was a noble one, Cæsare Napoleon, and whether or not he descended from the great Bonaparte, he had an appearance which was not without its elements of grandeur. As soon as Miss Abby saw his shop, dark and cool, its windows draped with the current weaves, her heart went "Pitter-patter-pitter-patter," and she thought to herself, her breath coming fast, "This is where the tweed coat was made. This is where he often came to be measured and fitted."

She went in. On one side of the shop was a cutting counter; and back of this counter, as soon as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she saw a tall, elderly Italian rippling a pair of Gargantuan shears across a bolt of striped blue flannel. He was very bald and very yellow, and for some reason which is hard to tell he looked incredibly wise—like one of those old mandarins, perhaps, who read The Seven Ineffable Flowers of Knowledge while most of the rest of the world was eating raw meat and painting their bodies blue. Perhaps his mustache had something to do with this—an enormous gray festoon which he had trained into the shape of a drooping horseshoe and which lifted him at once above the common run of men.

"Good morning," said Miss Abby, her breath coming faster than ever.

"Good morning, madam," he said, with Old World courtesy, but still rippling the shears as he looked at her—looked at her as though with a veil over his eyes and departing not the breadth of a hair from the soap line he had drawn upon the cloth.

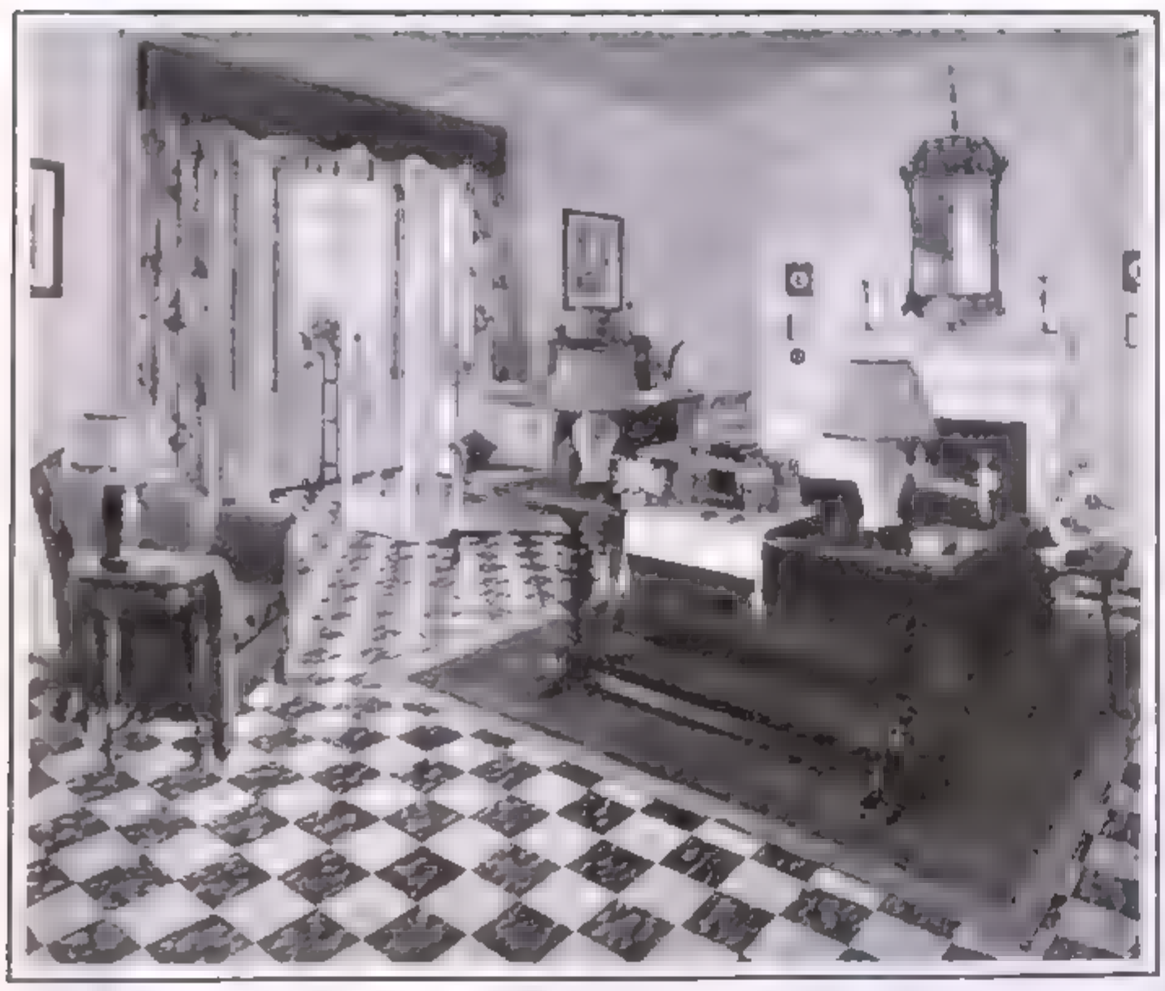
"I have called," she said, "to see if you can tell me where one of your customers lives—a gentleman named Eric Dykmann."

Without replying, and yet certainly without refusing to reply, he turned the cloth and started his scissors winging in a new direction.

"He was—he was a tall—a tall gentleman—as tall as you," she bravely continued, "with light hair and—and blue eyes and a keen chin. And—and you once made him a tweed coat—not very long ago—a tweed coat, with a herringbone pattern, and pretty shades of brown and dark red in it."

At that, Cæsare pushed the cloth aside and stood up straight, resting the points of his shears on the counter, as a gallant warrior might rest the point of his sword upon the floor.

Inspection of Brakes Would Curb Accidents
"BRAKE inspection will go a long way toward having every automobile driver a master of his own car and not a haphazard dealer in death and serious injury," says Commissioner Ray of New Orleans, commenting upon the new brake inspection ordinance just put into effect in that city.
Adequate brakes on automobiles are absolutely necessary to the elimination of accidents. Children, with reckless abandon, rush into the street within a few feet from the front of an approaching automobile. An accident under these circumstances could frequently be prevented by prompt action on the part of the driver in bringing his car to a stop. But if his brakes do not hold—and the brake is only as safe and as sure as the lining is safe and sure—the car will injure the child—and the car owner will be held responsible.
"The brake is only as safe and sure as the lining"
From N. Y. American
THAT is why we urge drivers to avoid ordinary brake lining and have brakes relined by a Raybestos Brake Specialist—a man who knows brakes, and whose shop is equipped with the High Speed Raybestos Brake Relining machine, electrically driven, used to drill and countersink the lining so that the Raybestos Tubular Brass Rivets can be sunk below the surface.
Raybestos Brake Service Stations adjust and reline brakes. You know that the lining is genuine Silver Edge Raybestos, correctly applied. There is neither doubt nor uncertainty. The brakes are "as safe and sure" as reputation, experience, knowledge and mechanical skill can make them.
Write for name and address of nearest Raybestos Brake Service Station
REPAIRMEN—YOUR ATTENTION
Garage or repairmen who desire to specialize in brake service work are requested to write for our very interesting proposition
THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.
The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd. Peterborough, Ont.
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd. London, Eng.
Silver Edge Raybestos
BRAKE SERVICE MEANS
RIVETS CORRECTLY COUNTERSUNK
MADE IN U.S.A.



The Blabon floor in this living room is of Marble Tile Linoleum (pattern 2708).

The dignity of true simplicity graces this room

The art of planned simplicity has left its unmistakable impress of refinement in this tasteful room. Truly a living room in every sense, dignified without severity, plainly to be lived in and decorated accordingly, even to the Blabon floor of Marble Tile Linoleum to bear the brunt of active family life.

In such homes Blabon floors of the newer types of linoleum are beginning to be found more frequently in entrance halls, dining rooms, bedrooms, each in patterns and tones in harmony with the prevailing scheme and plan. Their resilience is grateful to the feet and easy on ears and nerves. And the smooth surface is so easy to keep clean and bright. When waxed and polished occasionally the original beauty of the linoleum is preserved indefinitely. All that is necessary to keep them fresh is a going-over with a damp cloth which removes surface dust.

In Blabon's Inlaid and Plain Linoleums the colors go clear through to the burlap back and last for the life of the linoleum. The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt paper insures water-tight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

Blabon's Printed Linoleums may also be used to advantage in many parts of the home. Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are equally attractive and serviceable, coming in an assortment of sizes and charming color effects.

Any good home-furnishing or department store can show you Blabon's Linoleum. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

BLABON ART Linoleums

Look for the label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have our book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home." (3rd edition) by Hazel H. Adler, beautifully illustrated in colors. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

The George W. Blabon Company
Philadelphia
Established 74 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

"You knew him, madam?" he asked, still with the veil over his eyes.

"Yes."

"And you know—the other night——"

"Yes," she said in a lower voice, when he finished his question with a discreet lift of his eyebrows. "I was one of the last who was with him."

Without speaking, Cæsare walked to one of his tables and came back with a bolt of tweed.

"Thees is the cloth of wheech the coat was made?" he asked, descending into vernacular for the first time.

"No," said little Miss Abby, still speaking faintly.

"Thees?" he asked, turning and drawing a smaller piece from the shelf.

"Yes," she said.

"I see you know him," he nodded, the veil lifting from his eyes. "The coat was ver' near new."

"You knew him well yourself?" Miss Abby asked.

"I knew him ver', ver' well. Cer-tain-lee. He come in here sometime for a suit of clothes and I say, 'Meester Dykmann, I wonder eef you like to help Italian hospital.' One word enough, madam. His hand in his pocket, like that. And once when I fit him, a Salvation Army come in on a tambourine. 'Cæsare,' he say, 'you geeve her a dollar, I geeve her a five.' And right away queeck seex dollars she make-a the bells ring."

Miss Abby breathlessly nodded.

"Yes," she said, "he would do things like that."

"The cheeldren all like him, too—not for the penny, I mean—not cheap. But they smile when he pass and say, 'Good morning, Meester Dykmann,' and when one of the Silmerman cheeldren she break-a the hip and she no sets good, Meester Dykmann he sends her to a special hospital for seex months, and now no more she walks heepety-hop, heepety-hop, but straight in a march like me."

Miss Abby's cheeks were bright with color; and if you had seen her, you might have guessed that she wasn't far from setting up a hero in her mind.

"Where did he live?" she asked.

Cæsare told her.

The next question was more difficult.

"Is he married—do you know?"

At that, Cæsare took up his shears again and began to look at the soap lines on the flannel.

"A costomer's private affairs, madam," he said—"you onderstand. I know leetle about them. But eef you ask me, I theenk not; or eef he was, I never hear about her. But where I tell you, he had a ver' fine place; and the janitor's wife she can tell you more, for she looks after his rooms."

At that he began rippling his shears again; and after Miss Abby had thanked him, she went to the address which he had given her and inquired for the janitor's wife.

"I think she's up in Mr. Dykmann's apartment, isn't she, Joe?" asked an enormous woman with a tiny wisp of hair who was mopping the tiled floor.

"Yep," said the elevator boy, busy at the brass work around his cage. "Fifth floor, Apartment 57. Want to go up?"

So little Miss Abby went up, thinking to herself, "He often went up here."

At Apartment 57, she stood by the door nearly half a minute before she felt she could ring the bell.

"Somebody's ringing the doorbell," she then heard a woman's voice saying inside. "Will you go?"

"Ye-ah," said someone else—a sleepier, younger voice. "I'll go."

There was the creak of a board, the turn of a lock, and the door opening, Miss Abby suddenly found herself face to face with M'leen, the girl whose picture she had discovered in the wallet.

IX

IT WOULD have pleased you, if you could have seen it—the contrast between those two at the door. M'leen was wearing a kimono of cubist design, irregular patches of startling colored silks; and her hair, like Mr. Kelly's trousers, looked as though it had been slept in. Miss Abby, on the contrary, was wearing a black tailor-made suit and a neat black hat—a neat black hat under which not a single lock of hair was out of place. M'leen had rings on nearly every finger and her shoes were of champagne-colored satin, with dark red heels. Miss Abby's only jewelry was a cameo brooch—the Arch of Titus, with a bit of the Colosseum—and her shoes were of an old-fashioned material which was once called leather, the heels both unrelieved by joyous shades. And finally M'leen looked sleepy, as though she had attended a late party the night before—a theory which was at least partly confirmed by the appearance of the hall behind her, while in her eyes was that slightly staring, slightly glassy look which at one time in our history was sometimes seen upon convivial gentlemen who on the previous evening had done something or other with the wassail bowl, or whatever the unregenerate phrase was.

"Hello," she said, staring curiously. "You ring?"

"Yes," said Miss Abby; and after a few moments' pause, she added, "I wonder if I could see you for a few minutes." And in a lower voice, "I was a friend of Mr. Dykmann's, and I understand he lived here."

Possibly the light-haired girl wouldn't have made the mistake if she hadn't been up so late the night before; but in Miss Abby's lowered voice, her black dress and her obvious embarrassment, she thought she detected a rather amusing thing.

"A lady friend of Blondy's," she announced over her shoulder; and nodding the visitor to come in, she led her down the hall with less sleepiness than she had shown before—led her with an air that said, "This ought to be pretty good."

Miss Abby followed M'leen into a front room—one of those rooms which might be described by the phrase "richly furnished." The walls, for instance, were nearly covered by oil paintings; and in one corner was a marble miniature of the Statue of Liberty, holding an electrolier in her hand, only instead of the lamp being shaped as a torch, it was like a purple bunch of grapes. And there were upholstered chairs, and a moose's head, and a crystal chandelier, and one of those long, deep davenports which are almost as long as a Pullman sleeper and yet so low to the ground that you have to be careful how you sit down or your chin will strike your knees. In the center of the room was a baize-covered table, from which a brisk-looking woman was moving a pile of plates and a chafing dish—Miss Abby guessed that she was the janitor's wife—while on the davenport, in a dark silk dressing gown, lay another sleepy girl with an empty coffee cup on the rug beside her, and her boyish form draped over an adjoining chair.

"Sit down," said M'leen.

"Thank you," said little Miss Abby, and seated herself by a bookcase which somehow didn't seem to match the rest of the room—a bookcase in which was a copy of the History of Civilization, for instance, and Carlyle's French Revolution, and a set of Dickens which looked as though it had been much read.

"This is a friend of Blondy's," continued M'leen, turning to the girl on the couch, and then looking back at Miss Abby she asked, "What did you say your name was?"

"Miss Bronson," said Miss Abby in her quiet voice.

"Pleased to meet you. . . . This is my friend, Trixie MacDougall. Perhaps you saw her in Mamma, Be Good."

Trixie was sitting up by then—a wise little madam with a humorous mouth—and noticing Miss Abby's black dress, she said, "Honest, you gimme a scare. I thought at first you might be Blondy's wife."

Miss Abby's heart gave such a jump.

"No," she said, "just a friend."

(Continued on Page 193)

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

It is traditional that Good Hardware is Corbin Hardware—that Corbin Hardware answers every hardware need of every type of building.

CORBIN

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Teach the school children, then, the principles and practice of Fire Prevention. Forming habits of carefulness in regard to fire and fire hazards will increase their respect for the property of others and for themselves as citizens.

With the citizens rests to a very large extent the solution of the national fire problem. They are responsible for the preventable fires that now cause 60% of the annual $500,000,000 fire loss.

Fire Prevention training in the schools of your community will have the hearty co-operation of the local Fire Department. The North America Agent, also, will gladly discuss the relation of Fire Prevention to economical property insurance and protection.

Insurance Company of North America

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and the

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write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 190)

At that, M'leen winked over at Trixie; and watching her chance, Trixie winked back at M'leen.

"You live in the city?" continued M'leen.

"No; in Connecticut—on the Sound."

"He was often there," nodded M'leen. "I guess that's how you met him."

"Yes," said Miss Abby; and possibly thinking it was about time that she asked a few questions herself, she went on, "You spoke of—of Mr. Dykmann's wife. Was he married, do you know?"

"No," said M'leen; and beginning to enjoy herself, she added, "I don't know whether you noticed it yourself, but believe me, he always kept his fingers crossed."

That time Miss Abby caught the wink, and although she made no sign, she dimly began to catch its significance.

"Do you know anything about his family—his brothers and sisters, I mean—or—anybody belonging to him?"

"Nope," said M'leen. "Nothing doing there either. He told me once he was brought up in the Sheltering Arms, and all his folks was dead."

"The Sheltering Arms?"

"Ye-ah. An orphan asylum over in Rahway. We drove over once and he gave all the kids a treat."

"He was some little treater, believe me," said Trixie, "but I guess we had our last party on him last night. . . . Oh, hello, Sleepy-Head," she continued, looking toward the doorway. "Meet Miss Brown—one of Blondy's friends—from the country."

Miss Abby turned to look at a tall, dark man with a bulging forehead and a preternatural gravity of manner. He had evidently just shaved, but was still in his shirt sleeves; and Miss Abby recalled that before he appeared, she had heard a door open and shut along the hall.

"Come and sit here, Teddy," said M'leen, making room on the side of her chair.

Miss Abby watched her in her quiet way—watched the newcomer seat himself and M'leen's arm go curving around his shoulder, and then she arose and said, "Well, I must be going."

"Sorry we couldn't do more for you," said M'leen.

"Oh, that's all right," said Abby.

She paused then, having noticed for the first time a framed photograph by the side of the bookcase—the picture of a smiling, keen-chinned man who looked as though he was always sure of himself.

"I suppose—all his things here will be sold," she asked.

"Yes," said M'leen, more sharply than she had spoken before. "But that will have to go to pay his bills. We phoned the hospital as soon as we heard about it, but he had only a few dollars on him. Those cops who shot him took care of that, all right."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that," said Miss Abby, always in her gentle voice. "I was only wondering if—if you would care to let me have this picture of him."

"Why, sure," said M'leen, winking at the others again, "if you think it's going to do you any good now."

"Thank you." She took it, pausing meanwhile to glance at the titles of the books on the shelves. "He often sat here, didn't he?" she asked.

"Ye-ah," said M'leen, in some surprise, her hand still caressing Teddy's shoulder. "That was his favorite corner—when he was home."

"I thought so."

She left then, M'leen and Teddy following her to the door; and while she was waiting for the elevator in the empty hallway, Miss Abby heard a muffled burst of laughter from the apartment which she had just left—a muffled burst of laughter and the voice of Trixie saying, "Did you ever see anything funnier in your life?"

■

THEY might not have been so mirthful, however, if they had seen and heard Miss Abby a few days later when the latter was telling Henry Farnsworth how she wanted him to make up her will. You may remember Henry—Henry the Backward—with his Websterian forehead and lack of practice, his dark eyes and firmly closed lips—he who could never make Miss Abby's breath come faster. She had written him from Bronson's Cove, asking him to call "on a matter of business," and although he had kissed her when he came in—kissed her in his legal manner—they both seemed relieved when that was over and the conversation began. He hadn't been in long when he noticed the new photograph on the shelf—a photograph backed with flowers—but, true son of the Nutmeg State, he instinctively turned and whittled at something else.

"I see they're starting work on the steeple of the church," he said.

"Yes," said Miss Abby. "It's needed doing for a long time."

"And I noticed a fresh grave as I came past. Anybody around here?"

"No," said Miss Abby in her quiet voice. "It's a Mr. Dykmann, I think; and I understand his friends are going to give him quite a beautiful monument. And somehow it started me thinking, and I believe I'll make my will, Henry—especially as I'm going away for quite a while, and there's no telling what may happen before I get back."

She was dressed that afternoon in an apricot dress—a shade which went well with her hair and eyes—and looking at her with a glance of surprise, it might have struck Henry of the Websterian forehead that he would have to travel a considerable distance to find a nicer view.

"I didn't know you were going away," he said, trying not to look at the photograph on the table.

"Yes," she quietly nodded, her hands folded in her lap.

"But, say, that's going to make it pretty lonely for me."

"You won't mind."

"Won't I?" He struggled for speech then and finally found this: "Why, Abby, you're all I've got!" This he said quite loudly, and as though it hurt him too.

Just for a moment, then, Miss Abby thought her breath was coming faster.

"You hide it well," she gently railed him.

"Hide it well? Of course I do! Don't I have to? But just you wait till I'm making enough to get married on, and I'll show you!"

"Show me what?"

"I'll show you how I love you of course! What else?"

"Yes, you will!"

It was evenly said, but there was a faint note of derision in her voice which brought him to his feet quicker than any other flick which she could have given him. She, too, arose, as though in alarm; but whether it was alarm or not, she couldn't disguise from herself the fact that her breath was coming faster.

"I'll show you now if you like," he said, his voice none too steady

"You sit down," she told him.

He did it slowly, but Henry sat down—Henry the Backward still, you see.

"You understand, though, don't you?" he said—the silent photograph still spurring him on.

"Understand what?"

"Any time you want to take a chance on living in debt half the time "

Little Miss Abby demurely nodded.

"And now," she said, "I'll tell you the way I want to make my will."

Whereupon he grew more businesslike, and drew pencil and paper out of his pocket.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," she said, "to the Sheltering Arms, of Rahway, New Jersey."

"How much?" he asked, looking up with startled eyes.

"Twenty-five thousand. And another twenty-five to the Lexington Hospital for Crippled Children."

Henry wrote on, his mouth opening a bit, too, as well as his eyes. Of course there were other instructions, and when she was through, she said, "Another thing, Henry, I wish you'd make me up a list of good investments. Mr. Dawson, of the Westerly Bank, is making a list of suggestions, and I'd like to compare the two."

"How much do you want to invest?" he asked.

"About eighty thousand dollars," she said in her quiet voice.

He said a queer thing then, as he arose to go—a very queer thing for a counselor learned in the law.

"You make me feel like a bum," he said in a husky voice.

"Why, Henry!" she protested. "What a thing to say!"

"You do, though," he said, and bit by bit, all his Websterian plaster seemed to be falling from his laths, and left him showing a much more natural-looking framework.

"But I don't see why I should," she said.

"You—you who have so much," he told her, "and me—I have so little."

It was the way he said it, more than the words, which touched her—the humble, despairing tones of a lover who has no thoughts of either torts or demurrers—and again Miss Abby's breath began to come faster.

"He's getting better," she thought. "That's twice."

"Well, good-by," he said, holding out his hand and still speaking as before. "I'll have the will ready tomorrow."

"But, Henry," she said, all innocence in a moment, "don't you want to kiss me good-by?"

"Want to?" he said. "I'll show you whether I want to!"

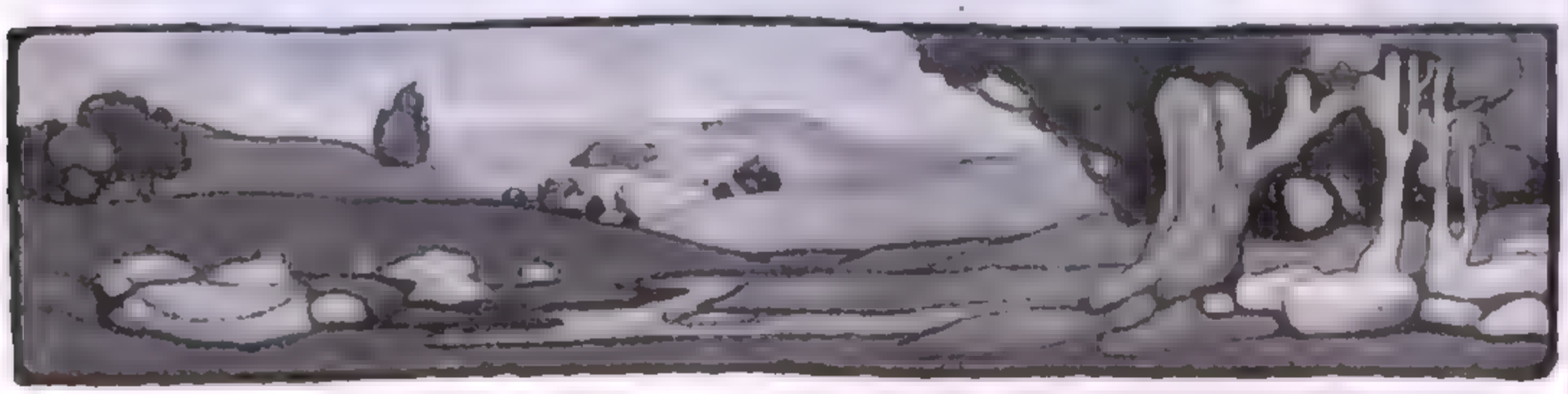
And indeed he showed her to such good purpose that he had been gone nearly five minutes before Miss Abby's breath returned to normal.

"He'll do," she thought

She turned to the picture, then, which was smiling at her from the table—smiling at her with keen-chinned amusement.

"Thanks—to you," said she.

And still the picture smiled at her—the smile of a man who was always sure of himself. And if you had been there a few minutes later, it might have struck you that it was also the smile of a man who could always be sure of the gratitude of the happy-eyed Miss Abby, who was changing the flowers that stood behind his picture on the shelf.



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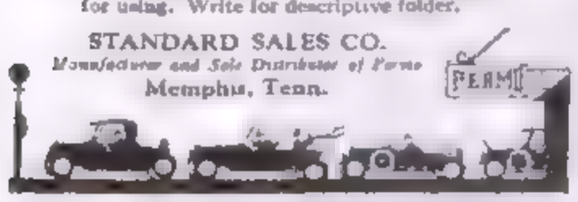

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FARMING IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 15

Berchères des Pierres, with 708 inhabitants—where, by the way, I did see a sign bearing a single word, a family name that has long been celebrated in Chicago. At the corner of the small building so adorned stood a very American-looking self-binder with the same name on it.

There is not a habitation between these villages, but almost every square foot of the soil is in cultivation, the greater part of it cut up into the strips or patches that I mentioned before. The tillers of the soil live in the villages, going back and forth to their fields. Obviously, if a man's land lies halfway between Chamblay and Coudray, he will have a journey of better than two miles night and morning to get from his house to his field.

To an American this seems an absurd arrangement; but if you ask why they do it, that is only one of a hundred questions concerning French agriculture that cannot be answered without going back a thousand years to the depths of the Middle Ages. Of course, under the feudal régime, all this land, as well as nearly all other land in Western Europe, was comprised in manors, each with its lord who claimed the use of the soil by various intricacies of feudal tenure. The actual tillers gathered in villages at first for defense. They cultivated the land in long narrow strips, for with very scant fertilization one-third of it lay fallow every year. The village and the strip have persisted.

Here and there in France, especially in Brittany, you find isolated farm houses standing on the land that the house occupier works. Almost everywhere, also, you will find large farms with their separate buildings. In fact, big farming and little farming are mixed together over much of the country.

Only three miles from Chamblay is a farm of 800 acres. But no doubt the typical village-dwelling French farmer would consider our idea of a separate house on every separate farm as a most unsocial and inconvenient manner of living, not to mention the danger.

As to the persistence of the old idea of defense, I cannot recall a courtyard that did not contain, along with its straw stack and compost heap, a dog kennel inhabited by a good-sized and able-looking dog that had every appearance of being strictly on the job. The intrusion of a foreign-looking person with a camera invariably filled the dog with suspicion and indignation. It was a comfort to notice that he was held by a stout chain. At night the gate is shut and the dog unchained.

Thrift on Every Hand

But while the dog was always bitterly hostile, I found the people invariably good-natured, and sociably ready to be photographed or to do anything else that would contribute to the stranger's entertainment. Once, when wandering around the yard, heedless of the impassioned protests of the dog, I received a very friendly caution to move a little farther away lest I come within reach of his chain. Out on the road farmers stopped their horses, with evident amusement, to be photographed. Perhaps, with due regard for accurate reporting, I ought to add that while five cents is small change with us, a franc, although it is really worth less than five cents at present, is an important piece of money in rural France. Perhaps the franc had something to do with the genial smile. A farmer's wife was well pleased to sell us good, cool buttermilk at rather less than a cent for two glasses.

Another pretty constant feature of the courtyard is the bundles of fagots, carefully tied up and stored in a corner. A good part of them we would call twigs or small branches and throw away, but they form the most important portion of a French farmer's fuel. The farmer's wife has a really wonderful art of making the pot boil with only a handful of these dry twigs. Gathering up fagots for fuel is part of that French thrift which is properly held up for our admiration, or used as a reproach to our prodigality. An elderly lady trudging home with a pack of fagots on her back is a quite common sight.

They are an admirably thrifty people. We should respect them for it and try to emulate them. But we need not overlook that much of their thrift is compulsory. They have to be thrifty or go cold. Also it is in good part a corollary of cheap labor. Gathering twigs for firewood would be a ruinous undertaking where an American scale of wages prevailed.

As to the absence of shops in the village, market day is still a very important institution in rural France. Nearly every town, as distinguished from a village like Chamblay, will have its market day, once a month, once a fortnight, once a week, or semiweekly, according to its size. Even in Paris a great part of the city's food supply for the day is sold at the enormous central market between the hours of six and nine in the morning.

Market Day at Tours

Sellers of foodstuffs congregate there in great numbers in the early hours in order to be on hand at the beginning of the market, and restaurants in the neighborhood keep open all night for their accommodation. This has proved very convenient and educational to many Americans who visit Paris for the laudable purpose of enlarging their minds and improving their taste by contact with French culture. Having devoted themselves since one o'clock A.M. to the absorption of Gallic culture in certain bogus and expensive resorts of Montmartre, which are maintained exclusively for their benefit, American seekers of sweetness and light run down to any one of several market-place restaurants in time to have a very early breakfast or a very late supper at six o'clock and witness the opening of the market. No doubt that is an important cultural object, but whether all of them are quite certain that what they are witnessing is a Paris market and not the Battle of Bunker Hill may be an open question.

However, a market place and a market day are standard French institutions. Tours, with 80,000 inhabitants, has its market day twice a week. Of course in a city of that size distribution of foodstuff goes on continually, and even in the central market place certain edible goods are always for sale. But every Wednesday and Saturday morning farmers come in with their produce, and then the market place is quite transformed.

Country men and women—women predominating—are thickly camped all over the square, each with a big hamper, or with baskets and sacks of farm produce. Mainly it was vegetables that they had for sale when I was there. Some of them came as far as a dozen miles, starting well before sunrise. A great many came on foot, leading a horse cart or a donkey cart. As in Belgium, dogs are often used as draft animals, sometimes trotting in harness beneath the cart while the man or woman pushes or pulls, and sometimes pulling in front alongside the human motor.

Farmers come to market not only to sell but to buy. Booths are set up all around the market hall. A big space that was quite empty yesterday is now packed full of small canvas-covered stands in which cloth, hats, caps, pots, pans, kerosene lamps, trinkets, and so on, are set forth for sale. In general the goods that a merchant in an American country town offers for farm consumption are offered here, and in general the French farmer buys here rather than in the village where he lives. While the goods are of many sorts, one common characteristic strikes an observer. That is, they are almost all of the plainest and most substantial character—coarse cottons, thick shoes, a kind of bath slipper with ponderous soles that seems to be much in favor, hats made for wear and not for ornament.

I should say that except in some grape districts farming is rather less a one-crop or two-crop affair in France than in the United States. The ordinary small farm seems to have more things to sell—not only grain and livestock, but butter, eggs, cheese, poultry, wool, grape juice, and in some districts handmade articles such as lace. Thus the farm family has something or other to dispose of every little while.

Periodically, then, the farmer takes his produce to market. Very often his wife and daughter go along in charge of small goods, such as butter, eggs, cheese, vegetables, a couple of fat ducks. Many farmers of his district will be going to market the same day. Buyers gather at the market place on market day, not only those who are buying for their own consumption but professional dealers and representatives of produce-handling concerns. The buyers dicker with the farm folk for their produce and the farm folk then chaffer with the booth venders over boots, shoes, kitchen utensils, and so on. Altogether, in a big town like Tours, the scene is as animated as the wheat pit in Chicago on a busy day.

This may strike us as reminiscent of the Middle Ages, but the French prefer it, and without doubt a vast number of people enjoyed life in the Middle Ages as much as we enjoy it today.

Another reason for the absence of shops lies in the fact that about half the total produce of the small farm is consumed directly by the farm family. That is, according to what seems the best guess. This may be a good place to remark that the French Government has never been strong in the statistical department, and the war further crippled its ability in that direction. An exasperated British authority observed some time ago that French farm statistics "are so confused they may be used to support any view." For example, the figures that I used here as to the number and size of farms are taken from a legislative report that was published this year, but the text shows that the figures were really compiled in 1892. Statistics thirty years old on a subject of that importance would be considered rather shelfworn at Washington. In this particular case it makes no practical difference, for all competent observers agree that whatever change has taken place in thirty years has been in the direction of further subdivision of holdings, rather than in the opposite direction of consolidation. And in any case somewhat questionable statistics need not bother us, for we can see the main facts of the situation with our own eyes.

More Owners Than Farms

Indifference to statistics, however, is only part of the reason why the French Government has never enumerated hired farm laborers in a separate category. The other part of the reason is that over a large part of the country the hired farm laborer is not a very important factor. The small family farm, worked mainly by the owner and his immediate relatives, is the typical thing. So the French situation stands out in sharp contrast to the English, where the actual tiller of the soil is in most cases a hired hand. Indeed, if we may take the government's word for it about one-fifth of the total population of France, counting men, women and children, are owners of the soil—more farm owners than there are farms.

In a good many cases, in fact, what we would call a little farm is owned by two or more persons. French inheritance laws, under which every child can claim a share

(Continued on Page 201)

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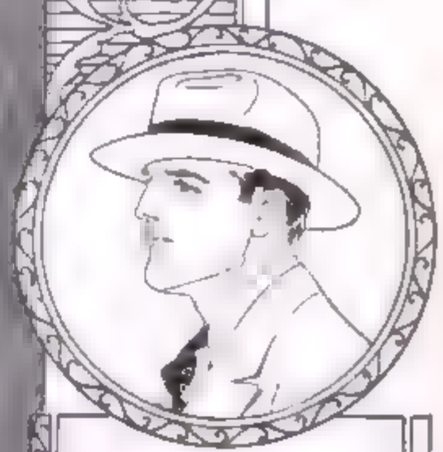

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(Continued from Page 196)

of the paternal estate, are blamed for a splitting up of landownership that has often gone to excess. As an extreme example, one commune contains 5384 acres that are divided by ownership into 48,000 parcels; and in another case 120 acres of land is owned in 1945 separate parcels; although, of course, each parcel is not worked separately. Separately owned parcels that contain only 400 or 500 square feet are quite often found.

Statesmen—who are seldom farmers—pretty generally agree that the family farm, consisting of a parcel of land that can be worked by its owner and his family with only occasional hired labor, is the desirable situation. That puts ownership of the soil into the hands of its actual tillers and maintains a large rural population. Perhaps statesmen prefer large rural populations because they are less troublesome than urban populations. Anyway, France has not only pretty well achieved, or maintained, the theoretically ideal family-farm system, but has here and there carried it to extremes. So while England's agricultural policy, so far as she can be said to have one, aims at subdivision, France's, in part, aims at consolidation.

While statesmen see the disadvantage in too big farms, any farmer can see the disadvantage in too little ones, particularly when, as often happens in France, the small farm is broken up into two or more disconnected pieces. There will be an obvious loss of time in going from one field to another. Introduction of machinery and of improved tillage generally will be less easy. So farmers who are disadvantaged by having their farms scattered in separate pieces have been officially urged to consolidate their holdings by exchange or by selling one tract and buying another.

The urging produced meager results, and six years ago a law was passed authorizing farmers to form syndical associations for the purpose of swapping tracts and buying and selling in order to consolidate holdings. Such an association is even empowered to force the land of a recalcitrant farmer by buying him out under a sort of condemnation procedure. In the region that was devastated during the war and has now been restored, something has been accomplished under this law in the way of piecing farms together, but elsewhere little has come of it. The typical dirt farmer in France is a conservative person, moving but slowly.

The chief reason for mentioning that consolidation law is to emphasize how widely ownership of the soil is distributed. In France, half the population still lives in the country, as against less than a third in England. Indeed, France is still a rural nation. Paris is the one big city. Next to it in size, but at a long distance, come Marseilles and Lyons, each with not much more than half the population of Detroit. Fourth place among French cities is held by Bordeaux, with only 268,000 inhabitants. The government says there are 7,500,000 owners of farm land. Whatever the precise number, they form very decidedly the most powerful political interest in the country.

Almost Tax-Exempt

And in a tax-ridden world this French farm interest stands out in glorious isolation as almost the only big property interest anywhere that pays no taxes; or practically none, for the total yield of direct taxes levied on French farmers is too trivial to be taken seriously. Last year that total was only two million dollars.

Before the war hardly anybody seems to have minded the farmer's practical exemption from direct taxation, but since the war one harried ministry after another has striven to devise some scheme for getting taxes out of the farms. The latest effort undertakes to bring farmers in under a clause of the income-tax law. First, the assessment for taxation was based on the rental value of the land. In 1919 the law, which had yielded practically nothing, was amended so that assessors might levy the tax on a farmer's actual income if that would yield the government more than a tax based on rental value. But next year—in what looked like panicky haste—this amendment was further amended so that a farmer might pay a tax based on rental value or one based on actual income, whichever was the lowest. In short, the government shifted the shoe quite to the other foot.

But there is loud grumbling from the cities over this practical exemption from taxation—loud grumbling at the farmer in general, as a matter of fact. For in addition to that escape from taxes the French farm interest also stands in contrast to some other European interests in that it is unquestionably more prosperous than it was before the war. The reason is simple enough. Prices have gone up and the French farmer is predominantly a seller, not a buyer either of goods or of labor. Of course he does buy things, but a great part of his living comes directly off the farm, and he hires little labor. The surplus, above his family's consumption, he sells for a much higher price than he got before the war. By and large he is better off than ever before.

Juggled Incomes

For many years French farmers have, as a rule, derived a very solid advantage from protective duties. Normally France pretty nearly feeds herself, but in a great majority of years she imports some wheat. The imported wheat, of course, must fetch in the French market a price sufficient to pay the duty; so in many years the French price of wheat will be higher than the world-market price by something like the amount of the duty—to the profit of the home wheat grower.

At present the duty works out nineteen cents a bushel, and if the protective principle was functioning to its full extent French farmers would be getting about that much more than the Chicago or Liverpool price. With a rather poor crop last year, however, the government made an arrangement that largely offset the protection, and the same arrangement will probably be continued this year. Nevertheless, protection has on the whole been a decided benefit to farmers and it is still on the statute books—as the cities are always pointing out in connection with the fact that farmers pay almost no direct taxes. Every now and then, indeed, the cities declare with much feeling that the farmer is the real war profiteer.

I should guess, for whatever the guess may be worth, that such expressions of dissatisfaction are about all the cities will get out of it. That huge farm vote looms before every politician's eyes. But there is another and a better reason—namely, the extreme difficulty of framing a tax that will produce any important revenue when it has to be levied on so many people in such small sums. In connection with this thorny subject of taxing the farms, an intensive study was made last year of a village which was taken to be truly representative of conditions in a great part of the country. It was a village of small proprietors, each farmer as a rule cultivating his fields by his own labor and that of his family, raising and selling the usual variety of agricultural products, including grain, livestock, poultry, milk, eggs, wine, and so on.

The investigators found, first, that nobody in the village paid a tax, and they concluded after careful inquiry that nobody in it could be convicted of having a net income in excess of 1500 francs, that amount being exempt under the law. At today's rate of exchange 1500 francs comes to less than seventy-two dollars in our money. Yet there was indubitable evidence that the inhabitants of this village as a whole were in a comparatively prosperous state. They had been paying off some mortgages and they were living better than before the war.

It further appeared that the more prosperous villagers, who might be in danger from an inquisitive assessor, charged the farm with their own labor and that of the working members of their family—which usually came to three people in all—at the monstrous rate of fifty francs, roughly $2.40 a day, thereby absorbing the net income. The manufacturer charges the cost of his labor against his sales, why not the farmer? The legal side of the question is far too intricate for me. Indeed it appears that the ancient Gallic boast, "whatever is not clear is not French," no more applies to their revenue laws than it would apply to ours. People who have studied it say this revenue law is a fearfully complicated thing. In an overwhelming majority of cases French farmers solve all its difficulties with neatness and dispatch by simply refusing, or neglecting, to make a return.

In the aggregate, French agriculture produces a big yearly income, directly supporting about half the population of the country. The cities insist, very logically, that it ought to be taxed. The practical question, aside from mere political considerations, is how are you going to get much taxes out of a man whose real net income is only $200 or $300 a year? Very good authority says that the law, with an exemption of 1500 francs, does not as a rule reach a farmer who occupies less than sixty-six acres, which is a large farm in France.

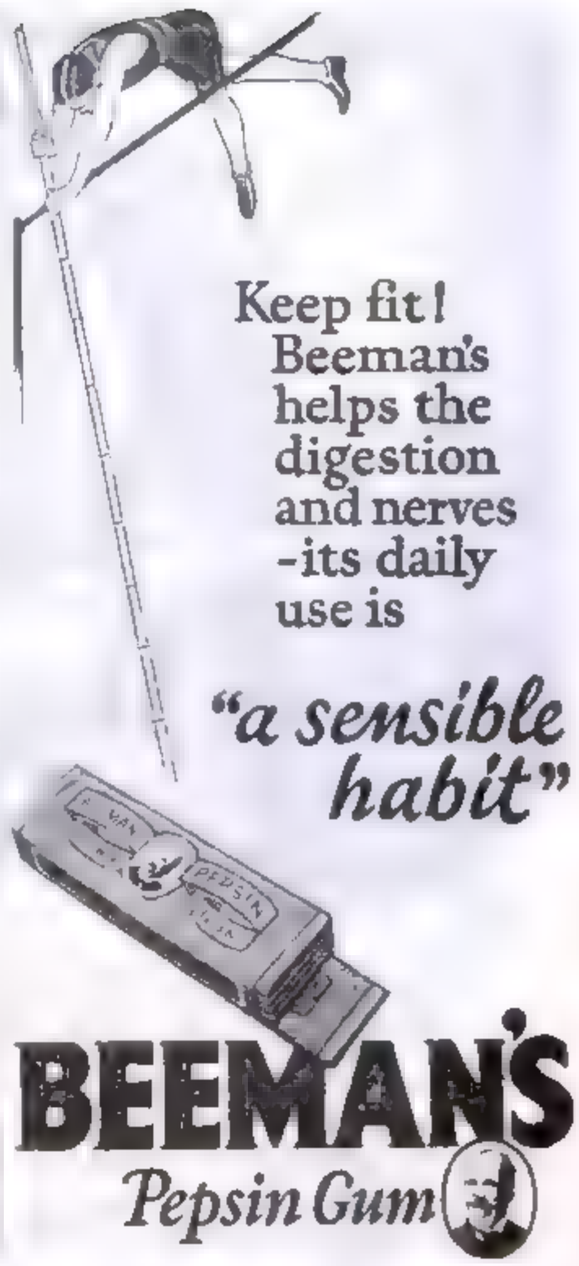
Of course the farmer's $200 or $300 a year represents a much bigger real income than the same amount of money in the hands of a city workman would represent, for the farmer and his family get a large part of their living out of the farm. But there are obvious difficulties in taxing a man on the cheese he eats during the year when it is his own cheese.

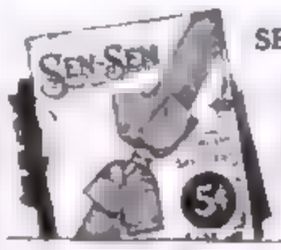
I have used the figure of $200 or $300 a year at random. Aside from the intensive study of a single village mentioned, there is no direct evidence as to what an ordinary, or typical, small farm yields in cash during a year; but indirect evidence indicates that $300 a year is very much above the mark. That is 6300 francs, and out in the country a franc is still a franc. Sixty-three hundred of them will in a good many cases buy a farm. In that connection the splitting up of farm lands into separate tracts has about reached the practicable or desirable limit, because with subdivision carried much further a great many tracts would fail to afford a living to the families working them. Nevertheless 75,000 large farms—as the French reckon size—remain, and some of them would be big farms in any country. So in 1919, to be in fashion, the legislature passed an act authorizing departments and communes to buy large tracts, split them up and resell them on twenty-five years' credit to actual dirt farmers, preference being given to those with large families.

Postwar Improvements

That the government did not expect any extensive operations under this law is indicated by the simple fact that the credit put at the disposal of the departments and communes for the purpose of carrying it into effect was limited to $150,000 in our money. But the point of most interest to us is the provision in the law that no small farm sold under the act should have a value in excess of 10,000 francs. At 6 per cent the net yearly income from such a farm would be 600 francs, while, as I mentioned before, $300 is 6300 francs. No doubt that sum is much above the average farm income.

The French farmer is mostly his own landlord and boss, also his own hired man. He is not merely the backbone of the nation, as a large library of eulogistic literature asserts, but about half of the entire animal. He has no end of virtues. But he handles an amazingly small amount of cash during a year, and his buying power, or consuming power, is correspondingly limited. He lives within what seems to us a very narrow margin. If his villages and market days and many of his implements





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and methods would strike an American farmer as amusingly primitive, you may be sure that various arrangements in and about his house would strike an American farmer's wife as equally primitive, without being at all amusing.

Nevertheless French farmers are, beyond question, living better and consuming more than before the war. For one thing, thanks to their coöperative associations, they are buying much more improved farm machinery. In the cities, especially the provincial cities, along with complaints of scarcity of labor, you often hear the farmer's prodigality unfavorably mentioned. Cases are known—so I am told, although I did not witness the distressful sight—of a farmer actually having an automobile. Many farmers and their wives have been caught buying canned goods and even fruit, "Which," as a provincial Frenchman exclaimed to me, "would have been regarded as a crime before the war."

Altogether, at present, the French farmer, with his high prices for foodstuffs, his protective duties, his practical exemption from taxation and his occasional orgies of eating canned salmon and cherries, seems to be a quite unpopular person in the cities.

It should always be remembered that in speaking of these tillers of the soil a Frenchman will not call them farmers. He will call them peasants, which has an implication quite different from that attached to the American word "farmer." It does not exactly imply a lower order of beings as it did under Louis XIV, but it is not a eulogistic term. It was not until 1779 that serfdom was officially abolished on French crownlands. A world that talks democracy but retains a snobbish heart cannot be expected to forget, in only 146 years, that one's ancestors were not free. Farmers' wives and daughters work regularly in the field, and a snobbish world has its own opinions about that.

If the Frenchman who is speaking happens to be a city workman who admires Bolshevism, probably he will also call his rustic fellow citizen a pig, an ass and a goose, at least. In that regard the peasant proprietor is a very solid backbone. It is an interesting circumstance that the great social upheaval known as the French Revolution did, as one enduring result, put actual ownership of the land into the hands of those who tilled it, thereby creating a great conservative political element. Probably that will be the one permanent result of the Russian Revolution. Revolutions promise to make people prosperous. So far as they ever do make them prosperous they also make them conservative.

Even before the war, but still more since, a drift from the rural districts to the cities has been complained of in France as in every other Western country. But in France the movement has been comparatively small and the shift in percentage figures of rural and urban population is insignificant. Mainly the farm people stick to their farms.

Foreign Farm Hands

In that connection, one thing about France should not be overlooked—namely, it suits the French. They do not emigrate. They may live on a narrow margin at home, but a long record shows that they prefer that to living anywhere else. Since the war, however, there has been an important immigration, part of it seasonal. In the southern part of the country, Italians and Spaniards come in for the harvest. Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and even Belgium furnish quite large contingents of workmen in mining, the building trade, and to some extent in agriculture.

There are official statistics on this subject, for over most of Europe the war set up a great, foolish nuisance of registering, photographing and tabulating all foreigners. Even in England, which was so long a free port for persons as well as goods, if you stay longer than eight weeks you must have a handful of photographs taken of yourself and go around to the police with a solemn statement of your ancestry and intentions. In France, in addition to the registration on your arrival, the law says that if you stay more than fifteen days, you must go to the police with photographs and vouchers, and get an identification card. In the case of ordinary tourists the law is not at all strictly enforced. However, registration applied to immigrant workmen enables the government to say positively that at present there are more than a million of them in France. Undoubtedly a large number of others are there without being registered.

This immigration speaks for itself as to the prosperous state of the country, for as a rule immigrants go only where there are jobs. Reconstruction of the big region occupied and wrecked by the Germans created a great demand for labor. That work is about finished, but the number of foreigners who come into France seeking employment keeps about up to the peak. It is all relative. The French wage scale, that looks meager to us, looks attractive to workmen in Italy and Poland.

Cliff Dwellers of the Loire

In the country everywhere I heard complaints of the scarcity of labor. Probably the agricultural industry that employs most hands first and last is wine making, which is scattered all over France. The South, in fact, produces more wine than the famed champagne district. Some barrels of grape juice form a not insignificant part of many a small farmer's income. At the same time a good deal of grape land is held in comparatively large tracts, requiring hired hands.

French vineyards are generally subject to the same sort of pests that afflict grape growers in Western New York, Southern Michigan and California, so that a lot of labor must be expended in spraying and otherwise protecting them. Also, the wine making requires first and last a great many hands, for a bottle of good wine must be wet-nursed from infancy to market to get the sediment out. Cliff dwelling, by the way, is not a lost art in France. The north bank of the River Loire is dominated for many miles by high limestone bluffs, sometimes rising almost from the water's edge and sometimes half a mile or so back, with a cultivated flat in between. This bluff is full of habitations and wine cellars, both cut into the solid rock.

At the village of Vouvray, east of Tours, the proprietor of a ninety-acre vineyard who makes his own wine, led me through a mile of wine cellars, tunneled into the solid rock; then took me up a long, spiral staircase, also cut out of solid rock, and we stepped forth into his grapevines on the plateau at the top of the bluff. The extensive rock-hewn wine cellars have wooden doors at intervals to keep out the draft, and are said to maintain almost exactly the same temperature summer and winter, making them ideal places for the storage of grape juice.

And a good deal of the plateau at the top of the bluff has a soil that is favorable to grape culture. Up there vines get all the sunshine there is and are not so liable to damage from early frost as those on the bottom lands. A man grows his grapes on the top of the bluff, then turns them into wine and stores it as long as he likes, with no expense for refrigeration, in the bowels of the rock beneath.

The workmen in the winery are very often proprietors of little vineyards—so small that a man can tend his own patch and still give a good deal of time to the winery for wages. Often these small proprietors live in habitations cut into the cliff. Stepping out into the big proprietor's vineyard, where the July sun felt good after the chill of the tunnels down below, we had a splendid view over many miles of the river valley with the twin towers of Tours Cathedral on the western horizon, but some objects in the foreground caught my eye—unmistakably house chimneys sticking up among the grapevines in most irrelevant manner with no house in sight.

Nature could hardly be expected to provide a flue to carry off the smoke from a house cut into the rock, so a flue is tunneled upward through the stone and then extended for several feet in a conventional brick or stone chimney pot that stands in the vines, or the grass, with no visible relation to a house. The heating and cooking plant of the house will consist of a broad-hearthed, wide-throated fireplace. Every year the grapevines are cut back to within a foot or so of the thick root. The dead wood so lopped off is collected, tied in bundles and makes an important part of the year's fuel supply. In one cave house I saw a big pot boiling cheerfully over a double handful of dead grapevine cuttings; and I recalled that when I was engaged in agriculture in Michigan we used to consider the deadwood from the grapevines a great nuisance, heaping it up somewhere and burning it just to get rid of it. In a French farmhouse, by the way, nearly everything except the bread seems to be boiled in a large pot, rather than baked or fried.

While France has achieved, or preserved, the family farm as the typical rural condition, it is only fair to say that her small-proprietor agriculture is not particularly efficient.

The average yield an acre of wheat, barley and oats is a full third higher in England than in France. In about forty years, Germany, Holland, Belgium and Denmark increased their average yields an acre decidedly more than France did.

It is clear at a glance that in order to develop high efficiency a small-farm scheme requires very extensive coöperation. The proprietor of a fifteen-acre tract cannot buy much machinery. Especially in a fenceless, hedgeless country there is not much point in keeping his field clean if his neighbor's field is foul.

He can spend very little money improving his breeds of livestock, and can do hardly any ditching and draining on his own account. Up to the war French farmers tended to a conservative individualism, but the war gave an important stimulus to coöperation.

Easy Credit for Farmers

There are now over a thousand syndicates, or local coöperative associations, for the purpose of improving the breeds of livestock, and a great many for the purpose of extending the use of machinery on the farms. As producers, or sellers, farmers have dairy, fruit, wine, tobacco, livestock and other syndicates. As buyers they have associations for the purchase of fertilizer, seed, and so on. In all nearly 8000 cooperative agricultural syndicates are counted up. Of course many of them are interlapping, or interweaving, the same man belonging to several.

The government has encouraged farm coöperation, and since the war it has extended credit facilities to farmers on easy terms. A law of 1920 established a National Office of Agricultural Credit, to which the Bank of France was required, in consideration of the renewal of its charter, to make certain advances and payments. Ninety-nine regional offices are subordinate to the national office. They make loans to individuals and, particularly, to cooperative associations short-term loans for carrying through to harvest, medium-term loans for operations that extend over more time and long-term loans for permanent improvements. The total of such loans outstanding at the end of last year was nearly half a billion francs.

That comes roughly to $25,000,000. In any national scheme of farm credit at home such a sum would seem insignificant, but in viewing French agriculture you are always looking through the wrong end of the telescope; all the items seem small to American eyes.

Rural Prosperity

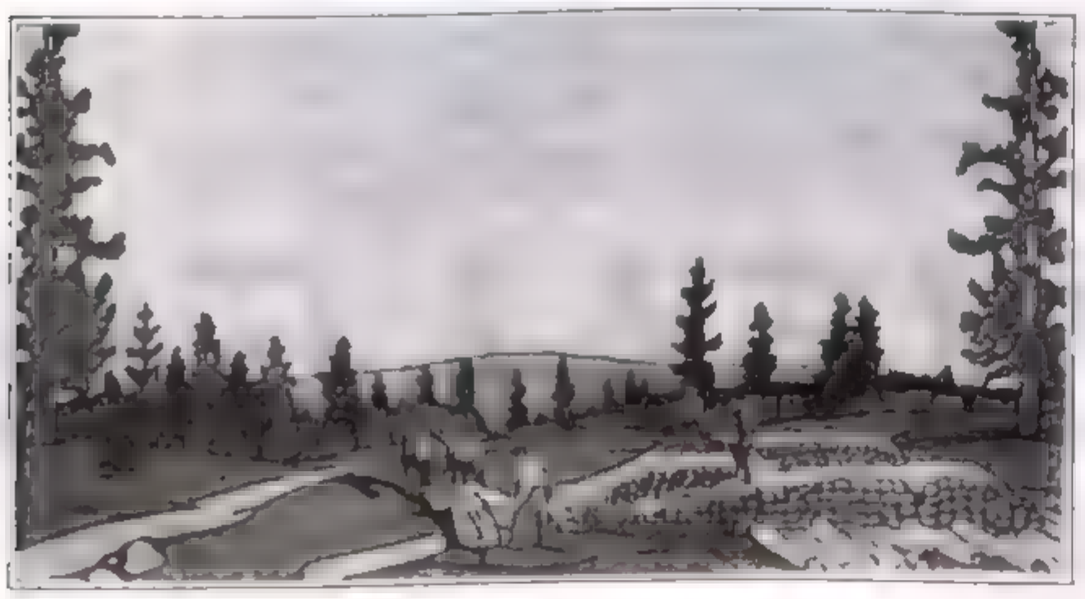
Agriculture is prosperous, although the output is not up to the prewar level. The big region devastated by the Germans has been practically restored, and in considering the unhappy financial state of the French Government it should be remembered that France carried through this huge reconstruction out of her own resources. Still the area under wheat is smaller by about two and a quarter million acres than in 1913, and last year's outturn was smaller by about a million tons. This is mainly due to a shift from wheat land to grass—the same thing, on a smaller scale, that is complained of in England.

At the same time imports of wheat are no larger than before the war. This is explained on the ground that during the war the government enforced a mixture of coarser grains with wheat for the daily loaf, and having got used to it, the country keeps it up, thereby making a permanent reduction in the consumption of wheat. Certainly there is no better bread anywhere than that on French tables. The number of farm animals is also somewhat smaller than before the war; yet by and large there is no scarcity of meat. It is true that last winter some tender-hearted English men and women set up quite an outcry over the export of superannuated horses to Paris slaughterhouses, and horse meat is an article of daily sale there. Very likely, however, it is eaten by people who before the war had no meat at all.

France had a postwar boom and a collapse, as every other important country in the world did. But a competent observer would now be able to write, "The brilliant economic revival that began in the early months of 1922 has as yet suffered no eclipse. The entire population has continued in full employment and her production has been retarded by the shortage of labor."

Those words were actually written a year ago, but from the best accounts they might be repeated today. Last winter, as the government's big expenditures on reconstruction were coming to an end, a slump was predicted. There was a brief wavering, but the nation seems to be as busy today as ever.

The financial position of the government looks very precarious from day to day, but it has been looking equally precarious almost every day since the Armistice. What will finally come of it is anybody's guess.



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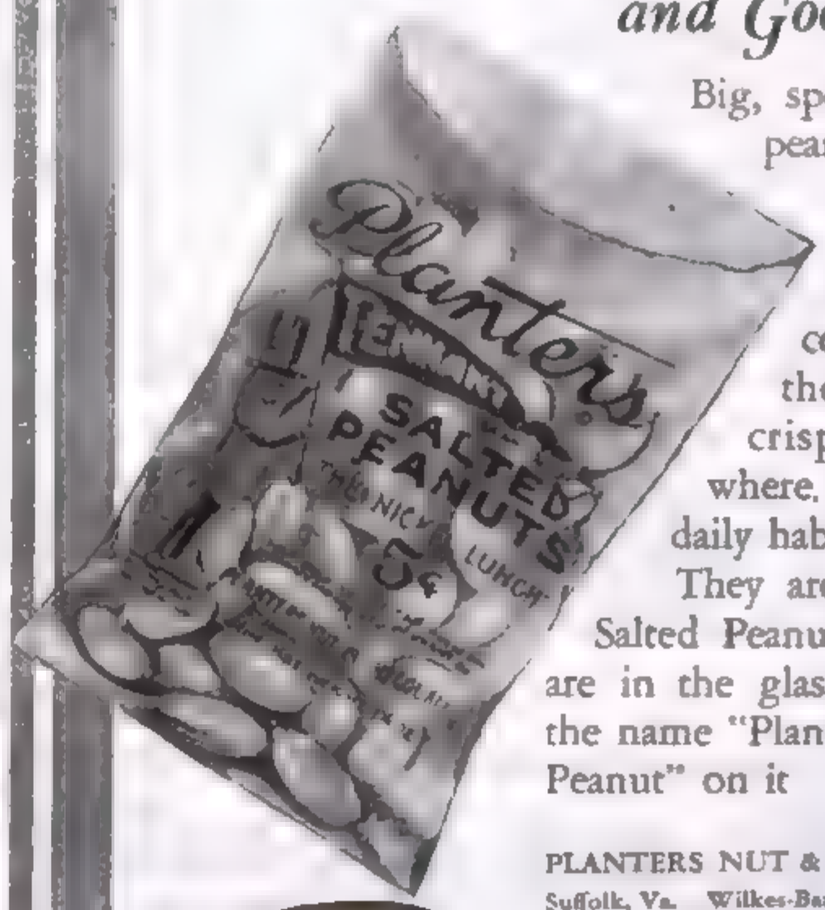

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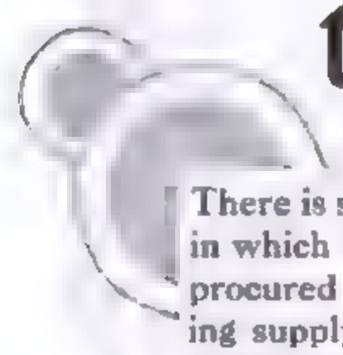

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Beautiful fixtures – but their service depends on the *vital spots*

You don't have to look far to find *one* kind of faucet. It is a faucet that can't be turned *completely* off—that thumps and groans when turned *partly* on—that splashes and spurts half-heartedly when turned *completely* on. Such a faucet is a glaring example of how much *more* there is to plumbing fixtures than appearance.

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Be sure of satisfaction at the vital spots of new fixtures you buy or the fixtures you now have. For the *vital spots* of lavatories, bath tubs, sinks and laundry tubs, insist on Mueller Faucets.

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Mueller Products are distributed by leading jobbers from coast to coast, recommended by better architects and installed by merchant plumbers everywhere.

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FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

Baker Cut Mo-Velour

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The very latest thing for fine upholstered furniture is Baker Cut Mo-Velour—a fabric of luxuriant surface—densely woven and artistically patterned—pleasing to the eye and the touch—beautiful in color tone—and, best of all, mothproof—dustproof—wrinkleproof—always immaculate.

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THE LURE OF THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

(Continued from Page 5)

my home has gradually become less and less a matter of fish capturing and more and more a matter of worm chaperoning. In other words, when one extracts a choice parcel of worms from the bowels of the tomato bed and fares forth into the flowery meads when the bee hums over the lea, with the idea of catching himself enough speckled beauties for a mess, the net result of his faring is usually to give the worms a free ride.

If angleworms in Southern Maine—and the same thing is probably true in many sections of America south of the great North Woods—were sufficiently endowed with intellect to be thoroughly conversant with modern advertising methods, there would be prominent signs in worm language in all centers of worm population urging the worm people to Join a Fisherman and See the World.

It is not so much that there are no trout in the crystal streams outside the great North Woods section as that the trout are usually so immature that they find as much difficulty in making a mouthful of a medium-sized or Grade B angleworm as a small boy would find in disposing of a Virginia ham at one bite. By comparison with most speckled beauties that are now found outside the great North Woods, a sardine is a great big roistering hellion of a fish.

The reason for the obvious youthfulness of trout in waters near inhabited areas is said by some to be due to the fact that small tin automobiles are easily obtained by very young, careless and forgetful residents of these areas. The automobiles make it possible for them to repair in large numbers to every crystal stream and foam-flecked pool and babbling brook in the countryside; and arrived there, their natural carelessness and forgetfulness cause them to overlook the fishing laws and retain even the smallest speckled beauty that is able to take nourishment in the form of worms.

Nobody has ever been able to explain why small boys are so given to retaining very small trout; but the fact remains that nowadays they almost invariably keep trout so small that they would shrivel into nothing more tangible than a fishy smell on being subjected to the heat of a frying pan; and they are also greatly given to secreting them in their trousers pockets, particularly their hip pockets, and then sitting down in their small tin automobiles and jolting ten or twenty miles home with the small trout acting as buffers between their persons and the somewhat inflexible upholstery of the automobile seat.

Giving the Worms a Good Time

According to this theory, the rising generation, assisted by the small tin automobile, is leaving only those speckled beauties that are unable to distend their jaws sufficiently to get them around a worm. Whether or not this theory is correct, I do not know; but it is certain that in my section of New England one can fish diligently all day and get a mess of fish that will be about as nourishing to a hungry fisherman as seven mosquitoes fried in batter and a broiled June bug.

For many years I have annually taken a little party of worms on a personally conducted tour of the local leas; and on each occasion, as I wearily replaced the worms, appreciatively broadened by their travels, in the tomato bed at the end of the day, I have sworn that on subsequent years I would forsake the haunts of men and small tin automobiles and turn to the foaming streams and the trackless forests of the great North Woods, where the trout are so large and voracious that three large or Grade A angleworms have to be placed on a hook in order to attract the favorable notice of any trout worth having—where, in short, one goes fishing and returns with fish instead of with all the original angleworms.

Not until a short time ago, however, did the lure of the great North Woods become so powerful that I broke away from all the ties that bound me to civilization and went a-gypsying on the open road into the North Countree with three fellow gypsies.

I had, I may add, conducted some exhaustive researches into the luring qualities of various sections of the great North Woods, and had been assured by a number of anglers of great ability and experience that the country in the vicinity of a certain lake on the Canadian border—Canoodlekook Lake for the purposes of this narrative—contained the very essence of North Woods lure. It was many miles from the railroad; through its primeval forests roamed the deer, the bear, the porcupine and all the other leading forest roamers; at night, when the pale light of the moon silvered the towering tops of the giant pines, the forest glades echoed to the blood-curdling screams of that accomplished North Woods screamer, the hairy-eared lynx, whose screaming ability is exceeded only by that of an Italian soprano.

As for the fish in this wild North Countree, according to my informants, one had to be careful not to look too fixedly into any lake or stream lest a large trout or salmon leap up and make a meal of one's eye.

A Gypsy's Wardrobe

Further researches uncovered the fact that a delightful cottage, set down on the lake shore in the very midst of this wilderness, could be rented for any desired period. Not only did the persons who rented this cottage—known as Hokum Cottage for the purposes of this narrative—secure the services of its caretaker, Jake Short, who was enthusiastically characterized by the owner of the cottage as the best guide in the whole North Country, but they also secured the use of a bathroom, a shower bath, a cookstove, ice and beds that would, in the owner's words, accommodate three people comfortably and four if necessary.

Since it was obvious that any person desiring to go a-gypsying into the North Country would deserve to lose his gypsying license if he wished for more than this, Hokum Cottage was at once engaged and urgent messages were dispatched to Western Pennsylvania, where two of the gypsies were waiting the word to start their dash for the great North Woods. Equally urgent messages were dispatched also to Jake Short, the paragon of North Woods guides, instructing him to have all in readiness, and to win the confidence of as many large trout as possible, so that their extraction from their native element might begin as soon as possible after the party's arrival.

When the four gypsies joined forces in Southern Maine for the last leg of the journey, it was at once apparent that among the most noticeable omissions from poems extolling the lure of the open road and the great North Woods is information concerning the amount of baggage and supplies that should be taken by the well-equipped fisherman-gypsy.

Since Canoodlekook Lake lies many miles from the railroad, in the depths of the virgin forest, the trip had to be made by automobile; and space was consequently limited. Each gypsy besought the three other gypsies to restrict their personal belongings to the smallest possible compass, and then craved the privilege of carrying some trifle that was unhesitatingly condemned as unnecessary by the three others.

One gypsy, for example, wished to carry a large army revolver for the purpose of defending himself and his companions from bears. He was coldly refused this privilege by his companions, who heartlessly announced that if he met a bear, he would be expected to meet the situation by running, or by slyly pretending not to see the bear at all.

Another wished to carry a large and bulky pair of rubber boots, to the distress of the rest of the party, who argued that wet feet were to be expected on a fishing expedition; and that if one got into the water at all, he would probably get in all over, which would result in filling rubber boots with water and making their wearer more uncomfortable than if he were wearing ordinary shoes. Unmoved by these arguments, the owner of the rubber boots mulishly persisted in carrying them, thus taking up space which the other gypsies wished for themselves.

A third gypsy insisted on taking a small wire-haired fox terrier, which admittedly could be of no assistance in the capturing of fish, on the sole ground that there was nobody with whom the terrier could be left if he was not taken. Though this claim was regarded as a bit moldy by the other gypsies, nothing could be done about it because of the fact that the owner of the terrier was also the owner of the automobile.

A fourth gypsy wished to take a large Airedale terrier on the ground that there was nobody with whom he could be left; but since this reason was obviously absurd, and since the owner of the Airedale didn't own the automobile, his Airedale was left at home.

All the gypsies thus embarked on the trip with a vague and slightly unpleasant feeling that they were being imposed on by their fellows.

This slight aura of discomfort was further accentuated by the splitting of the party into two schools of thought concerning the amount of provisions to be taken. One school of thought maintained that since Jake Short, caretaker of Hokum Cottage, was the best guide in the whole North Country, he would without doubt be waiting for his wards with a commodious basket of brook trout, a batch of sody biscuit, a large pan of flapjack batter, a hot griddle, and all the other knicknacks and oddments that play such a large part in the luring power of the great North Woods. The other school of thought held that Jake Short would be devoting his entire brain power to discovering new and soul-stirring fishing grounds for his temporary employers, and would consequently have little or no time in which to bother with such matters as their gastronomic preferences.

A Compromised Commissariat

The first school of thought advocated taking nothing whatever of an edible nature; the second school of thought advocated taking everything that could possibly be needed to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, from salt to canned salmon.

A compromise was finally effected; and into the interstices between the gypsies, the rubber boots, the tackle boxes, the extra overcoats and sweaters, the wire-haired terrier, the fishing rods, the luncheon boxes and sundry bags and bundles were jammed two loaves of bread, a slab of bacon, a slab of salt pork, a can of coffee and a can of tea.

Thus nobody was satisfied; for the first school of thought felt certain that the careful providing of Jake Short, the wonder guide, would make all other food as unnecessary as pulse warmers in Borneo; while the second school of thought felt sure that the party would be the victims of a food shortage and would be violently assailed by the pangs of hunger before the fishing started and access could be had to a plentiful assortment of succulent speckled beauties.

The vague feeling of distress that oppressed all four gypsies was soon dispelled by the warmth of the day and the lure of the open road; but it reappeared again when a stop was made in the beautiful city of Portland for the purpose of adding to the already large supply of fishhooks possessed by the party. While a careful study of hooks was being made at the counter of a sporting-goods emporium, the eye of one of the gypsies was attracted by a box of small

(Continued on Page 209)

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You can make big money in your locality selling Harrison Clothes. It's pleasant, profitable work. Harrison's lasting values are so fine Harrison services is so prompt and satisfactory that pleased customers buy from you season after season. You are your own boss and you can quickly build up a big business with no investment. You collect commissions when you make sale. We ship direct, collect and remit. Write today, hand some free selling kit and let us tell you how you can be earning money in less than a week.

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Notice how easily a few twirls with your thumb run the jaw to the full three-inch opening. 019 is something new—a general purpose, flat type wrench that is DROP-FORGED, including the jaw. Length, 9 inches. Retail price at hardware and accessory stores, 75c

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CRESCENT TOOLS

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Styleplus York Blue Silk Lined Suit

For early fall and year around

What suit so warms a man's heart as a *blue?*

In one he feels the thrill of good appearance. He knows he can wear his *blue* to the club—on sociable afternoons and evenings—to church and business.

You should have a blue—the all around, indispensable suit—no matter how many others you own.

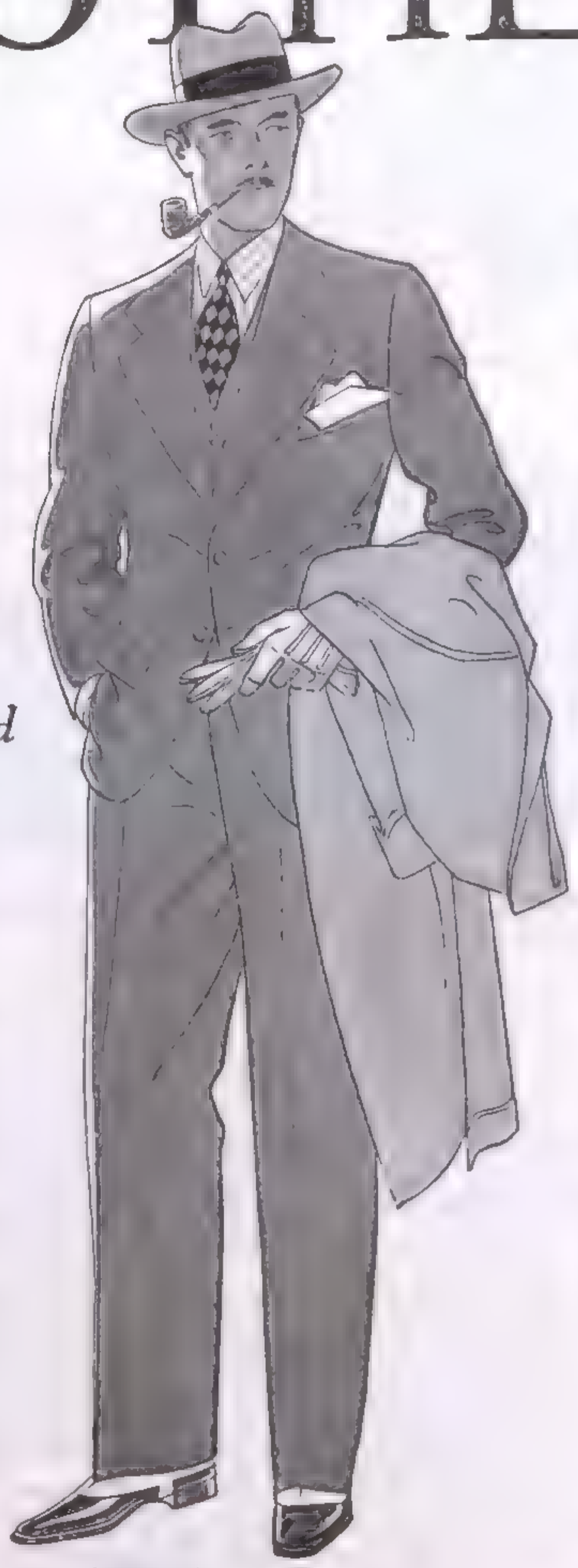
Do you know our York Blue Silk Lined? It is easy-fitting, comfortable, stylish—and a quality suit throughout.

The high-grade all-wool cloth wears well and even when old "looks like new".

Silk-Lined! The quality of the silk gives it the feel of luxury. The coat and vest are trimmed with black self-stripe silk, and the sleeves are lined with white silk.

See the York Blue Silk Lined this week—nationally famous for its style and quality, and the price is moderate.

Shown by Styleplus stores everywhere. Write if you do not find a York Blue or if you wish a sample of the cloth and silk.



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Other Styleplus Special Features presented for Fall are:

Styleplus Fieldbrook Cheviots

A worsted cheviot of style and character that can be bought at an extremely popular price. Made in plain diagonal and herringbone weaves—and in the newest shades.

Styleplus Windsor Cheviots and Supermixtures

Special features—new fabric developments wholly in vogue among stylish dressers—in the fashionable broadwale and herringbone diamond weaves including blue, tan, College mixture grey, Delft blue, Burgundy, and bronze shades.

Styleplus Holbrooks

A fine quality unfinished worsted fabric that appeals especially to men and young men who wish to dress in quiet elegance. A weight suitable for year-around wear.

Styleplus Sahara Tans

This is one of the new shades for Fall, and we are showing it in a variety of patterns and in the wanted weights. The Styleplus Sahara Tan suit has character, because we are sure that every fabric is cut in the proper young men's model so that the fabric and the model are in complete harmony.

Styleplus Platinum Stripes

These are all high quality soft finish worsted in blue and black background, with the famous platinum stripe. They are cut in our special models for young men and in our less extreme, more dignified models for older men.

Styleplus Tuxedos

The Tuxedo suit is no longer a luxury but a style necessity. Styleplus Tuxedos are made in several models, offering young men the very latest thing in style, and giving older men the gentility they seek in evening clothes. The stylish appearance and all around quality of Styleplus Tuxedos have made them popular with men who select their evening clothes regardless of price.

Styleplus Glade Toppers

Made of a special fabric that has both style and wear. The shades are suggested by the Scotch woodland tones—blue, brown, fawn, oxford and heather. All have plaid backs and are made with a deep satin trim to the waistline. They are topcoats of distinction.

Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats

Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats are identified by our special Dunberry label. The Dunberrys are overcoats de luxe, silk lined. They carry a full silk yoke almost to the waist, and silk sleeve linings. The models are smart and stylish, including the new straight hanging effects, the box backs, and the ulsters for warmth and hard weather.

Our 75th Anniversary

In November we will celebrate our 75th anniversary. We are one of the two oldest men's clothing makers in the United States—our house was established by Mr. Henry Sonneborn in 1849.

Look for this label
—*a big name in clothes*

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Trade Mark Reg.

Henry Sonneborn Co., Inc., Baltimore

(Continued from Page 207)

bottles bearing the inscription Fiz-Faz; the Original Fisherman's Protection Against Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Midges and All Other Stinging Insects. Rub Well Into the Face, Neck, Ears, Hair, Hands and Garments, and Renew, When Necessary. Price, 35 Cents. A moment later another gypsy spied a box of tubes labeled Zoonga Paste, the Original Sportsman's Aid. Absolutely Prevents Black Flies, Midges and Mosquitoes From Biting. Squeeze Paste Into Palms of Hands and Rub Well Into Face, Neck, Throat, Ears, Wrists, Hands, Hair and Beard. Price, 35 Cents.

It should be interpolated at this juncture that the serried ranks of poets who have sung the glories of the great North Woods and twittered tunefully about angling when the bee hums over the lea have never had a word to say about pausing on the edge of the flowery meads amid the ter-whittling of the throstles and rubbing large quantities of Fiz-Faz or Zoonga Paste into the eyes, ears, nose, face, neck, hands and hair. According to the poets, an angler injects himself into the middle of a large patch of scenery and begins to abstract trout without having his attention distracted by any extraneous matters; but according to the evidence on the counter of a reliable sporting-goods store, all genuine fishermen must keep themselves as well oiled as a mogul engine.

Armed Against Mosquitoes

Not being conversant with this aspect of the great North Woods, one of the gypsies picked up a bottle of Fiz-Faz and inquired solicitously of the salesman whether the party needed a supply of such matters. The salesman replied by sticking his head under the counter and emerging with another bottle whose label read Turn-a-Sting; the Original Black Fly, Mosquito and Midge Discourager. A Boon to Fishermen and Sportsmen. Rub Well into Face, Neck, Hands and Hair, Thoroughly Covering All Exposed Surfaces. Price, 35 Cents.

"Which is the best of these?" asked another gypsy, sniffing first at one and then at another with a baffled expression on his face, neck, ears, hands, hair and other exposed surfaces.

The salesman went away for a moment and held a whispered colloquy with a brother salesman, and then returned, lifted a box from a high shelf and abstracted a tube from it. The tube bore the words Itch-Nix; Original Anti-Mosquito, Black Fly and Midge Compound. Cover Face, Neck and Hands, and Rub Well into Eyebrows and Hair. Indispensable for Fishermen. Price, 35 Cents.

"Here is another that some fishermen like pretty well," said the salesman, removing the top from an Itch-Nix tube and sniffing it reflectively.

"Why don't fishermen like all of them?" asked one of the gypsies.

"Well," said the salesman, "one fisherman will swear by Zoonga Paste and say that the smell of Turn-A-Sting merely acts as a stimulant to midges; while another fisherman from the same district will refuse to use anything but Turn-A-Sting, on the ground that rubbing Zoonga Paste on your face doesn't bother a black fly any more than it would if you rubbed roast beef on it."

One of the gypsies, who had been smelling all the lotions in turn, thereupon advocated the purchase of Itch-Nix, on the ground that it smelled like something that would be certain to take away the appetite of anything on earth or in the air, including that of the user. Another gypsy held out for Fiz-Faz, on the ground that its odor was less offensive to humans than the others; and that since no human knew what sort of smells repelled insects, it might be as repulsive to black flies and midges as anything else. A compromise was effected by purchasing a sample of all four lotions; and the party gypsied off toward the north, vaguely distressed because it had been unable to decide on a lotion that was definitely superior to all others.

The gypsy trail led through the mountains and into rugged country where flowery meads and leas were fewer and fewer, and where the towering pines of the great North Woods began to appear in greater and greater numbers. There was, however, no perceptible diminution in the number of small tin automobiles; nor was the vague distress of the four gypsies decreased by the disappearance of the sun behind a heavy bank of clouds, and by the sudden recollection on the part of the most pessimistic gypsy that the party had failed to equip itself with wicker fishing creels of the sort always carried by the nonchalant gentlemen depicted on railway posters, magazine covers and garage calendars.

Here again the party divided into two schools of thought, one school holding that Jake Short, the super-guide, would unquestionably have extra creels; and the other school holding that if he was a really good guide, he would never have permitted any of the parties he had guided to go away without their creels. This matter was compromised by stopping at a mountain village and purchasing two creels, made in Japan. Owing to the crowded condition of the automobile, and to the unwillingness on the part of the owner of the automobile to inconvenience his wire-haired fox terrier, the creels were carried on the laps of the gypsies for the remainder of the journey, along with the Zoonga Paste, the Fiz-Faz, the Itch-Nix, the 'Turn-A-Sting, one rubber boot, an overcoat, two sweaters and a lunch box containing two hard-boiled eggs, five crackers, four empty teacups and a piece of candy with one end bitten off.

By mid-afternoon the party had left the railroad far behind and had entered the true North Woods that march back from the shores of Canoodlekook Lake. The mountains across the lake were shrouded in a heavy mist, and no sound broke the ominous silence of the great North Country except the hoarse and malevolent squawks of the small tin automobiles that passed briskly up and down the highway. A little later the gypsies drew up hopefully before the door of Hokum Cottage, nestled in a rough-looking mead, or lea, on the lake shore, and were greeted by the finest guide in the whole North Country, Jake Short himself. Young, Jake was, and fair-haired—in brief, an upstanding, clean-cut young American, and obviously one of the finest products of the great North Woods.

Arrived at Hokum Cottage

Releasing the wire-haired terrier and throwing the creels out of the windows of the automobile, the gypsies descended and surrounded Jake.

"Do you have any creels here?" asked the pessimistic gypsy.

"Got six of 'em," replied Jake with all the volubility of the stern silent men of the north

"Got anything to eat?" asked another gypsy, after a few moments of silent prayer had been devoted to the creels.

"There's a bucket of potatoes," said Jake.

"Anything else?" asked one of the more hopeful gypsies.

"No," said Jake.

"We thought maybe you'd catch some trout for us," said the optimistic gypsy.

"I could have if I'd known you wanted some," replied Jake cheerfully.

"Well," said the optimistic gypsy, "it's early yet. Let's go out and catch some. Where can we go, Jake?"

"Yes," said Jake, "to tell you the truth, I got so much work to do around here, opening up these cottages and cleaning up, that I can't guide you any for three or four days. I'm sorry I said I would, but that's the way it is. I didn't expect to have to open up these cottages and get 'em cleaned, but now I got to open 'em and get 'em cleaned up, so I got to open 'em and get 'em cleaned."

"The idea is, then," said the pessimistic gypsy, "that these cottages have not only got to be opened but cleaned as well."

"Yes," said Jake, the prince of guides. "Yes, I got to see to opening 'em and cleaning 'em."

"Well," said the gypsy who had brought the rubber boots, "I suppose you've got another guide for us."

"Well, no, I haven't," said Jake; "but I can get you a good guide tomorrow morning."

"Is he as good a guide as you are?" asked the optimistic gypsy.

"Well, he's a good guide," said Jake unemotionally.

"Get us two guides," said the pessimistic gypsy, "and then maybe both of them together will be as good as one real good one."

"All right," said Jake. "Now I got to tend to opening up these cottages and cleaning 'em up."

"Well, how about helping us carry some of this luggage up to the cottage before plunging into your debauch of opening and cleaning?" suggested one of the more despondent gypsies.

"Sure," said the finest guide in all the great North Woods; and with that he picked up an empty wicker fishing creel in his left hand and another empty wicker creel in his right hand and set off for Hokum Cottage with the easy lope of the trained woodsman, leaving the rest of the gypsies to stagger up with the rest of the luggage as best they could. Dropping the creels on the porch, the wonder guide continued on through the house and was about to vanish into the great northern wilderness when one of the gypsies stopped him with an agonized cry.

Our Caretaker and Guide

"We've got to have something to eat for supper," protested the gypsy, "and something for breakfast. Can you get us something?"

"Sure I can," said the ever-reliable Jake cheerfully. "What you want?"

The gypsies hastily racked their brains and then supplied the guiding marvel with a large list of comestibles, starting with ham and eggs, that would have made John D. Rockefeller forget his dyspepsia.

"What time you want 'em?" asked the prince of guides, after he had studied the list carefully.

"By half-past six tonight at the latest," said the optimistic gypsy.

"All right," replied Jake, with a look of apparent intelligence in his keen blue eyes.

"What are these blankety-blanked little blank-blanked specks on my hands that itch so?" inquired the pessimistic gypsy of nobody in particular.

"Them's midges," explained the wonder guide with an amiable smile. "You ought to swell up nice on account of so many biting you."

"Say," said another gypsy, who had been exploring the upper reaches of Hokum Cottage, "there's a bathroom upstairs, just as the man says that owns the place; but the water won't run in the shower bath, and it won't run in the washbowl, either."

All four gypsies turned expectantly to the efficient caretaker and guide, Jake Short; and Jake, emitting a slight growl, bolted hastily through the back door and evaporated among the towering pines that hovered ominously over the rear of Hokum Cottage.

It might be remarked in passing that Jake Short, the super-guide, didn't return that night, having contracted—as the gypsies learned from other sources on the following day—to guide a young lady to a dance, so that he could not be bothered with such minor details as a waterless bathroom and four gypsies who waited ravenously for the ham and eggs that didn't come until the next day.

Guide or no guide and food or no food, however, the party had taken the gypsy trail for the express purpose of sampling the lure of the great North Woods, and was consequently obliged to go ahead with the sampling.

(Continued on Page 213)

A Free Test

Of the tooth paste my experts make me use

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My teeth, as countless women know, glisten like a row of pearls.

This tells you why. I use a new-type tooth paste which combines all helps in one. The ablest authorities I consult told me to employ it.

The name is Quindent, meaning five in one. It is made by Quindent Laboratories. It contains an olive-oil cleanser of the highest order. Two harmless polishers which beautify the teeth. Four antiseptics and iodine, to combat germ attacks on the gums. Magnesia and other antacids, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. And breath deodorants.

I have used all these helps—always. But I had to use several tooth pastes, then a mouth wash, then magnesia, then deodorants. I spent a half-hour daily on my teeth.

Now Quindent is presented, combining all in one. Four great organizations collaborated on it. It typifies the utmost in a modern dentifrice. The 16 ingredients do everything required. Now I use it exclusively, and use nothing else, by the ablest advice I can get.

The makers supply me samples—enough for 20 uses. Let me send you one. It will show you what modern authorities advise.

Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, Q14 SEF
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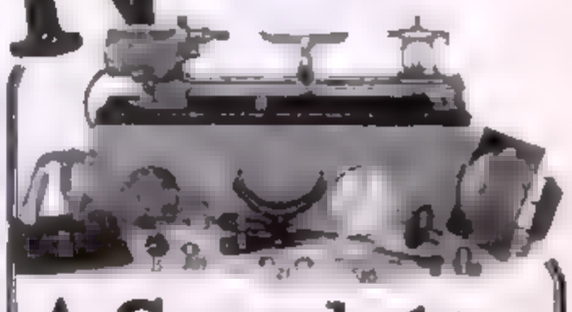
Mail me a test of Quindent.

New!



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Nothing will bring greater joy to the me- [illegible] who [illegible] than this SpeedWay Shop.

It's complete, ready to work. Just open it [illegible] Connect to any light socket and [illegible] SpeedWay motors with the power for the various operations.

Check the Numbers on the Photograph

1 [illegible] Rest
2 [illegible] Rest
3 [illegible] Stock
4 [illegible]
5 Chuck
6. Spur Center
[illegible] Pulley
8. Parting Tool
9 [illegible] Chisel
10 [illegible] Wrench
11 [illegible]
12 Saw Table
13 8 in. Circular Saw
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17. 4 in. Wire Brush
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Minimum Rates
$3.00 to $5.00
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A Brand New Hotel on an Old Site

The management of the Hotel Sherman announces the opening of its new hotel at Randolph, Clark, Lake and La Salle Streets, Chicago.

It is emphatically not merely a remodelled and refurnished Hotel Sherman—it is a brand new hostelry on an old and famous site and bears a name which has been a hallmark of hotel excellence and genuine hospitality since Chicago was a frontier settlement.

Twenty-five years of hotel experience have gone into the designing of this new twenty-three story hotel building. What thousands of travelers have told us they most desire in a hotel home has been considered in building, equipment and arrangement. We have carefully studied their needs in order that we might embody, to the last detail, all the newest features.

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President Hotel Sherman Company

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FRANK W. BERING · *Vice President and Managing Director*

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Illinois

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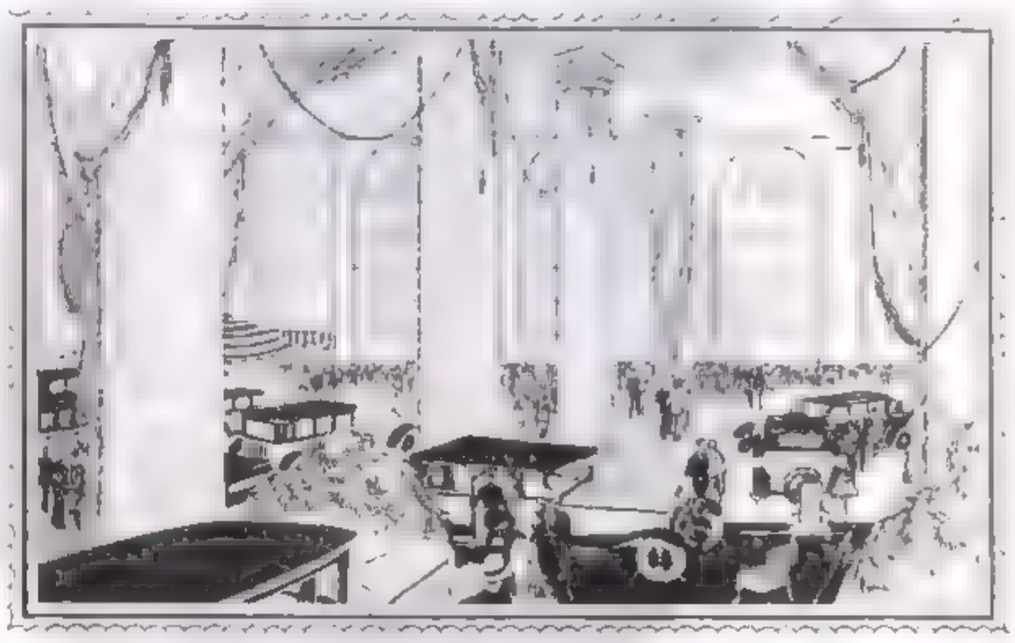
THE HOTEL SHERMAN has always been Chicago's convention headquarters. Now it offers a vastly augmented service for large assemblies—halls, equipment and facilities not to be found in any other hotel in the world. The huge new Commercial Exposition Hall, on the mezzanine floor, only twelve feet above the street, was designed especially for large commercial exhibits of every size and description. Its vast area of floor space is directly connected with an immense new Banquet Hall seating 2,000.

This magnificent expanse of floor space, together with the mezzanine floor, which has been enlarged to twice its original size, gives exhibitors more than 60,000 square feet, or an acre and a half of exhibition area, right in the heart of Chicago's loop. Equipment is provided for handling the bulkiest and most unwieldy exhibits and a special convention staff, in addition to the regular hotel attachés, will serve all conventions.

Our Convention Bureau is at your disposal



A Corner of the New Lobby

A Unique Restaurant: Latest developments of the old coffee house, the first of its kind in America, will be found in the OLD TOWN COFFEE ROOM, a quaint restaurant as distinctive in its way as the famed COLLEGE INN. Panelled in American pine, it is rich in decoration reminiscent of colonial America and Chicago of the early days. Covering the entire ceiling is a painting of Chicago in 1854, by Tony Sarg. This is done in the fashion of the old cartographers, with every building historically exact. Food prepared by College Inn chefs and served from the celebrated College Inn kitchens is offered here at moderate prices.

✦ ✦ ✦

Where Famous People Congregate: The ever popular Hotel Sherman lobby has been completely redecorated and enlarged to twice its original size. Attractive furniture is grouped after the manner of European hotels with the idea of ease and seclusion. This inviting arrangement makes the new lobbies ideal for an hour's relaxation and for social and business appointments. Spacious and luxurious lounges permit a withdrawal from the throng.

✦ ✦ ✦

A Floor for Women: An entire floor set apart for the exclusive use of women is a notable feature of the New Hotel Sherman. Here the woman traveling alone may find a protected home.

✦ ✦ ✦

Famous Features: The internationally known COLLEGE INN, with its many celebrated guests, its delicious cookery and Abe Lyman's dance orchestra; the BAL TABARIN, America's first exclusive supper club, and the scores of other features that have made the HOTEL SHERMAN known around the globe as Continental America's premier hotel still are outstanding features of the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN.

The Old Town Coffee Room

Particularly pleasing to women guests is the new entrance on Randolph Street which permits an unobstructed passageway from the street to the desks and elevators. Those using this third main entrance to the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN need not pass through the popular main lobbies. This offers a privacy women guests especially appreciate

Seventeen high speed elevators, centrally grouped, give NEW HOTEL SHERMAN guests unparalleled lift service to all floors. This exceptional equipment of the newest type is further increased by two special elevators serving the banquet halls exclusively

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This is the watch that you are hearing more and more about. It is a $25 watch and here are a few typical features: a 15 jewel movement; monometallic balance of Invar Steel; cased in the famous Jas. Boss 14K gold-filled case;—thin model, metal dial with raised numerals; made by The Keystone Watch Case Company whose reputation has been known to the jewelry world since 1853.

Is it any wonder people say "How can *such* a watch be made to sell for 25 dollars?" Go to your jeweler and ask him to show you this 10 size Keystone Standard Watch.

Other models at prices from $22.00 to $8.25. You'll find just the watch you want at the price you want to pay.

Write for descriptive booklet.

This illustration shows the Keystone Standard 15 jewel movement. The monometallic balance of Invar Steel is evidence and distinctive feature, typical of this fine piece of mechanism.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler does not carry, send your order direct to this company at Riverside, N. J

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., *Established 1853* New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

(Continued from Page 209)

Making a hasty change of costume and anointing themselves with large quantities of Zoonga Paste, Fiz-Faz, Itch-Nix and Turn-A-Sting, so that their cumulative effect was somewhat similar to the odor from an explosion in a drug store, they collected their heavy fishing tackle and embarked in a rowboat with the intention of battling to the death with any trout or salmon that dared to pit his strength against them. The owner of the rubber boots persisted in wearing the rubber boots in the boat, although he was repeatedly reminded that he was in no danger of getting his feet wet unless he fell out of the boat, in which case the water would run into his boots and make them about as buoyant as a pair of Egyptian obelisks.

As the boat pushed away from shore, a brisk rain began to fall, and the gypsies were accompanied by a tremendous swarm of midges, black flies and giant mosquitoes—some of the latter being so large that when they appeared at close range they were frequently mistaken for sea gulls.

A great many of these insects were noticeably discouraged by the Itch-Nix and other lotions; but many others, possibly through selective breeding and possibly through having unusually strong stomachs, buzzed right up to their victims and sank their stingers through several layers of Zoonga Paste or Turn-A-Sting without even a quiver of distress. Nor did the ointments affect the appetites of those that were able to stand it; and a number of black flies were caught at their interesting little trick of puncturing their victims so enthusiastically as to start streams of blood running down their necks and faces.

The Unsung Insects

It seems very peculiar that in all the years that poets have been raving and yammering about the lure of the great North Woods, not one of them has made even passing mention of midges and black flies. It seems so peculiar in fact that it occasionally leads one to wonder seriously whether the poets of the great outdoors and the gypsy trail and the rugged North Countree have ever been north of Tarrytown, New York, or Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or fished for anything wilder than goldfish.

The rain fell more and more briskly, and the hardier of the black flies and midges crawled up sleeves and down neckbands in an effort to escape the inclement weather; but still the gypsies rowed back and forth across the lake, dragging expensive artificial baits of various sizes and complexions before the indifferent gaze of the trout and salmon that are reputed to lurk in its cool depths—probably suffering from advanced cases of astigmatism. Nothing, however, happened—except that several fine Class A blisters were developed on the hands of the rowers and that the rainfall increased.

As dusk fell, clammy and sticky, the gypsies silently landed and observed three other parties of fishermen that were also knocking off for the day. The optimistic gypsy hailed them with that frank, free camaraderie that characterizes life in the great North Woods.

"Hey," said he, "been out all day?"

One member of the party turned and looked at him carefully, and then replied, with all the heartiness of a big, virile, outdoors man, "Sure!"

"How many did you catch?" asked the optimistic gypsy, scraping several black flies and a layer of Zoonga Paste from one eyebrow with a prehensile forefinger.

"How many what?" asked the big, virile outdoors man in a hoarse but doubtless camaraderie-filled voice.

"How many lakers or salmon?" persisted the optimistic gypsy.

The party of strange fishermen looked fixedly at him, and then silently climbed into an automobile and lurched away. One of their guides, who had been left behind to gather up the traps, stared tolerantly at the optimistic gypsy.

"They didn't ketch nawthin'," said he. "If they'd ketched anythin', they'd 'a' been pickin' it up and pattin' it and showin' it to each other and you and everyone else long afore they got to shore. They ain't ketched nawthin' today, nor yesterday, nor the day before that, nor the day before that. They think the last trout has been ketched, but I dunno. Gosh! I hope they ketch somethin' tomorrer, if it's only a eel."

The optimistic gypsy retired thoughtfully to the interior of Hokum Cottage, to find the best guide in all the great North Woods still missing and all water in the so-called bathroom still refusing to run. Supper that night consisted of boiled potatoes, bread and bacon.

This may be considered a good meal in certain parts of Ireland if there's enough of it, but which met with little enthusiasm in gypsy circles because of the scarcity of the bacon and the moistness of the potatoes, each one of which, for some unknown reason, was cherishing in its heart a soggy spot that felt and tasted like half-petrified prehistoric watermelon.

It should be added, in closing the record of the first day's activities in the great North Woods, that the mattresses on the Hokum Cottage beds were evidently made on the specifications usually used in the preliminary construction of asparagus beds.

The bottom layer of the beds appeared to consist of old tin cans, discarded bicycles, broken rock and miscellaneous junk. Over this had been placed a rough layer of sod, corn husks, horse-chestnut burs and dried coffee grounds—or something that felt like these things.

All through the night the rain thundered on the roof of Hokum Cottage; and just beneath the roof the four gypsies sought with plaintive groans to adjust themselves to mattresses that squeaked and jangled and rattled whenever they moved. Awed by these cataclysmic sounds, the noisy denizens of the great North Woods shrank back into their dens and caves and shook with envy.

In the morning the dismal pounding of the rain on the roof was partly neutralized by the dropping of stove lids in the kitchen of Hokum Cottage, the smashing of kindling wood against table legs, the cheery crackling of flames and the rumble of masculine voices.

The Infallible Tom Mudgett

Investigation of these pleasant sounds by the four weary gypsies, aching in every joint from their night of torture, showed that Jake Short, the finest guide in all the great North Woods, had come out of his trance for a sufficient length of time to procure the services of the two required guides, and that it was they who wrestled with the cookstove and prepared the matutinal griddle cakes, ham and eggs and coffee. Or possibly it would be better to say that it was one of them who prepared these things; for one of the new guides, Tom Mudgett by name, was of no use in the house except as a persistent narrator of stories calculated to raise the drooping spirits of discouraged fishermen.

While the other guide, Eddie Skeegins by name, was cleverly manipulating a pan of fried potatoes, a hot griddle covered with batter and a covey of fried eggs, and coaxing a panful of tea to that stage of development known in the great North Woods as stout, Tom would drape one knee over the other, cross his arms limply, put on a sheepish smile and begin to slip over some tall ones.

"Three of us was up to the Beaver Dam a couple of weeks ago and caught seventy-two of the nicest trout ever you see, didn't we, Eddie? 'Nother good place is over to the Inlet. Four of us was up there three-four weeks ago and got so many we could only fish an hour and a half, wasn't we, Eddie? Dunno what those fellers want to talk about not gettin' no more fish in the lake. Gorrymighty, I been out on that lake twenty-seven time this year and I ain't never come home skunked, have I, Eddie?"

When the eyes of the four gypsies were protruding slightly from overindulgence in griddle cakes, they felt that they were in a position to give their undivided attention to the matter of Tom Mudgett's infallible ability to participate in record-breaking trout catches.

"You certainly know where the fish are, Tom," declared the optimistic gypsy, "and that sounds good to us. Where are you going to take us if the rain lets up?"

Mr. Mudgett at once abandoned his sheepish smile and studied his shoes with some care.

"Well, I dunno," he said finally in a helpful manner. "The water'll be pretty high after this rain. I dunno where would be the best place to go."

"How about the Beaver Dam, where you got the seventy-two nice trout?" asked the pessimistic gypsy.

"We kin go up there," admitted Mr. Mudgett reluctantly, "but some people go up there and get a fine mess, and some people go up there and don't get nawthin'. We might get nawthin'."

"Maybe the Inlet would be better, if you caught your creels full in an hour and a half," suggested the optimistic gypsy.

Fish Astigmatism

"Yay-uh," admitted Mr. Mudgett, "only a lot of times fellers will go up the Inlet and never ketch a fish. Can't tell about the Inlet. We might ketch some fish and we might not. Ain't no way to tell. So many fellers come around here in automobiles that you can't never tell when a stream is all fished out."

"If you always have good luck on the lake, Tom," suggested another gypsy, "maybe the lake would be the best place."

"Yay-uh, it might," agreed Mr. Mudgett; "it might, only you might sit out there for three-four days and never git a smell of a bite."

"Then there isn't any place around here where we'd be sure of getting a few fish?" asked the pessimistic gypsy.

Mr. Mudgett scratched his head dolefully and said he didn't know as there was; while the optimistic gypsy, to relieve his pent-up feelings, left Mr. Mudgett's presence and went up and tried the shower bath to see whether it had started to work. It hadn't.

By noontime the rain had ceased and the sun was struggling to appear; so after a light collation of fried potatoes, fried eggs, thick-cut bacon, tea sufficiently stout to burn holes in an oilcloth table cover and a large mound of flapjacks and maple sirup, the four gypsies rubbed themselves well with Itch-Nix, Zoonga Paste, Turn-A-Sting and Fiz-Faz and fared forth into the rugged northern wilderness. Two of the gypsies, under the tutelage of Eddie Skeegins, entered a rowboat along with the usual seventy-two hundred mosquitoes, black flies and midges, and proceeded to wear grooves in the surface of the lake for the remainder of the afternoon. Not only did all fish remain entirely unmoved by their bait but they also ignored the baits of some twenty other fishermen who were attempting to interest them.

There would seem to be an opportunity for some public-spirited society to go into this matter of fish astigmatism in a big, generous way, and raise a lot of money to place boracic acid in the water of Canoodlekook Lake and other fishing paradises of the great North Woods in order to better the eyesight of the fish.

The two other gypsies, under the guidance of Tom Mudgett, rode a few miles in the automobile, left it by the roadside and plodded two miles up one side of a hill and down its other side to the Beaver Dam. Here an enterprising little coterie of these industrious creatures had dammed a brook so that it had overflowed its banks and formed a desolate-looking bog from which emerged a number of dying pines. Access to the waters of the bog was had by means of a small raft capable of holding one person if carefully handled. Persons who were not

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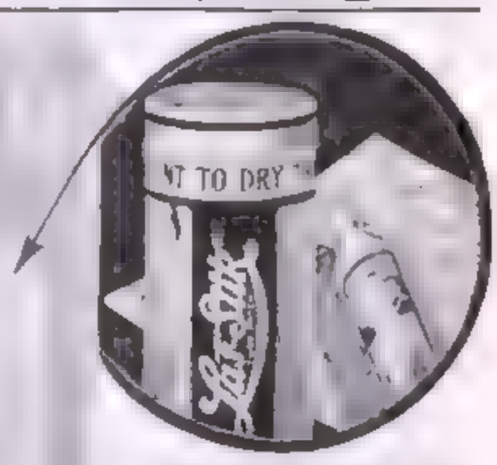

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IF you maintain a steady production schedule your supply of shipping containers should be as dependable as your raw material supply.

The customers of General Box Company never wait for boxes. No matter what the demand or emergency, our twelve factories deliver on time.

Were dependability of supply the only feature of General Box Service, the company would likely be what it is, the largest company of its kind in the world. But there is a corps of General Box Engineers to help you arrive at the most economical method of shipping your products.

Perhaps the new container—especially if a Pioneer Box or Crate—will save enough in transportation costs to pay for itself, as did a fender crate designed for an automobile manufacturer. There are other savings in assembly, in packing, in absence of concealed loss and damage.

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What Pioneer Boxes Are

Pioneers are boxes or crates made of thin, tough lumber and strapped with three or more steel wires of great strength. The wires are stapled on. The staples are anchored.

The boxes (or crates) are made in many sizes and shapes and are delivered in flat folding form.

Pioneers are used by leading shippers in almost every industry.

Receivers like these containers because of the simplicity of opening and unpacking—and re-using.

A booklet "Incoming Shipments" covers the subject of proper boxing and crating from the receiver's point of view. Sent free, on request.

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using the raft were at liberty to cast their hooks among the dead trees and roots in the hope of missing the roots and trees and getting a few trout.

There were plenty of trout in the waters behind Beaver Dam, for they could be felt struggling bravely to get the bait into their mouths. After four hours of diligent fishing, the two gypsies and their guide had hooked thirty-seven speckled beauties, twenty-six of which had been thrown back into the stream because their length failed to rival that of a small jackknife or even a Swedish safety match. Eleven had been kept; and there was a strong suspicion in the gypsies' minds that when Tom Mudgett passed judgment on the length of most of them, he only got them inside the law by subjecting them to sufficient tension to stretch their backbones at least a quarter of an inch.

At sundown the gypsies and their guide abandoned the exciting sport of measuring infant trout and plodded up over the hill and down to the automobile. The creel containing the eleven sacred trout was tenderly removed from the shoulder of the pessimistic gypsy and placed on the running board of the automobile to be stowed away by that helpful and keen-eyed woodsman, Tom Mudgett. And so, conversing cheerily, the little party started back for Hokum Cottage, secure in the knowledge that the evening menu of fried potatoes, fried eggs, fried ham and fried tea would be augmented by at least eleven fried trout. They drew up with a flourish before the cottage door and descended merrily from the automobile, happy and serene after their hours among the snags and mud of the great North Woods. And then, like a flash of lightning at a wedding, came the storm.

"Where," said the pessimistic gypsy, "is the creel with the trout in it?"

"It's in the automobile," said Tom Mudgett, ever ready with an answer and always wrong.

"All right, let's look at it," said the pessimistic gypsy in a voice surcharged with emotion.

Tom Mudgett sprang back to the automobile and looked inside. The creel was not there. He lifted up the driver's seat and looked under it. It was not there. He felt in his pockets. It was not there. He looked on top of the automobile and under it, but it was not there. In short, it wasn't anywhere. It had been forgotten.

The Tragedy of the Trout

"You had it!" said Tom Mudgett accusingly to the pessimistic gypsy, never having heard the slogan The Customer is Always Right.

"I put it on the running board for you, fathead!" shrilled the pessimistic gypsy, infuriated to think that the fried potatoes and fried ham would be unmellowed by fried trout.

"You had it," repeated Tom Mudgett, who evidently knew the value of sticking to his first story.

"Blankety-blankety-blankety-blah-blah blah-blank-blankety-blank!" said the pessimistic gypsy in part.

Almost exploding with emotion, he rushed into the cottage and tried the shower bath. It was still dry. For ten minutes the paint peeled from the cottage walls and the furniture groaned in protest at the language that emerged from the pessimistic gypsy with reference to Mr. Mudgett, his family, his mode of life, the countryside that he honored with his presence, and the great North Woods in general. Finally calming himself by main strength, he leaped into the automobile again and dashed back to the spot where the creel had been placed on the running board. It wasn't there. Somebody in a small tin automobile had picked it up. Somewhere the warm rays of the sunset were illuminating the happy features of the dirty bum who had picked up the eleven trout. Somewhere the fried food of the great North Woods was being sweetened and neutralized by eleven succulent little speckled beauties.

But in the hearts of those who had caught the eleven trout there was nothing but seething whirlpools of human emotion and enough bitterness to poison a mastodon. Realizing all that might have been, the pessimistic gypsy returned exhausted and unnerved to Hokum Cottage. So great was the mental strain and shock to which the gypsies had been subjected that they slumbered like dead men on the nuts, bolts, spare parts and kindling wood with which their mattresses were filled.

Things looked different on the following morning, when a brilliant sun shone in at the kitchen window and lightly kissed Eddie Skeegins as he toyed skillfully with the fried eggs, fried ham, fried coffee and flapjacks.

Bright and early the four gypsies, attended by Eddie and the greatest creel forgetter in the whole North Woods, Mr. Tom Mudgett, set off down the road for Derry Stream—a clear, cold mountain torrent that bounded down from towering crags and the primeval forest, and brawled among mighty bowlders in all the many tongues of the great North Country.

Leaving the Lure to its Fate

In Derry Stream the gypsies sought to emulate the handsome, debonair gentlemen who stand so easily and so boldly on submerged bowlders on the railroad posters. They waded bravely into the icy waters so that their hooks might more readily be cast attractively to the spots where speckled beauties lurk; but it must be regretfully noted that things didn't work out for them as well as it does for the gentlemen on the magazine covers and the garage advertisements.

What is more, there is grave doubt that these debonair fishermen would stand so firmly and so debonairly if they made free with the bowlders and log chutes—especially the log chutes—in that section of the great North Woods adjacent to Lake Canoodlekook.

A log chute is a smooth slide arranged to facilitate the passage of logs over an unusually rocky section of a stream that has been used for logging operations.

A log chute, like the bowlders, is covered with a coating so slick and slippery that a person who steps on it is in no more danger of falling than he would be if he were attempting to stay on the top of Bunker Hill Monument on roller skates.

The rubber-booted gypsy, in attempting to strike the attitude common to fishermen on railroad posters, wrenched his back severely, bounced on five bowlders in falling, and finally submerged himself so thoroughly in four feet of water that several hundred gallons of water passed through him before he could be pried out.

Another gypsy, stepping a little carelessly on the top of a log chute, traveled down the chute on the portion of his anatomy usually used for such trips, and landed in the pool at the bottom of the chute with a splash similar to the landing of a fourteen-inch projectile in the Atlantic Ocean.

Four hours of careful and intense fishing resulted in Mr. Mudgett getting one one-pound trout, in Eddie Skeegins getting nine small trout, in the pessimistic gypsy getting four trout which barely came within the law, and in the other gypsies getting no trout at all.

The four gypsies returned thoughtfully to Hokum Cottage and watched Eddie Skeegins prepare to fry the ham, eggs, tea, griddle cakes and trout. Then they tested the shower bath, which was as enthusiastically out of commission as ever. Then they looked speculatively at the lumps on the surfaces of their mattresses.

And then, after they had devoured their lunch, they crawled quietly but firmly into their automobile and started at top speed away from the great North Woods and all their lures.

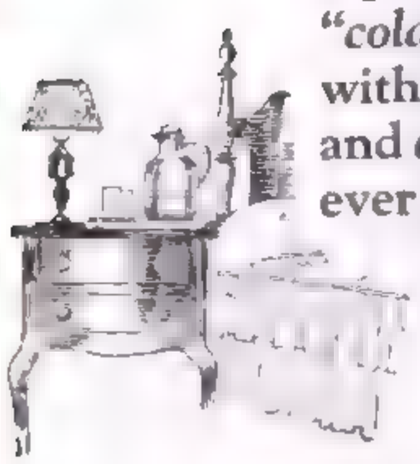
Next year we want to try the Allagash country, where small tin automobiles can't go unless they learn to swim.

'Tis "THERMOS" or 'tisn't "THERMOS"

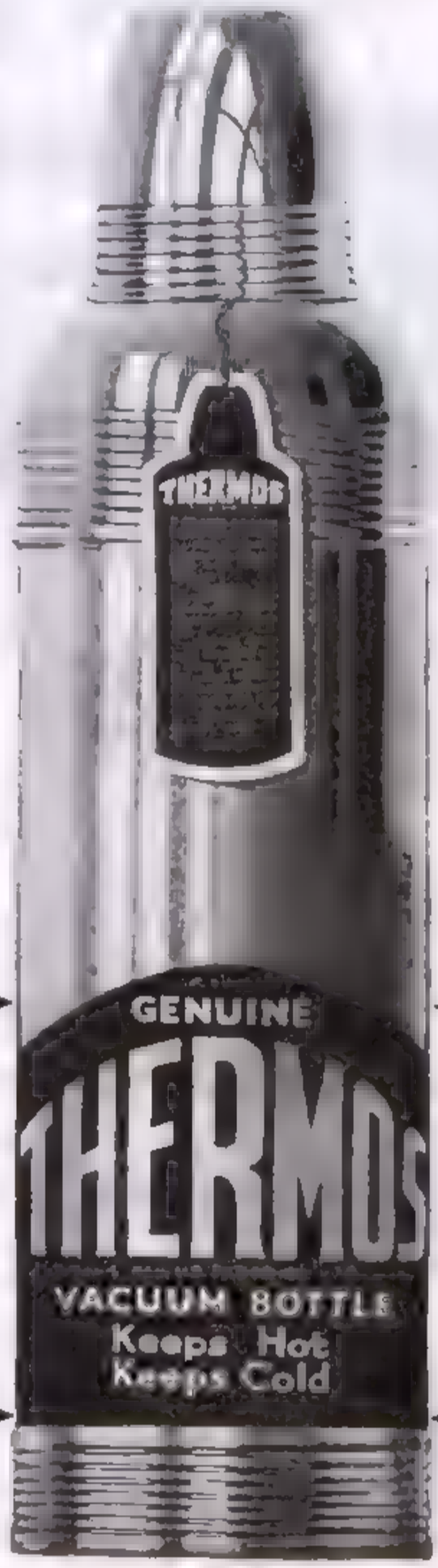
This "*Thermos*" Service is perfected by the 20 year experience of the makers of genuine *Thermos* Vacuum Bottles.

THERE'S a world of meaning in that word "Thermos." It has been growing ever since the Thermos Vacuum Bottle was introduced to America 20 years ago.

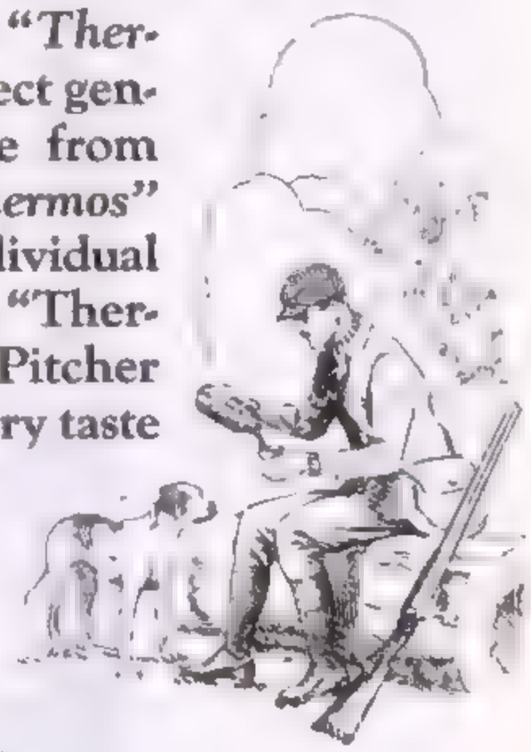
"*Thermos*" means today, "*hot* food and liquid without fire"; "*cold* food and drink without ice"; *comfort* and *convenience* whenever and wherever you want them.



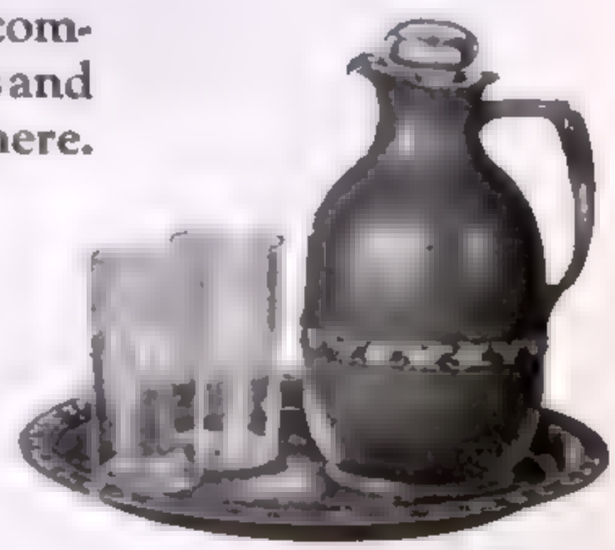
And "*Thermos*" means *even more* than that. "Thermos" is a guarantee of perfect service in keeping things hot or cold 'til you want to use them.



There are other "vacuum bottles." But they're not "*Thermos*" Bottles. Don't expect genuine "Thermos" Service from any but a genuine "*Thermos*" Bottle. And as to your individual choice–there's a genuine "Thermos" Bottle, Jug Set or Pitcher Set for every use, for every taste and for every purse:



From the pint bottle for general use to the beautiful enamel finish, Lip Jug sets (in various colors to suit your taste), complete with glasses and tray, illustrated here.



Enamel Finish Set No. 27614. Wild Rose Border on Art Enamel Background, in various colors. Each, $20. Other styles of enameled sets, from $10.25 up.

Identify the Genuine "Thermos" Bottle by this band...

...and by the "Thermos" trade mark stamped in the bottom of its metal case

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366 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
CHICAGO NORWICH, CONN.
SAN FRANCISCO HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

In Canada: Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto
In England: Thermos Limited, London

Years Later They Marvel At Its *Flawless Beauty*

WHEN they planned their dream home thoughts turned first to decorations and furnishings—to make it that liveable, lovable home of contentment and happiness.

With a wistful smile (perhaps a sigh) their architect turned from air castles to sturdy houses of man-made things.

Now, years later, they marvel at the flawless beauty of their plastered walls and ceilings. They bless the man who built so well—who made their dream home permanent. The steel, on which the Plastering was spread, is the unseen reason for that flawless beauty.

Ask your plastering contractor about the permanence, economy and fire resistance of Better Plastering.

By its steel base is this permanent finish distinguished from all others—and by its ability to retain the beauty of newness as old memories become a part of your home.

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The Modern Interpretation of an Ancient Art

The Better Plastering book, you will discover, is truly a "find" for anyone about to build.

In it are shown many new texture finishes and an exact copy of an old Italian interior.

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The Better Plastering book will delight those who want to know "how" and "why".

Whether yours be cozy cottage or stately manor, read this book before you let your contracts. It's free.

NATIONAL COUNCIL for BETTER PLASTERING, 819 Madison Square Building, CHICAGO

The lather's intelligence in shaping and his skill in erecting METAL lath are evident in the flawless plastered surfaces. He gives you a steel base, the best known protection from fire

BETTER PLASTERING

METAL LATH TO REINFORCE AND PRESERVE

AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 35)

Every memory from my earliest childhood came back to me, luminous substances to be worked into words. It was like weaving love and deeds and the beautiful colors of every sensation upon the loom of my mind. What I accomplished was as nothing to the visions I had. If, as Matthew Arnold claimed, genius consists in the power to recall, I may lay some claim to having genius. In one small room all my lights and darkness came; people that I had seen, but never knew, were suddenly revealed to me, so that I could write down the very secrets of their hearts. Men and women, long since dead, lived again and waited there close as life, to be used in case I needed them for a paragraph or two. Things that Lundy had said, poetry and philosophy that he had read to me, piled up like notes on my desk, changed, you understand, by the alchemy of my own mind, but still the parents of my thoughts. When I think of the vast stores of material I have had, the wonder and grief to me is that I have made such a dim and poor use of them.

If you have lived in one house all your life, it becomes so familiar to you that you do not think of its corners and angles, how the light comes and the shadows fall through the windows. You do not remember its upper chamber, because you are living in that chamber, nor that quiet inner room where you sometimes go to pray, because you are still going in there, closing the door and falling upon your knees when times are hard in your spirit, and asking for a little comfort. But some day when the door is shut and you are left outside, carried away by some wind of destiny, bereaved of these intimate associations with it, then you remember all the inside of that house, every board in the walls, where you slept and where you worked, the place you used to sit with folded hands when the day's work was done.

So it has been with me about the Bible. As long as Lundy lived we were in it. It seems to me I was always traveling its pages back and forth from the old dispensation to the new dispensation, from one Gospel to another Gospel, wandering around in Revelation as one walks upon the shores of a strange land, mystified.

In those days it never occurred to me to quote the Scriptures. I left Lundy to do that. I was not even aware of being word-perfect in them. But after his death they came back to me, and I had the use of them as if they belonged to me at last according to my own mind. I recall them by my associations with him. I use them right and left as he never would have dared to use them. The little kind ones are like bright footpaths that lead now more particularly to my own God, which I used to travel with him in the shadows. The great ones stretch away before and after me beyond the limits of time and sense. I do not try to reduce them to the dimensions of my own thoughts; I simply spread myself in them and feel immortality eased in all this space.

I cannot tell now how I missed even the faintest association with the Scriptures in the minds of the people who knew me best. Maybe it was because I was never prominent in church work; maybe it was because after the shadows fell upon me and I had premonitions of Lundy's fate I did not ask the prayers of all Christian people, nor take even one saint into my confidence lest he should suffer by this betrayal. In any case, after he was gone, and I stepped forth in my own written word caparisoned in so many of his favorite passages from the Bible, some of these people were scandalized as if a light and humorous person masqueraded in sacred garments. My own church regarded me askance for a long time. I was never offended. On the contrary, I comprehended their anxiety with a sort of sympathy.

Comparatively few people inherit the Scriptures; they get them predigested, interpreted, laid down for them in creeds and doctrines. My poor brethren could not be sure that I would not presently rise up in the insolence of my own mortal mind and commit some damnable heresy. This is frequently the way with those who interpret the Word for themselves. They want to square it with some half-developed science which will be changed or refuted tomorrow, or they go off on a purely intellectual tangent.

As a spiritually endowed person I have always had the sense to look down upon our finite reasoning powers and to despise my intellectual tangents.

I have discovered, however, that in dealing with Christians of whatever denomination it is discreet and valorous to use my mortal wits as shrewdly as if I dealt with the impious. They may not be subject to the same vices, but they have a record as long as the history of man for persecution. That is still an active principle of the religious conscience. I had my doubts about whether a mere woman would be considered eligible to a church trial for heresy, not having heard of one in my times who had suffered this distinction. Still, it was just as well to settle down somewhere beyond the reach of this honor. So, long since I have allowed my membership to lapse. Not even a presiding elder can summon me before a quarterly conference to be tried either for my sins or my views concerning this or that doctrine. I am a Methodist unconfined, outside in the Lord's pasture at large. If my church puts on a million-dollar drive for funds, I dutifully give my widow's mite and spend my real Christian charity on a family of hard-shell Baptists who are in graver need of help than a rich and prosperous church.

This is not a thing to tell, for it concerns the more intimate annals of my mind and is set down here with the same apology one should make for shouting in public when in an exalted spiritual mood. But here it is. Many a time when I have filched a grand thought or some finer truth out of life to write down, I too am moved to do it. I get up and pace the floor. I cast a thankful look through the ceiling at my Heavenly Father, or I rush bareheaded out of doors in the bleakest weather to cool off this happiness, so that presently I may return and copy it into words.

If this is happiness, I have had it; but my suspicion is that I may have experienced then only the pangs of a great joy. It is not a thing achieved by inspiration, even if you write an epic or paint a noble picture. You have produced something. My idea of happiness is something you get. It is intaking, not creative. You cannot think it. It comes to you in the reality of personal experience, selfish and satisfying. What I want to know is how I have missed it. Is it by some infernally digestive attitude of my mind toward common human experience which consumes my illusions, or is it on account of circumstances over which I have no control, or have I misled myself like a wanderer walking in a blind circle between two worlds?

The forces that create us pass away, whether they are parents, teachers or books, and we are left at last to recreate ourselves in the image of our own minds. This was what happened to me after the death of my husband. The woman I was and the mind I had then, faded into a sort of peaceful silence. I was not for a long time. I remember feeling strangely like a ghost, surrounded by the same friends, in the midst of familiar scenes, but not of them, removed by death as far, maybe, as he was from the mind and life I had with him. He had been my altar and my church, I discovered.

From that day forth I escaped from the meekness of being merely a Methodist. I was Hagar going off into the wilderness with my own Bible, leaving behind me forever the Abraham and Rebecca brethren and sisters of the established order. I was in danger of raising up the very Ishmael of

Have you ever served Candy in this *new* way?

A telephone, a knife and a bonbon dish! That is the newest way to serve candy! You *'phone* your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars of Oh Henry! You *slice* them thinly...8 slices to the bar! You *serve* them just as you always serve chocolates and bonbons!

And you have one of the most delicious, sure-to-be-appreciated candies you ever served at a bridge or Mah-Jongg game, afternoon tea, or any other gathering.

A *fine* candy, too! And inexpensive! At 10c a bar, Oh Henry! costs you only 45c a pound. Yet at this price, it gives you a quality unexcelled by any candy for the simple reason that people eat more Oh Henry! than any other quality candy in America!

The wonderful popularity of this new way of serving Oh Henry! ... *Slicing* it! ... a Chicago woman's invention ... is a glowing tribute to the quality and the convenience of having a fine candy in the pantry ready to slice and serve at a minute's notice.

Phone for a few bars now! Then, write for a little leaflet, "A Woman's Inspiration."

Oh Henry!

SLICED

Imagine a richold-fashioned butter cream, dipped in a luscious, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats and then thickly coated with the smoothest mellowest of milk chocolate! Doesn't that sound good? Well, that's Oh Henry!

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a mind against them. But this passed. By nature I am short on vindictiveness. I am not even respectable at this point. I have known myself to relax and forgive people whom I doubt if the Lord will ever forgive. They seem to pass out of my thoughts like shadows that obscure the light.

This happened later. Directly after Lundy's death I was a very dangerous person, quite mad with the pain and horror of what had happened to him.

I have a vivid picture of myself at this time one day in my darkened house. I am sitting outrageously straight, pale and wan in my black dress, but not bowed down or weeping as a widow should be. And I am being visited by a great preacher in our church who has come to pray with me, to the end that I shall find the grace to forgive those who I feel had treated my husband unkindly in his last days. But I refuse to kneel or to pray or forgive these men. Let God do it, I told him, since the Lord only knows how and when to pardon us. I left them terribly in His hands and sat with mine neatly folded, while this prince of the church parted his coat tails and fairly shook the shadows of that sad place with his petition in my behalf. Then he arose, faced about and stared at me.

"Their sins be upon their own heads," I retorted, feeling very pale and weak, but tearless and determined.

I may have referred to this incident in another place, but I am copying it here to indicate that as soon as that I was stripping my mind of religious sentimentality and assuming a sensible relation to the Lord, Who believes profoundly in punishing wickedness even if a good man commits it.

Shortly after this I had an assignment from the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to go abroad and write a series of articles about the women of the Old World.

I was seriously ill at the time, depleted in mind and body; but I accepted the commission, as a gambler takes a bet, without giving the editor the least intimation about my physical condition. You cannot be overscrupulous in dealing with editors without queering your own game. Very few of them will arrange with a sick man to do a long piece of work. My idea is to keep my word with them if I die for it, and to leave them to take all the other risks. Even at that I have been obliged to deny myself the vanity of making many contracts with them on account of knowing that I can write just so many words a day, and that there are only three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. Which is as much as I am capable of morally in my relations with them.

On my way home, after making this arrangement, it occurred to me that I would stop over at a hospital in Baltimore and find out exactly how ill I was; not that this would make any difference in my plans to go abroad, but I wanted to get some idea of the odds in my own body against this achievement.

The doctor I consulted was positive that I was in no condition to go. I was a very sick person. If I persisted in this undertaking, he predicted that I would be brought home feet foremost, which in my opinion is a very dull way to arrive.

I sailed two weeks later, stirred around for six months among the women in the various countries of Europe and wrote my impressions of them. Those articles would read now as old daguerreotypes look of a far former generation. Some of the great ones whom I met then are dead, like Frau Cower of Berlin. I doubt if she would be great now if she were living. Women have changed the definition of their greatness since then. She was a neat, dim little old woman with a piece of lace pinned like a rosette on top of her gray hair. She had a patient, enlightened, philosophical mind about the future of her countrywomen. The emperor reviewed his troops that very day in September of 1911, but I do not suppose Frau Cower had the least inkling of the terrible future already dawning for German women. My idea of her is that if she had known she would have skipped the Great War by the length of a century and gone on with her calculations as if that had been an interruption in destiny. She had a long-distance mind.

Rosa Goldberg was the most notorious woman in Germany then, but not the most influential. If there was one with actual influence there at that time, it was Alice Soloman. I have often wondered what became of her. She had power and charm, a certain beautiful enthusiasm that made her effective with men. But Rosa was murdered.

The point about this first adventure I made abroad is that I survived it and came home head foremost in the business of living as usual.

I have survived a number of physicians who predicted my death. It is not so difficult. You simply make up your mind not to die of your complaint, however fatal it sounds in the diagnosis, but to live according to your spirit as much as possible. I am not expecting to keep up the struggle indefinitely. This body is not so substantial as it used to be. The dear thing will drop off me some day like a worn-out garment. But I shall have got the last shred of wear and tear out of it. And I shall always remember in paradise what a brave chance I had in it to do and think and go about on my two feet, which in my present mortal state still seems a safer way of traveling than by wing.

I do not pretend to be a grasping, discriminating student of the Bible. I have chosen from it what I need, but I cannot even claim to have read it through consecutively.

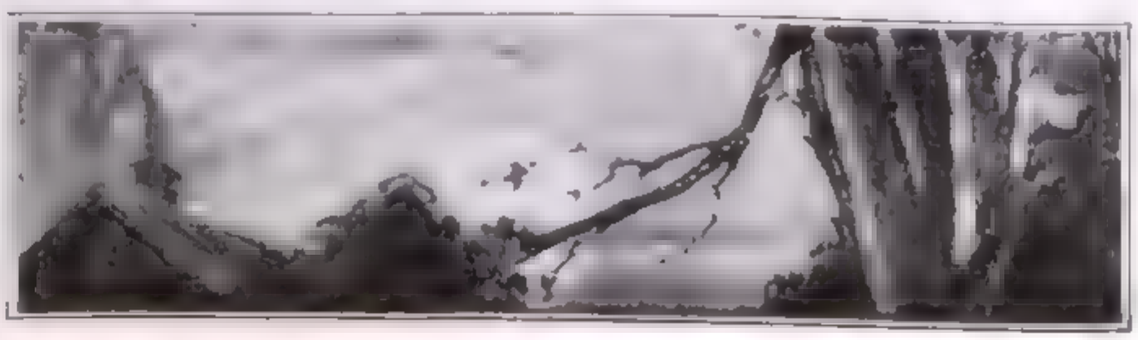
Many enlightening passages may have escaped me, but I do not recall the portrait of a single saint with wings in the Scriptures. Elijah disappeared in a chariot of fire. Moses died like a disappointed man. When they reappeared in that cloud of witnesses, it was a cloud; nothing recorded of their wings. After Jesus was transfigured, He ascended into heaven. No need of wings.

I think it is probably the mortal imagination of our preachers and artists who have added this doctrine of wings to saints because they felt obliged to illustrate by the familiar symbol of feathers the *modus vivendi* of immortality to mortal minds. On the contrary, the one authoritative description of how we rise from the dust discreetly records that our corruption puts on incorruption and this body shall be raised a spiritual body. Only angels, those earlier messengers sent to men, are recorded as having wings.

I do not suppose these beings ever were in the flesh. I doubt if they are of the same stuff we shall be. It would not surprise me if they turned out to be the mere birds of heaven, and that the saints will be stepping around as usual, very light on their feet, maybe, but wingless.

I do not recommend this idea to others, but to me it is comforting. I have always felt the need of having something firm to rest upon, even when I tuck the head of my spirit beneath the wings of my imagination and pass into a heavenly reverie. I am

Continued on Page 221



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Your Adler Collegian dealer will gladly tell you. He will show you why they fit properly at the hard-to-fit places, and why they hold their style until completely worn out. See how these clothes are made. Then you will appreciate the value men place on the Adler Collegian slogan.

The new fall styles are now on display at your dealer's store.

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- all parts replaceable - at small cost!

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But it's the masterly design of the TRIMO that most wrench-wise users admire. Note the NUT GUARDS, for instance, how they protrude slightly above the wheel, thus keeping the wrench in perfect adjustment when used in close quarters or laid down. TRIMO has a STEEL frame that WILL NOT BREAK—your guarantee of safety and durability.

For these and many other reasons, people who KNOW never quibble about paying a few cents more for this—America's *super-quality* Pipe Wrench. At all hardware, mill and plumbing-supply stores. Insist on TRIMO—accept no other.

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America's Leading Wrench Makers
For Nearly 40 Years

Besides Pipe Wrenches, the TRIMO line includes Pipe Cutters, Pipe Vises, Monkey Wrenches and Chain Wrenches. The name TRIMO stamped on any tool is your guarantee of quality.

(Continued from Page 218)

psychologically opposed to being up in the mere air, here or hereafter.

We never can be sure what it was that gave us a bad cold, and for some reason we invariably speculate about that as if it made a difference. So it is with getting to be an old person when we have always felt young. I suppose we do grow old, but we do not know it until suddenly the fact comes upon us. The curtain drops behind us, all those years when we were young pass into memory, and we see the whole of life from a soberer, wiser, different point of view. Our very self-consciousness gets a stoop in the shoulders, and though we may go on for a time with a square-shouldered air we are not the same.

About this time that change took place in me. I shall never know whether it was the death of my husband, ill health or that six months spent in Europe, but some vivacity of the spirit was gone when I came home. Life had been bent somewhere within. I felt the weariness of wisdom, such as one gets from the world. And I never had it until this time—a curious depression about the mortal fate of man. I was so outrageously tamed that I lost the habit of making dogmatic statements, which had always been a refreshing insolence of the mind with me, as bearing arms must be with a soldier of fortune. It seemed to me that I had been demoted and suddenly civilized.

Whatever may have been the cause I do not know, but in my opinion it was Europe that aged me. It is an old book of history, illustrated with the scenes and architecture of former, younger, more spirited races of men. The countries I saw could never have been produced by the people who are now living in them, with the possible exception of England. I do not like Britishers, but involuntary respect compels me to hand it to Englishmen wherever I see them. They have the weakest chins in the Old World and the strongest wills still to survive and achieve.

I cannot understand Americans who worship the life, culture and mental attitude of these failing civilizations. But they do. Nothing, not even the Great War and our experiences then with their rapacity and their resentment of our qualities, can cure us of this obsession. If the League of Nations had been called the League of Arts, nothing could have kept us out of it. We spend more every year staring at their scenery, buying their pictures, statues, tapestries and the very stones of their ancient castles than would be required to open every door in the world to our commerce, our inventions, our morals and our institutions, all of which are more vigorous and vastly superior to anything along the same lines in Europe.

But we seem determined to degrade our own powers to achieve better things by this idealism of old things abroad. We note disparagingly the imitative characteristics of the negro race in their relations to the white races, which has in fact delayed the development of their peculiar genius in many ways; but we show the same tendencies toward European culture with less excuse. I suppose we buy their old things because we feel the lack of the tone of time in our civilization and collect this stuff to produce that effect.

As a matter of fact, there is no virtue in the tone of time. Virtue comes alone from our own achievements. We cannot mellow what we are by what we hang on our walls. This is cheating, in my opinion, such as we do when we chase our ancestors back until we derive a coat of arms from some old swashbuckling knight of the fourteenth century. Very few of them would be acceptable now in decent society. It seems to me safer and more respectable not to admit descending from any farther back than our original pioneer American blacksmith ancestors. This is good stock, cleaned and charged with the noblest virtues by the courage with which they endured hardships and built a great civilization. Benjamin Franklin's sister made soap and sold it to her patrons in Philadelphia for a livelihood. It seems to me a more honorable record to hand down to posterity than that of a seventeenth century lady whose only distinction was that she had a title inherited, not earned, and that she sat to a great artist for her portrait.

Europe is childish, overbearing, grasping, like an old man. We ought to contribute liberally to its support on that account, as we do to aged parents; but we ought not to ape the senility of old age. We do now limit the quota of immigrants from these countries, but it seems to me even more important to limit the American tourists who go abroad to the aged and mature. The youth of this country should be kept at home until their characters and ideals have been firmly established. I was forty years old before I went over there, confirmed and certified in my convictions as an American citizen, but it was a long time before I recovered my own spirit and wiped the shadows of a weaker world from my mind. Even now I cannot be sure. It seems to me that I detect a foreign substance at times in my thoughts, not so firm or sound as real living makes thinking. And I have known a great many people who never do repent of Europe after they have indulged in it. They get an air of aloofness and superiority. They are sick and disgusted with our honest sins. They have acquired a decadent taste for vice as if vice were one of the arts of Europe, as indeed it is.

Now it does seem to me that if we must be wicked we ought to be normally and healthily wicked and call our sins by their right names. It is a sign of degeneracy to be so virtuously sensitive and proud of your vices as so many men and women of older nations have grown to be.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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These tanks guaranteed 300 lbs test pressure.

THE HOFFMAN HEATER COMPANY

1701-15 Eighteenth Street, Louisville, Kentucky

Please send me information concerning your automatic gas water heaters. There are.....rooms in my home and people in my family.

Name

Address

City..... State

Showing cross section of strip applied to door stop. Note how it is pressed firmly against door, changing position of strip

I'm Glad They Selected "HOME COMFORT" WEATHERSTRIP

This is the strip that you can always bank on to make a weathertight, dustproof, noiseless contact. It is flexible so if the window or door warps or sags, the strip automatically fills up the opening. Home Comfort lasts for years. Tests show that homes equipped with Home Comfort Weatherstrip use from 20% to 40% less fuel Therefore it quickly pays for its economical cost in fuel saved. This feature alone recommends this strip notwithstanding the fact that it assures a much more *comfortable* home.

When door or window warps or sags, leaving open space Home Comfort Weatherstrip automatically fills the opening

SUPERIOR FEATURES

Weathertight: Home Comfort Weatherstrip is a high grade insulating material covered with a special rubberized fabric. It forms a resilient caulk around windows and doors shutting out cold air, rain, snow, dust, soot, etc

Waterproof: The special rubberized fabric covering renders the strip impervious to moisture, vermin or decay. The materials used are given rigid tests before being used. The tacking lap is 4-ply, giving added rigidity to the strip

Noiseless: The cushion effect absorbs and prevents the noise of rattling windows or slammed doors.

Easy to Apply: Simply tack on. The only tool needed is a tack hammer. No mitering or sawing; no taking down of windows or doors when installing. Anyone can apply Home Comfort Weatherstrip

Dustproof: The tight contact prevents dust, sand and soot from sifting in around doors and windows, thus sparing hangings and assuring a cleaner home

Non-Conductive: Reduced or minimum conduction of heat or cold. It contains no metal or wood.

Note ease of making corner turn. No mitering or sawing. Pat. Jan. 22, 1924

How to Order—*The average window or door requires about 20 feet of Home Comfort Weatherstrip. The cost is 10c per foot for the standard maroon, 13c for the white, including enameled (rustproof) tacks to match. Get it from your nearest hardware or lumber dealer. He will cut off the exact amount you need. No waste in left-over ends. Complete simple instructions for installing accompany each order. Order direct if your dealer does not have Home Comfort Weatherstrip, stating his name*

Be sure to order Home Comfort by name. Imitations cause dissatisfaction. Get the genuine

E. J. WIRFS ORGANIZATION

193 So. 7th 17th St. • • Sole Manufacturer and Patentee • • St. Louis, Mo

WIRFS PATENTED

HOME COMFORT WEATHERSTRIP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Poets' Corner

The Dead Broncobuster

"RIDE him, cowboy, ride him!"
No longer on earth he'll hear.
So bury his rope beside him,
His saddle and other gear;
For the Indians do so-fashion
Whenever they plant a brave,
And the broncobusting passion
May last him beyond the grave!

For he was a hard-boiled buster
Who'd tackle the worst; who knew
Each trick that a horse could muster,
Each stunt that a bronc could do.
His trade was rough and chancy,
His ridin' would raise your hair,
And I can't exactly fancy
Him twangin' a harp, up there.

He wouldn't like life seraphic
Somewhere on a golden cloud
With angels directin' traffic
And saints in a holy crowd.
Nope, now that his job has wound up
I reckon the thing he'd prize
Would be a heavenly round-up,
A rodeo of the skies!

Then bury his gear beside him
So he won't need to change
When "Ride him, cowboy, ride him!"
Resounds on the ghostly range.
He ain't the guy to psalm it,
Hemmed in by no golden bars,
But he'll rope him a bucking comet
And ride it among the stars!

Berton Braley.

Bouquet

A SPRAY of valley lilies. . . . She carried them, that hour
When life was filled with beauty, and romance was in flower.
Her dress was pearly tinted, her veil of soft old lace,
And all of youth's own garden was blooming in her face.

I see her now, descending the smilax-festooned stair,
Her lips a benediction, the sunlight on her hair.
Her hand upon the stair rail was slim and very white;
Her brow was crowned with wonder, her eyes were misty bright.

The throbbing of frail music, and perfume on the air,
Each corner banked with roses, and palms and maidenhair;
Each shadow sweet with singing—the dear songs of the past—
Each moment telling, gently, that faith and hope may last.

A spray of valley lilies? The years have slipped away,
But, though their tints have faded, they bring to me, today,
A memory as precious as all the dreams that start
Unbidden and undying when love speaks to the heart. —*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Transmission

IF IN our thought there dwells a force
That conquers space;
If but to love—though far apart—
Is to draw near apace;
If for the language of a heart
Nor time nor voice
Nor instrument nor art nor place
Is needful; if no choice
Of human law, no destiny
Can aid or interfere;
Then must you, far away, love me
As I love here. —*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Too Many Moons

Too many moons,
Too many Junes,
Too many roses, too many tunes!
Too many lips,
Too many ships,
Too many islands with dreamy lagoons!
How can a chap in a stiff office chair
Keep his thoughts on his job? Now I ask, is it fair?
How keep his mind home, when it wants to take wings,
In a world where there's too much of too many things? —*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Trees at Night

A ROOTED PEGASUS

Smudges wash off THIS LUSTROUS WHITE PAINT!

Satin-smooth, durable, and handsome as the finest enamel—

WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT

—Yet economical enough for the largest surfaces

Scores of leading hotels, clubs, hospitals, industrial plants, etc., now use Barreled Sunlight for interior painting. Here are just a few prominent users:

Morris Hotel, of Philadelphia
St. John's Hospital, of St. Louis
Whitemarsh Country Club, of Philadelphia
The "San Francisco Chronicle" Building
Colgate & Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
The Shredded Wheat Co.
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.

For large jobs Barreled Sunlight comes in 55- and 30-gallon churn-equipped steel drums, at a very moderate initial cost. The labor cost of application is low because Barreled Sunlight (containing no varnish) flows on freely with brush or spray—and covers remarkably. Once on the walls, it can be washed clean at any time, and repeated washings will not wear it away. This saves the annoyance and cost of frequent repainting.

When a finish in tint is desired, Barreled Sunlight in quantities of 5 gallons or over is tinted on order, without extra charge

FOR how many generations have people vainly sought a white paint that wouldn't hold dirt!

On bathroom walls, kitchens, and woodwork everywhere—how quickly most paints become soiled—and how permanently!

Examine the remarkable photographs at the right and you will see that *this vexing problem has been solved.* A different process of making paint—the Rice Process—has produced in Barreled Sunlight a lustrous, beautiful finish so smooth that it *can't hold dirt.* You can wash it as you would white tile!

Besides being washable, this paint is as handsome as the finest enamel, yet it costs less and covers better. Furthermore, it is actually *guaranteed to remain white longer* than any gloss paint or enamel, foreign or domestic, applied under the same conditions.

If a pure white finish is not desired, Barreled Sunlight may be tinted any shade by simply adding oil colors. In this way you get exactly the tint you want.

Thousands of dealers sell Barreled Sunlight. It comes in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in large-capacity steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Send the coupon for special information on the use of this superior finish for your type of interior. If sample is desired, enclose 10c for a can containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a small cabinet, shelf, or mirrot-frame.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co. Factory and Main Offices, 44-A Dudley St., Providence, R. I. —New York, 350 Madison Ave.—Chicago, 659 Washington Blvd.—San Francisco, 156 Eddy St. Distributors in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.

The Microscope Reveals the Reason!

ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs of cross-sections of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

"Save the surface and you save all"

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
44-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Please send me literature on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—

Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid

Name

Address

Barreled Sunlight

The Growth of an

IDEA

To every industry there comes in time the Big Idea. Simpson brought it to Tailoring. How fast the Idea has grown! And how much it means to men! The style and fit of your clothes no longer depend on where you live—nor what you are worth. ¶ The Simpson plan brings you faultless fabrics of pedigreed wool; tailored to your own measurements, of course. A grade of tailoring that used to be extravagant—obtainable now for $31.50! ¶ How is this *possible?* Our direct representative will explain. Find the Simpson man in your community, or ask us to send him to you. ¶ How to Tell Wool is a valuable book that Simpson sends for the asking. No one can fool the man who has read it! Get this book before you buy another suit or overcoat. ¶ J. B. Simpson, *Inc.*, Chicago.

Branch offices: New York, Detroit, Boston.

Representatives everywhere.

SIMPSON Clothes

Made and Sold a Better Way

NYUMBO

(Continued from Page 4)

of polish. They run to weird topiary and other ornamental ideas as to coiffure. Always when abroad they carry with them powerful bows and closed hide quivers of poisoned arrows. Ours is the only city they have ever seen, and we about the only white men. They eat millet meal and meat, which they salt with wood ashes. Given some sort of knife, a little skin mat, their weapons and a gourd or so, they are fixed for life. If they can raise a blanket worth sixty cents out here and a yard or so of white cotton cloth, they are possessed of luxury. Their function is to get wood and water, to carry in meat and to make long safaris to bring in our own necessities and our millet flour potio and gasoline. Their headman—a sort of subheadman to M'Dolo—is the aforementioned five-dollar-a-month crown prince.

We have fifty-four men all told, and we pay them—including M'Dolo and the crown prince—the equivalent of $250 a month. It costs us approximately seventy-five dollars a month and a few cartridges to feed them.

Our chief expense in proportion, is really gasoline, which comes to about $1.40 a gallon by the time we get it here.

Which brings us back to that astounding garage. We have two cars. One is a light flivver truck; the other an ordinary chassis with a front seat and a sort of platform back where two men can sit on boxes; or which can itself be packed with a light load. These cars both have a patent axle shift affording an intermediate on direct drive, and also the lowest low known to man. Without this feature they would be utterly impossible, for this whole affair is a strictly cross-country stunt.

Daily Dozens in the Jungle

The getting them in here at all is an ifu, a saga in which the name of one Leslie Simson should appear in at least every other line. For quarter mile by quarter mile, over a series of years, he worked out the route It dodges mountains, it skirts impossible rock outcrops, it finds the only one possible way over rivers, it selects the minimum of ravines, it achieves the totally impossible, it opposes the irresistible force, it transfers the immovable body. It cannot be called a boulevard, nor yet a road, nor even a set of wheel tracks, for the rapid tropical growth covers them almost as soon as they are made. It is a series of landmarks; a way through.

There are times and places when, pushing mightily against crossbars tied in the cable attached to a front axle, forty men will strain, chanting, like so many draft horses. Pushing hard from behind becomes part of your daily dozen. Betimes one stops after emerging—at the end of the said rope—like a leviathan from the deep, and drains the cylinders and replaces the coil and the darn thing goes!

Eighty miles is a whopping day's journey; and that means driving from the faintest streak of dawn until one can no longer see at night. Eight or ten miles is often thankfully accepted. But here the cars are, occupying their garage. They are exceedingly important to us. How our inhabitants—especially lions—take them is an exceedingly interesting and highly thrilling story which I shall tell later.

Lacking a Swahili word, the natives call these "moto cars." The word "*moto*" in this language means "hot." And hot cars they are a good deal of the time. We carried five big cans of water to assuage their boiling.

I mentioned the name of Leslie Simson. It is from him that we acquired our kingdom by right of purchase and good will when he abdicated. For it was strictly his. He feared no mission unless the route became known, and the route was—and is—a dead secret. How we came in on it is a beautiful example of the casting on the waters of a few crumbs and the gathering in, years later, of many fat loaves.

In 1912–13, while this part of the world was still in German hands, though unvisited by them, R. J. Cunninghame and I made an exploratory trip through, as I describe in a book called The Rediscovered Country. On our return to Nairobi I met there Leslie Simson, told him as a brother Californian of the game and the routes, and turned over to him certain of my best men, who knew the water holes we had found and other such desirable things. Simson made the trip, returned again, and yet again; finally founded the kingdom. When he heard we were coming out this year he invited us to visit him; and when, after a few weeks, he had to leave, we fell heir.

In the ten years he lived here, off and on, he accomplished work. Simson has to my mind three paramount claims to distinction: He is the best field rifle shot I have ever known; he is the greatest lion hunter I ever heard of and he is the most conscientious and thorough museum collector who has ever worked single-handed to accomplish a big thing. He has killed, in his African experience, first and last, about 207 lions. He counts, I believe, only 157 of these, as the others were female and immature cubs collected for scientific purposes. His adventures with lions would fill a book—will fill a book when at last he returns to California after a year in Tibet, India and China in pursuit of certain rarities.

His museum collecting has been done, as I said, single-handed, with the aid only of his native boys. Of African mammals alone he has sent back the carefully selected materials for sixty-five groups, many of which are already near completion. Two of these groups are to be 100 feet in length and the others are to be thirty feet. All are to have panoramic backgrounds, and are to be placed in natural surroundings. One of the 100-foot groups is to be a water hole. When the whole thing is completed, the man on the street can stand actually on the African veldt or in the African jungle, gazing with almost no necessity of imagination at all upon as near the real thing as it is possible to conceive.

There are elsewhere some similar groups, I know; and more are in preparation, but nowhere on such a scale or with such completeness. Furthermore, this is being done by a city, which has raised and is raising the funds through an added annual tax on its regular taxation. If such a thing has been done elsewhere, I do not know of it. It seems to me altogether admirable. Nor, apparently, has it been advertised. The first I heard of the details was just the other day. Why it has not been advertised I cannot imagine.

Transplanted Africa

This city has not heretofore been cited in speeches as concealing its virtues. And here is a real one. If its supervision—or whoever votes on the thing—will just know enough to send into the field the men who are to paint the backgrounds and arrange the surroundings to the groups, they may feel themselves authorized to vote themselves bronze baths, or whatever else they think they want, for I can assure them no artist, however skillful or however imaginative, can ever get the feel, the atmosphere, of Africa unless he has been here and soaked it into his system. It is just plain different, and no amount of photographs or descriptions will convey that difference. And if in addition to correct grouping in proper surroundings, this feel of the landscape can also be transferred to America, I predict that the museum in question will become a magnet for visitors and an advertisement to vicarious travelers to "see Africa at home" that is quite unique. In spite of the fact that visitors and advertisements are both abhorrent to it, I am

May Breath Free

Send coupon for a box

What a Story

Women could tell about men's breath

How millions now avoid the grave offense of bad breath

You carry a sweet breath with you this new way

NO man would knowingly offend with bad breath. But nine out of ten do, unconsciously, at one time or another.

Yet but few realize that fact. You never know when your own breath is bad. Only those with whom you come in contact do, and no one ever tells you.

Smoking causes bad breath. So do stomach disorders. Certain foods and drinks are constant offenders. Or it may be food decaying between the teeth, or an unnoticed gum disorder.

* * * *

Now there is new, scientific protection. Millions are turning to it, for it affords absolute immunity in an amazingly simple manner.

The name is May Breath, an antiseptic mouth wash *in tablet form*. Not a mere perfume that merely cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier.

Dissolve a single tablet in your mouth. Your breath is instantly purified.

Every odor, whether from mouth or stomach, is combated; your breath made sweet and pure.

In your pocket

May Breath is packed in thin enameled boxes. Carry a box with you always . . . . you never know when you'll need one.

Never pay a social call, never go to a dance or theatre, never risk close contact with others without being sure your breath will not offend.

That's simply good manners. Bad breath used to be unavoidable. Today, as everyone knows, it's become unpardonable.

A box free

We will gladly send you a box free. May Breath, we know, will delight you. Tear out the coupon now and mail it.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

Your charm

Is destroyed if the breath [illegible] May Breath avoids that risk

In your home

Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath

Spring odors

One May Breath tablet brings that added charm.

15c and 25c

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

MAY-BREATH FREE

Regular size box sent—just mail this

MAY-BREATH CO. M-187

1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

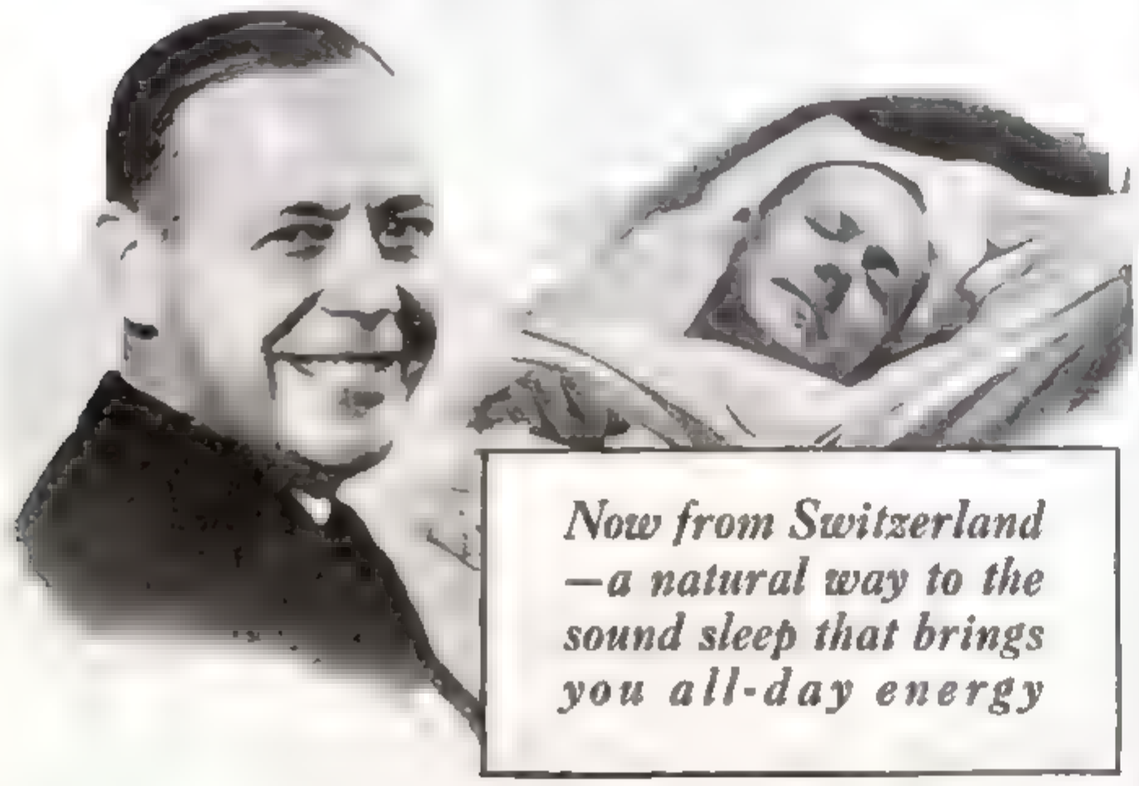
Your Name

Address

Only one box to a family.

Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

For Restful Nights *and* Energetic Days



Now from Switzerland —a natural way to the sound sleep that brings you all-day energy

A 3-day test will prove it. 20,000 doctors endorse it

WHEN you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

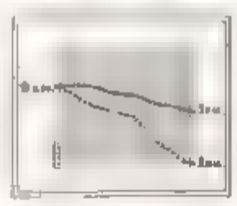
First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.



Which is your energy curve? Are you as active at 5 p. m. as at 9 a. m.?

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

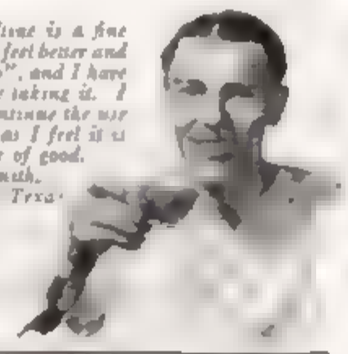
Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

I fully believe Ovaltine is a fine tonic and makes one feel better and gives one more "pep", and I have slept far better since taking it. I am sure going to continue the use of it for some time as I feel it is really doing me lots of good.
(sgd) E. E. Smith.
El Paso, Texas



I have felt a decided improvement since taking Ovaltine. I am in better health, have more pep in the mornings and an improved appetite. It has certainly done me good.
(sgd) Mrs. Helen Krause
Cleveland, Ohio

Send for 3-day test

The Wander Company, Dept. 1012
[illegible] S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City State

One package to a person

going to disclose that city's name. It is Los Angeles.

So here we are in possession of the principality and metropolis of Nyumbo, with our American flag flying overhead. Why we happened to come at all, and what we have been doing here since we came, I shall tell you in subsequent articles. If you have never seen 125,000 head of wild animals in a single morning, here's your chance; if you have never been stalked by ten lions at once, then up and hear; if you have never happened to be at the receiving end of fifteen lion charges inside of three weeks, now's your chance. Step up! Step up! The big show is about to begin.

I am not an archer. I merely shoot a long bow a little, get a modest amount of game therewith and enjoy myself in the getting. To be an archer, I have recently discovered, one must entertain a sort of holy feeling. The mention of guns must be carefully avoided. Your true archer, three days after a lion annoyed with arrows has dropped his head and started in your direction with apparent malice prepense, which said lion you have diverted from his purpose by singeing him with a bullet, fixes you with an injured and brooding eye and blurts out, "White, I don't think that lion was really going to charge; and the other archer doesn't think so either!" All one can reply to that is that one is no mind reader of lions; and when they are obviously angry, and drop their heads and start my way at seventy yards; and when I know they do a hundred in about seven seconds—why, then I go into battle.

This particular lion thought the hit of the bullet another arrow, and he relinquished his charge to chew up and tear and generally demolish the arrows that had been shot at him. But my bullet had destroyed the record of a perfectly good arrow lion. So, as I say, I cannot claim to be an archer.

The Making of a Long Bow

Nevertheless, I have become a thorough convert of the long bow and the broad-head arrow as a humane, sportsmanlike weapon for the pursuit of American big game. The tackle I mean is not the ladylike weapons and the slim delicate shafts one sees used in lawn archery, nor can it be bought in the sporting-goods stores. It is the same thing, in exact replica, that our forefathers used so effectively in the steel-clad battles of the Middle Ages; with which they slew the deer of Sherwood Forest. The bow is a classic yew, near six feet long; and to draw the shaft to its broad and barbed head requires a pull of from sixty-five to eighty-five pounds. The shaft is the full cloth yard of 27.5 inches, with a steel head an inch and a half long and an inch broad; feathered widely in the pattern of the weather vanes. The cord is cunningly braided and twisted of many fine threads of Irish linen, waxed to coherency and strongly wrapped, or served, at loop, or working point. To acquire these things the archer—or even the humble bow 'n' arrow man like myself—must learn to make them.

The making of a proper bow is an exercise in the art of handicraft. The yew stave must be five-year seasoned, and as true and free from knots as possible. Then with drawknife, with plane, with rasp and file and steel wool, your amateur bowyer gradually reveals the subtle curves from their enveloping fiber as a sculptor removes the concealing marble from the shape of his dream. At handle, the cross section must be a true Roman arch, changing gradually toward the Gothic as the ends are approached. Nor is it possible to adopt a definite pattern and work toward that mechanically; wherever in the stave the grain coarsens, a pin shows, or the hint of a knot, there must be left more material to compensate for the comparative weakness.

Each fiber must bear its due and just and equal proportion of strain, so that at the last the bow may bend in a true arc. And to the true arc must be added other considerations, such as sweetness of cast, lack of gaining recoil in the hand; all of which require other niceties in construction. The best way to go at making one's first bow is without hope, but with persistence. You will keep correcting defects, whittling away. Probably you will start with the idea of an eighty-pound bow for a strong man and end with a twenty-pound bow for a woman—if she doesn't know anything about bows. But when you have by trial and error produced a really shootable weapon, there is an immense satisfaction in that achievement alone.

The making of the arrow is not so complex; but it requires considerable practice and experiment before your shafts will be well feathered, and will fly sharp and true, without weaving or sunfishing or otherwise behaving in a disgraceful manner. The same may be said of the manufacture of the cord, the bracer, or arm guard, the finger tips and the quiver. When you are ready to step afield with an outfit all made by yourself, you will not only experience gratification in the thought but you will have thoroughly enjoyed yourself in the exercise of your handicraft.

Amateur Archery

But what have you got, when all is said and done? A weapon, to be sure, but what kind of weapon? A sling shot is a weapon of a sort; but you would hardly go afield seriously with a sling shot, beyond the age of twelve. What you want is a weapon that will kill certainly and humanely, that is sufficiently accurate, and that has a definite technic of accuracy that you or I or Tom Jones can master. We don't want a thing that kills once in a while, by luck, like the sling shot, and makes a lot of cripples. We don't want a thing whose natural precision, eliminating the human element entirely, is too scattering. We don't want a thing whose successful operation depends on heaven-born instinct, as one throws a baseball straight. There are people whose natural eye is superexcellent, but you and I want some sort of front sight and rear sight to the thing. It's hard enough to hold them in line.

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal to the technic; but it is all as definite as the technic of golf, and can be described and practiced at and mastered, just like the proper golf swing. The front sight is the head of the arrow; the rear sight is a definite point on the chin just below the right eye, to which the right hand holding the string must be drawn. When these two points are aligned with the mark, then you have taken proper aim at it; just as the alignment of the front bead with the aperture on the rear bar aims the rifle. If the right hand is too far to the right, or away from the chin, the shot will go to the left; if too far under the chin, it will go to the right. This is analogous to moving the rifle's rear sight to right or left. Elevation is taken care of by raising or lowering the left hand.

At point-blank range, of course, the arrowhead rests exactly on the mark. At less than point-blank range, it must be pointed below; and at more, it must be held up, in order to take care of the trajectory. My own point-blank with an eighty-five pound bow and hunting shaft is about seventy yards. Naturally, a man must be reasonably expert at guessing distances. But in order that the shaft fly true there are many other things to think about.

Be the aim never so careful, there remains still to make good on it. The release—the slipping of the fingers from the string—must be straight back, and sharp and smooth, or you get a weak or a weaving or a wabbly flight. The left arm must carry through, as one shoots a pistol; the muscles of the small of the back must be absolutely rigid. And so on.

This is not a treatise on field archery; it is merely an attempt to tell why I took up the bow as a serious hunting weapon. There are said to be, first and last, seventeen points to know and remember and

(Continued on Page 229)

Don't Dim Your Lights!

Drive Behind the *"Safest* Light in Motordom"

Both the public, and motor car manufacturers and dealers, now know that the real, lasting solution of the automobile headlight problem is the E & J Type 20 headlight.

With Type 20 illumination increasing on the streets at the rate of 100 per cent every month—due to the public's insistence upon safer lighting—America is becoming more and more impatient with the needless danger of dim lights, or equally dangerous glaring lights.

Both manufacturers and public now realize, too, that cheap makeshifts do not and cannot give the desired results.

Optical science offers one permanent solution—the E & J Type 20. And it is a complete solution.

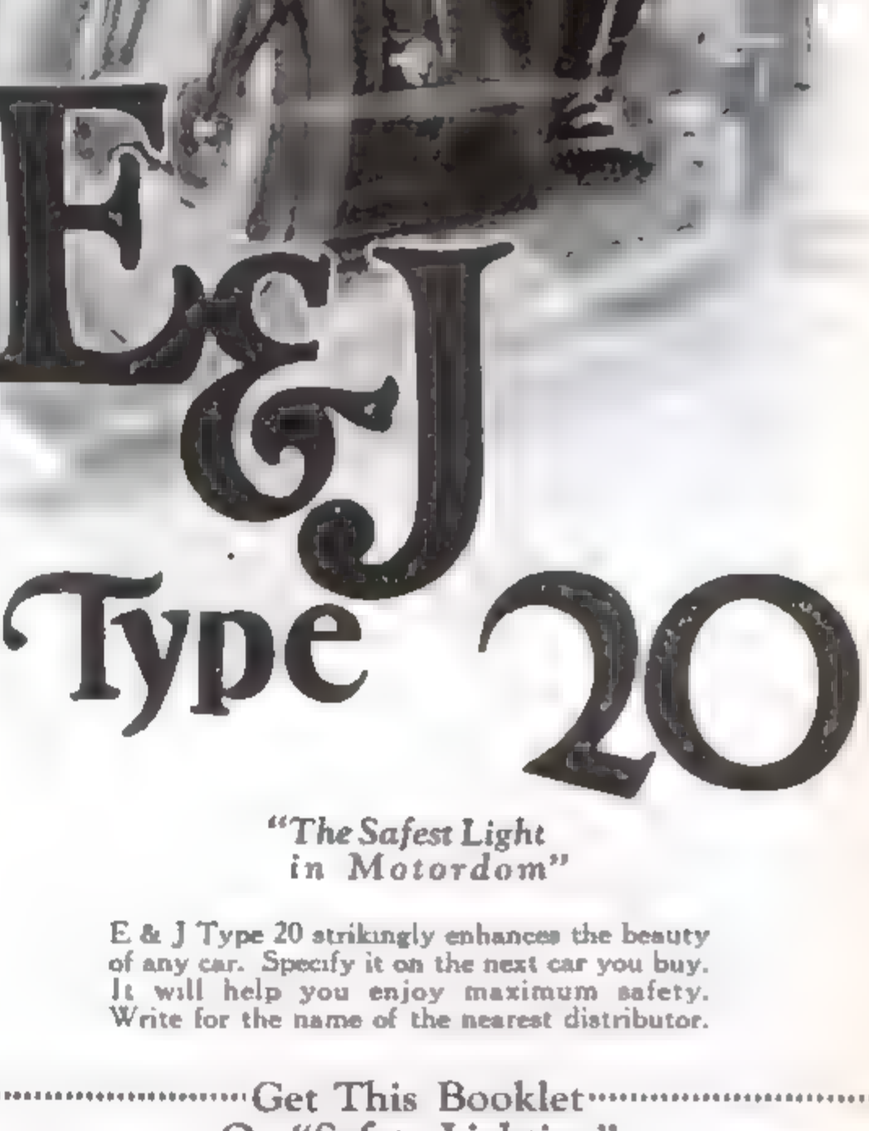
E & J Type 20 gives far better road illumination than any light ever gave before. Yet it entirely eliminates the dimmer because it entirely eliminates the glare.

E & J Type 20 is the only scientific headlight made today. *It is the first and only fundamental improvement in electric road lighting for automobiles.*

With the E & J Type 20 in universal use, night driving will increase tremendously all over America, for this wonderful light makes night driving not only safe, but pleasant.

Equip your car now, with E & J Type 20, and you will consider them one of the best investments in added pleasure, and in life and nerve protection you have ever made.

(Manufactured under Bone patents, 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other patents pending)



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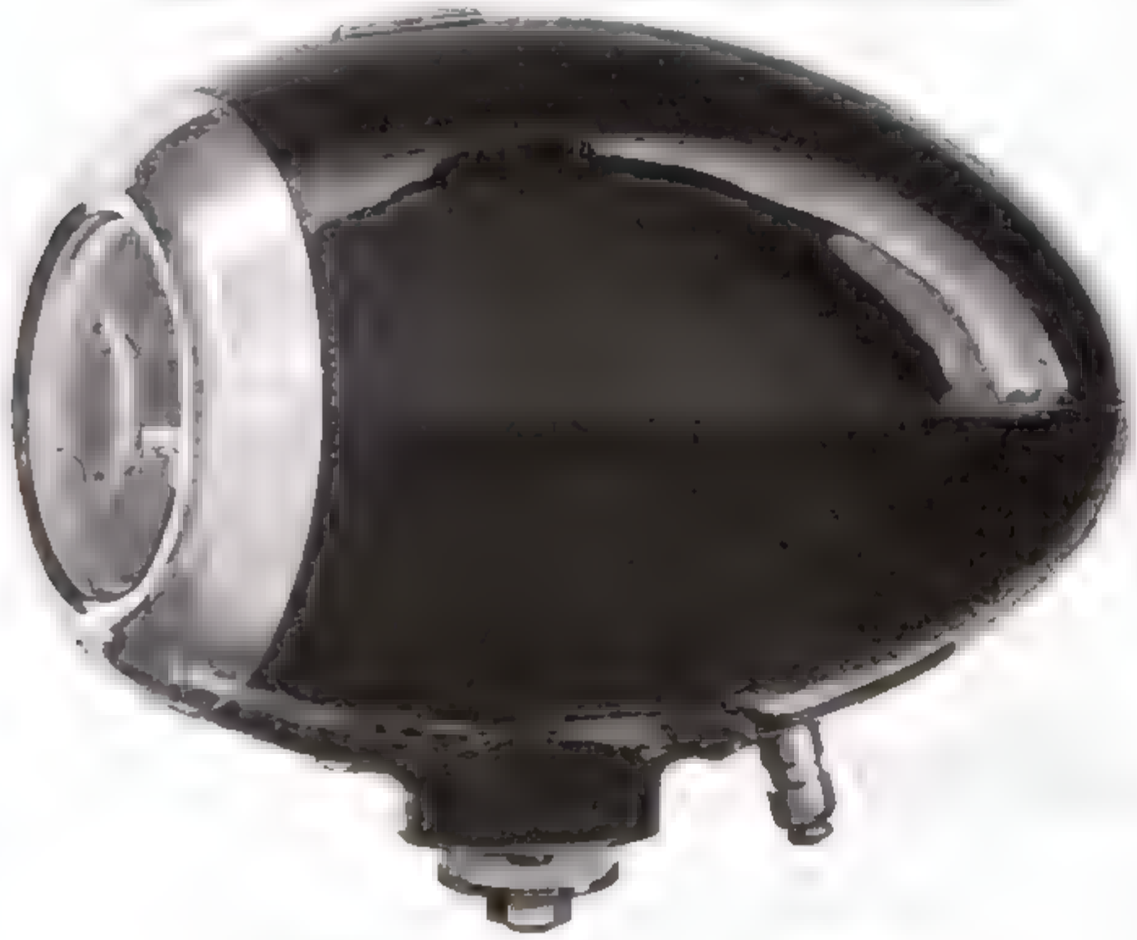
"The Safest Light in Motordom"

E & J Type 20 strikingly enhances the beauty of any car. Specify it on the next car you buy. It will help you enjoy maximum safety. Write for the name of the nearest distributor.



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☐ I am interested as a car owner.

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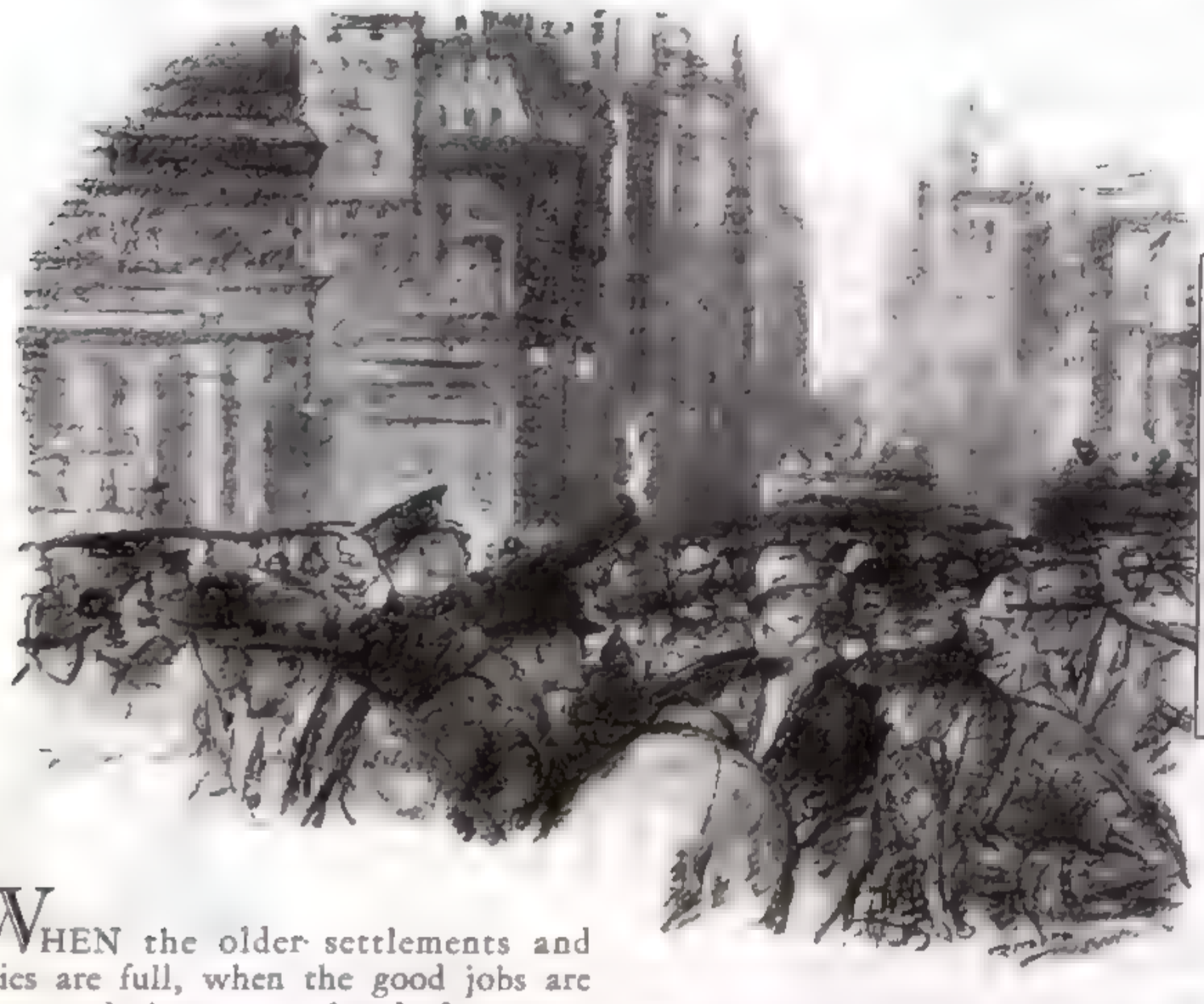
For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

Where are the ambitious young men of the crowded old states and cities to go?



JACKSONVILLE—*A city that is growing with the vast new territory it serves*

WHEN the older settlements and cities are full, when the good jobs are taken and there are a hundred competitors in each business—where, then, are the ambitious young men to go? The wiser and more daring ones will go where there is still opportunity to get ahead!

Chief, perhaps, among such fields of opportunity in all of America today, is Jacksonville—seaport, rail center, banking and manufacturing headquarters for the rapidly opening state of Florida. Experienced men who have come here from many of the older states believe that Jacksonville offers young men more opportunities for success than could be found in any other city.

It may be that your personal opportunity is here in this growing young city of more than 100,000 people. Jacksonville must grow as Florida and the new South grow, as trade with Europe, Cuba and South America develops and as Florida's special crops and industries become more and more important to the nation and the world. Jacksonville is so strategically situated that it will grow with the vast new territory it serves. Its delightful climate is ideal for all-year sport and recreation. Jacksonville is noted for its winter mildness. By its location, it is delightful also in summer.

Would you like to start a new business? Have you money to invest in a growing community? Should your concern establish a branch house or branch factory here? Is one of your trade or profession needed in this fast-opening new territory? Young men are doing well in Jacksonville. They accomplish things here. They are given every chance to take their place at the head of this fast-growing empire.

We recommend that you make a personal visit and investigation of Jacksonville. Come prepared to remain long enough to study your opportunities first hand. Come here for your vacation. Make Jacksonville your Florida headquarters.

Write now for the booklet describing Jacksonville and its industries. But come and make a personal study of your opportunities. It may well be the most important move you ever made.

Believers in Jacksonville

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
BUILDING

(Continued from Page 226)

perfect and coördinate. I do not know; I never counted them. But as far as results are concerned, it is useless to get sixteen right and one wrong. They must all be right. Like the golf swing again. But they are analyzable and subject to practice and mastery by anybody with enough enthusiasm and patience.

That makes it interesting—still once again like golf. One will have his on days and his off days. There will come times when one will awaken at midnight after a bad day, crying Eureka; when one will await impatiently the advent of day so that one may rush forth to put his discovery of what is wrong to the test of trial. But anyone capable of learning to play a halfway decent game of golf can acquire hunting skill with the long bow; and of course, in time, one does not need actually to remember those seventeen points. The good old subconscious and the muscles will do the remembering.

As for what accuracy one can expect, we constructed a sort of machine rest and gave that a test. At seventy-five yards, shooting the same arrow over and over, we got a six-inch group. Shooting different arrows, just as they came from the quiver, this was increased to twenty inches. The differences of the arrows, however, were somewhat exaggerated by the rigidity of the mechanism. It is safe to say that one could expect, when shooting well, to hit a deer about every time at that distance. Up to 100 yards the chances are very good. Beyond that Lady Luck must be strongly invoked, though a good hold and a swift release will vastly encourage her to bestow her favors on you.

As a matter of fact, most deer are killed with the rifle well under 100 yards. I mean yards, not enthusiastic guesses. And I believe, in these days of super-high-power rifles, any reasonable device to revive the necessity for some degree of stalking and woodcraft and knowledge of habits is so much to the good. Our range, say, eighty yards; medium-sized stuff twenty-five to forty-five yards; rabbits, grouse, quail, ground squirrels and so on, twenty yards. If you're sabe enough to get that near your game, and can shoot a bow at all, you'll hit your share.

Don't forget two things in evaluating the hunting pleasure you will get. A good close miss has a great kick in it. When you miss with the rifle it is simply a catastrophe. You don't know—though often you can guess—where in thunder your bullet went. But you can see your arrow fly, and it is a pretty thing. A well-sped shaft is a satisfaction, and an ill-sped shaft is a lesson by which one may profit.

More Sport Per Head of Game

A gunman's joy in the day must, from the game point of view, be measured by his bag. The archer's glow is also in his accomplishment; but that accomplishment is a compound of two elements—his good shots and the game some of these good shots pierced. The gunman is always unhappy without his confounded limit. He will freeze in a blind all day and pack home a grouch at night for lack of those last three ducks to fill his twenty-five. Your archer has no thought or hope for limits. He weighs his gains in other scales, and his modest half dozen are worth more to him—yes, and have done more for him—than a dozen limits with the gun.

If the rifleman takes two weeks to get his two deer he is aggrieved over the ultra-plenitude of weary miles and blank days. The archer comes home—also with his two deer, mind you—and if the getting has consumed a month, nevertheless he rejoices in the full recollections of stalks just failed, or of shafts just cutting the hair, but true sped for all that. He brings with him the glowing recollection of a culmination suitably and slowly reached through bright days of sylvan adventure. More sport per head of game. How could conservation be better expressed?

The second point to your bowman's comfort is that often—indeed, in the majority of cases—the archer can get two or three or more shots without alarming his game. Thus he can correct his estimate of distance, his range. The deer pays little attention to these bright-colored whizzing birds flying by. Indeed, I once saw a deer actually jump playfully, first to one side, then to the other, shaking his head at the shafts as they struck into the ground near him.

That is all very well as far as it goes. Granted one can hit, can one kill with certainty and humanity? When the average person is told of game being shot with bows and arrows, he instantly conjures up a picture of a creature stuck full like a pincushion, or Saint Sebastian in the pictures, and going away to die a lingering death, probably of nervous prostration.

Big Game Shot With Broad-Heads

I've seen a number of those Saint Sebastian pictures. They are intended, I believe, to represent a miracle. I don't remember what the miracle was supposed to have been; but I do know what it was. It was that those broad-heads stuck into the saint only a few inches. In ordinary life, without supernormal intervention, they would have gone right on through. They do that with the ordinary California deer, and yards out the other side. The comparatively small and soft bones of the ribs offer slight impediment; they are sheared right off. Occasionally a big bone, like that of the shoulder, will check the arrow short of complete penetration; but in that case things are so badly mussed up that the animal cannot navigate. This is not theoretics; it has been proved over and over again in the hunting field. The revival of this old archery on truly medieval lines, as opposed to the modern and comparatively feeble degeneration into which it had fallen, is due to Dr. Saxton Pope. He, and the small group of men who have hunted with him, or along his lines, have in the past ten years regularly got the legal limit of two deer a season. No rifleman could do more, and they've had a lot more fun doing it. Furthermore, they have never lost a stricken animal, nor had to follow one for more than fifty yards after it had been hit. That cannot be said of the rifle, at least in the hands of the average hunter.

In the same length of time they have shot seventeen black bears, mostly in California, and a half dozen grizzlies in other parts of the West. Most of these were shot at short ranges; so it was possible to place the arrow accurately in the chest cavity, and most required but one arrow apiece to turn the trick. For it is a peculiar fact that once the body cavity is pierced the game is yours. This for a twofold reason—the arrow wound results in a much more severe hemorrhage, both internal and external, than a bullet; and the admission of air causes a collapse of the lungs. It lacks the shock of the bullet wound, but has more than equivalent compensations.

To the two sorts of big game mentioned our archers have in the United States proper added mountain lion, wildcat, coyotes and such; besides all sorts of small game, such as ducks, geese, quail, squirrels, and the like. One of their number, Arthur Young, made a trip to Alaska. There he killed two moose, mountain sheep, caribou and one of the great Kadiak bears, our largest wild animal. The latter stood on its hind legs when Young was within thirty yards, received a broad-head in the chest, staggered a few paces and fell dead. The arrow protruded eight inches from the beast's back. The moose also succumbed to one arrow apiece, delivered in the right spot, from proper archer's range, to which Young had stalked.

Apropos of the power of the old English long bow, Doctor Pope was curious to find out just how safe these old ironclad dreadnoughts of knights were in the good old days. He, like most of us, thought them quite comfy and secure unless the archer's

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Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Send today for a ten days' trial tube of Pebeco. See how white and shining your teeth can be—how fresh and wholesome your mouth will feel. Wherever you go you can be proud of your teeth and confident they are truly safe.

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That thin, neat, good-looking water-proof sole of Natural Crepe seemingly carpets the highways and byways with velvet for your tender feet. The natural crepe tread absorbs all shocks and lends an additional *freedom* to each stride. You can forget shoe repair bills for a year for Natural Crepe soles will outwear any soles you have ever had.

Treat yourself to greater comfort and begin saving money on shoe repair bills for the whole family. They solve the problem of children's shoes.

Hard playing boys get surprisingly longer wear out of shoes soled with these long-wearing, flexible, resilient soles.

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[*Plantation Finished*]

shaft found, by good shooting or good luck, some chink or crevice in the armor. So did the museum authorities evidently, for they cheerfully lent him a suit of Damascus mail in first-class condition. Doctor Pope made an exact replica of the bodkin cloth-yard arrows used at Crécy and Agincourt, took his trusty yew bow and went over to see about it. He was engaged in padding a wooden box with folds of burlap to place inside the armor to give it stability, when to him came one of the museum attendants.

"Why, doctor," said he, "if you want to shoot an arrow at that, I'll put it on for you."

But the doctor, having already all the practice he could attend to, said him nay, retired to the other side of the room and loosed his shaft. There was a clash and a shower of sparks. The arrow was found to have penetrated the breast, pierced the burlap folds and the wooden box, and bulged out the back. The museum attendant turned a pale green and went away from there.

We have also shot geese on the wing over decoys. This is not easy, and we shot a great many shafts for each goose we hit. But we brought home enough for everybody, and we did make some close misses and had a glorious time. It was pretty to watch the arrows rise in their swift graceful curve to meet the flying bird; and when it passed just between the curve of the wing and the neck, but with never a feather touched, why, what cared we?

"Did you get onto that?" we bragged as boastfully as when the shaft seemed to melt into the bird's body, hesitate the least bit and then go winging on to complete its flight, while the quarry fluttered to earth.

Apropos of this point, Doctor Pope and I, together with Tom Murphy and his mournful b'ar dogs, were returning from a bear hunt, unsuccessful, in the mountains of Northern California. Our trail led along the bare heart of a steep sidehill. From a thicket below us, and well beyond archer's range, a most noble buck emerged and trotted slowly along it and broadside to us. I estimated the distance as well as I could, drew to the head and loosed. It was a true shaft that flew on its graceful parabola without a waver; the loose was clean and smooth; the bow arm held as a bowman dreams of holding—and does occasionally. But while it was in flight the buck stopped short and looked at us. The arrow passed a yard or so in front of him and just at the right height, to shatter itself against the customary rock. The buck resumed his stately trot unharmed.

An Archer's Range

Now I got just as much kick out of that episode as though the arrow had pierced his heart, as it must have done had he continued his way unchecked. Indeed more, for in that case we would have had to cut him up and pack him. A miss with the rifle would have been merely a miss. This was a shaft well sped.

And had it hit him even at the extreme range it would have done the trick. At long range for the rifleman the remaining velocity of the bullet is insufficient. The arrow does not lose its effectiveness so readily.

As to ranges, roughly speaking, I should say that that of the arrow is one-third that of the bullet—as respects accuracy, I mean. That is to say, the archer, if he is on the bull that day, should be about as sure of his quarry at forty yards as the rifleman at 120. Sixty corresponds to 180, 100 to 300, and so on. I am talking now about measured yards, not enthusiastic estimates. Actual pacing of the distance, with due allowance for dips and rises in the ground, has an invariable and remarkable reducing effect on a rifleman's bumptiousness. That is probably why it is so seldom done. We all like to think of ourselves as little Davy Crocketts.

There is no question; it has been proved up to the hilt as far as American big game is concerned. Naturally, it occurred to us to wonder: How about it elsewhere? How about Africa, where they grow them tough and many? Remembering the great numbers of game animals there, it seemed to us that it ought to be an archer's paradise, where he could shoot his right arm numb and his left arm paralyzed. Of course we deprecated any idea of the big fellows. We hadn't lost any lions. Of course if we were in cover, and one came along that did not see us, and if there were trees handy, we just might chance a broad-head at him. After all, he was only flesh and blood.

"But if he so much as looks in our direction," I always added, "I am going into action with the .405!"

That was after we actually began to get ready and our friends had begun to josh us with jeering hopes that the lion would at least spit out a wishbone to be sent home as a souvenir. Of course I knew the conditions to be met in the wilder sort of African travel; but we were totally at sea as to what we might need in the way of archery tackle. Would we lose an arrow a day or a dozen? Would our bows stand up under the climate, and would we need to camouflage them? Would strings wear well, or would we have to amend the old proverb about two strings to your bow and make it six? We did not know.

Homemade Bows and Arrows

So we decided to play safe. The better part of a winter's leisure moments were spent in the preparation of tackle. Our families at first had deprecated the whole idea—"deprecated" is a mild word—but later became more reconciled. Our departure would mean a cessation of shavings on the library floor, sawdust in the living-room rug, glue at disconcerting places, and clinging feather bits wherever a black skirt or coat might tarry the moment. For we made us six bows of yew and of osage apiece, 150 arrows and a dozen bow strings. Furthermore we prepared 2000 shafts; we found a man who would and did make as many steel broad-head points; we split and partially trimmed 6000 turkey feathers and we laid in the materials to assemble these components. We might have gone even further had not one of us been statistically minded enough to do some computation.

"Here," said he, "how long are we going to be in Africa anyway?"

"Six or seven months," quoth we; "you know that."

"Well, as near as I can make out, we're going to spend all our time there in camp making arrows. Figure it out for yourselves."

We did so. We quit.

But one day came Young, bearing rather shamefacedly a strange and fearsome thing. It looked like a cross between a spear and a butcher knife. It was six inches or more long, shaped like an arrowhead and whetted to a razor edge.

"What's that thing?" we begged to know.

"That?" said he, staring at it as though he saw it for the first time. "That? Why, that's a rhino head."

We pointed out that we were just going to get some shooting where game is very plenty, not to do any stunts; that the big fellows ——

"It might come handy," he countered vaguely.

He went away. Later, it developed, he made six of the things. What is worse, he infected Doc, who also made six. I did not. I am without rhino arrows. But then, as I said, I am not an archer; I only shoot the bow and arrow a little.

But that is why at the age of fifty-three I am sitting here in a clay and thatched hut, in the wildest part of untouched Africa, joint king of the city of Nyumbo, somewhat chewed by a recent leopard, but still going strong. Our adventures with both the big and little fellows you next shall hear.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Minneapolis Heat Regulator means what it says

—and thus assures you real fuel saving

THE one great purpose underlying automatic regulation of the home heating plant is to provide a constantly uniform temperature in every room. To obtain Uniformity you must have Accuracy of Control. They are as inseparable as the Siamese twins.

Controlling devices that permit a range of three to five or more degrees, can't give you anything but guess regulation. Like a "tricky" speedometer, they never tell you the truth and are certain to cause a great deal of annoyance. Under the guise of accuracy, they win your confidence and at the same time steal from your fuel supply.

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Every degree over 70 increases the fuel consumption 3 per cent. A range of 5 degrees brings the increase to 15%. And tests prove the variation is frequently still greater.

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An accurate thermometer is attached to each Minneapolis Room Thermostat, so that you may always see how closely the Minneapolis is holding the room temperature to the degree you have set it for.

The Famous Clock Thermostat

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The growing practice of selling certain types of heating plants already equipped with automatic controls makes it essential to know these Minneapolis advantages and to insist on them. Oil burner dealers can sell you the oil burner you choose, with Minneapolis Controls—if you demand them.

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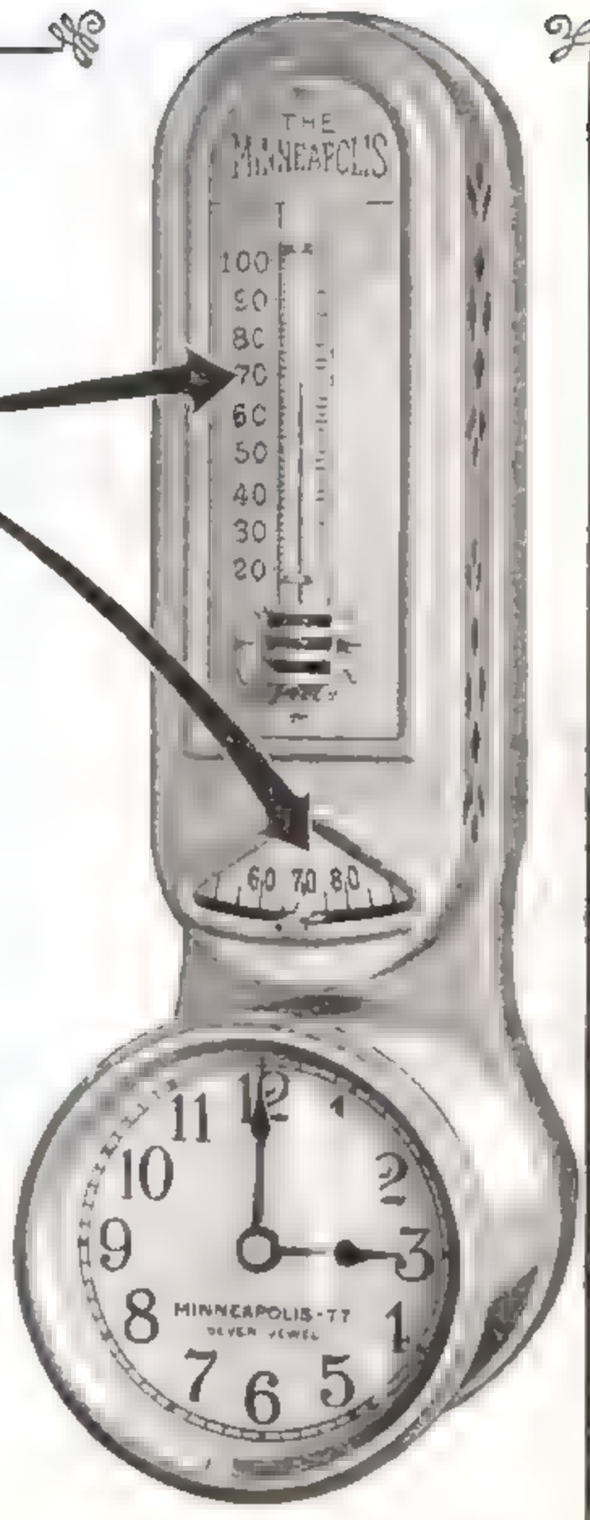
Minneapolis Heat Regulators are for every kind of heating. Write us, stating what type heating plant you are interested in and we will send free literature on the Minneapolis for that particular type.



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—each degree costs you 3% more fuel!

Figure your average winter's fuel bill. Then see how much each degree of heat over the temperature desired costs you. And remember, this saving is only a small part of what the Minneapolis saves for you. The automatic night shut down, and the saving that comes from keeping an even fire amount to 1/5 to 1/3 of your total fuel cost.

Minneapolis Heat Regulators are built for accuracy; that's why a thermometer is included as a part of the thermostat. The thermometer has no function in the working of the thermostat—it is there as a check only. If your Regulator doesn't function accurately you want to know it. Don't buy a heat regulator without a thermometer.

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"It's the Bunting in the Bushings that makes 'em wear so long."
Baby Bunting

THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 33)

The search for burglars is utter folly. The marauder is much more skilled in meeting this situation than the advancing home owner, who either carries a light or, if the electric lights are working, goes along turning them on, each time making himself an ideal target. The burglar is probably lying flat as possible on the floor, unobserved. Whenever lights can be turned on, without exposing oneself, the more light the better, for sudden lights attract neighbors and police. Stay upstairs, behind a locked door if possible, and blow a police whistle repeatedly as if you were intending to work at it eight hours a day. If there is no police whistle, shout. If a woman knows herself to be in active personal peril, and she is not being covered by a revolver, she should break out any and all windows she can see. Crashing glass and her screams are far-reaching alarms. Throw anything at the window sashes; vases, lamp bases, mantel clocks, the heavier and harder the better. Householders who can quietly reach the telephone, of course, should call the police at once.

Outside the home, the citizen and his family should continue intelligent self-protection. Crimes of violence, pickpocketing, holdups, assaults and frauds and extortion and blackmail are the main menaces.

If it is thought that the daughter of the family needs protection, first of all warn her, as you should every member of your family, against being deceived by telephone calls from strangers who pretend to transmit any message from any other member of the family or from a friend, whenever the message is in any way extraordinary or suspicious. She should also be told, if necessary, a hundred times, that accepting a lift in a stranger's motor car is about as safe as riding in an airplane made of butter. The number of disasters from this folly occurring every day in the United States cannot be estimated. It is usually only when the girl does not come back from the ride that the matter becomes a part of the police record, and even under that condition the records are long enough.

Precautions Against Holdups

The whole family should know that perhaps the most dangerous place in a city is a recessed doorway or open hallway entrance. It is bad enough to stop to give a stranger a match or tell him the time on a deserted street; it is a hundred times worse to step with him into any recess out of the wind so as to examine a timepiece in a hallway or store-window light, or be lured into this corner by any pretext. The police know that unconscious bodies are not often found in the middle of the sidewalk or street; they are found in sheltered corners, tapped, or choked by their own four-in-hand neckties, the knots of which can be thrust up like a noose. The pedestrian who is obliged to be out late when streets are more or less deserted should keep moving and stay in the open. The policy to follow has been expressed by a detective who says, "Keep the eyes and the ears open and the mouth closed."

One of the reasons sometimes given for a part of the increase in crime is the increase in temptation offered by the show of wealth used as personal adornment. The past ten years has seen much more display on the person—jewelry, expensive furs, and even large sums in folds of new crisp bills. Whatever good or bad taste may dictate this display, it is always crime bait. The restaurants or other places where it is shown have often been patronized by criminals picking their victims for holdups and more complex operations. The beginning of many a campaign to follow and "hoist" a motorist or a business man has begun by his exposure of riches.

The New York Police Department has published a list of excellent pieces of advice to avoid pickpockets, holdups and motor thieves. It is as useful to women as to men:

"When shopping, do not wear valuable jewelry. Never carry more money than you need. Be careful when boarding or leaving crowded public conveyances or when in a crowd. Keep your coat buttoned. Anyone who places a newspaper in your face in a conveyance is, perhaps, working under that screen. Be alert when riding in department-store elevators; pickpockets frequently operate in them. The easiest pocket in the world to pick is the back trousers pocket and the buttoned flap gives no safety. Don't allow pushing or jostling to distract your attention from your valuables; be suspicious of all jostlers.

"Don't carry a hand bag hung by a strap on the wrist. Hold it in your hand with your fingers closed over its clasp, and above all don't put it down on a counter while looking at goods. This is the chance thieves are always hoping for—it makes their profits for the day."

Negligence in the Business World

"Don't pay cash when you can pay by check. The less money in the house or pocket the better. Count your change—many women merely dump it into their pocketbooks. Don't give strangers large bills to get changed and expect them to come back. Never let anyone know when you are going or have been to the bank to draw funds.

"Take your overcoat and hand bag with you when you leave your motor car. When leaving your motor, do not leave it running. At night leave it under a light if possible."

One would suppose that business men and bankers, bond sellers and manufacturers who have large pay rolls, would inform themselves and use precaution against losses to criminals. A Chicago judge who was trying a three-man holdup of an industrial establishment took me into his chambers and throwing up his hands said, "How can sensible business men exercise so little sense?"

With the ever-increasing daring of criminals who prey upon financial houses and business, it is indeed difficult to understand case after case where executives are even a little more stupid or negligent than most householders.

We read of the bond-house messenger who has decamped with the negotiable securities. It appears that he has not been investigated by his employers; he is closely connected with a master mind—a pay-off, or left-fielder, as the man behind a criminal gang is called. We read of a pay-roll holdup; only the police understand that it happened because of the foolish regularity of the day, and even the hour, when the manufacturer sent his two, armed and yet helpless, messengers to the bank to bring back the satchels of money. In a large Mississippi River city a chief of police showed me that when such a robbery took place it was discovered that the criminals had watched one bank so scientifically that they had the names of twenty-eight companies and the regular day and hour when the pay roll of each was drawn and would be carried back to the store or factory. Business men who suffer merchandise robberies are often astonished to know that when their stores or warehouses were locked for the night the burglars were already on the inside! Storekeepers who have valuable stock, such as jewelry, should put all alarm buttons on the floor behind the counters so that, though the hands are held up at the command of the gunman, the foot, unobserved, can summon help.

There is one more caution which deserves particular mention. It concerns the crime of blackmail and extortion, which is extending like wildfire not only in the social but in the business world.

"It is the hidden crime," said one district attorney whose office does a tremendous criminal prosecuting business. "Even

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

YOUD have had a Royal Easy Chair long ago if you had only known just how much *additional* comfort and rest it would have brought you. Every home deserves at least *one* chair as restful as a Royal, with its extra and extraordinary provisions for complete, full-length, relaxation. Mail coupon below for your dealer's name and *free* style book, "Royal Comfort".

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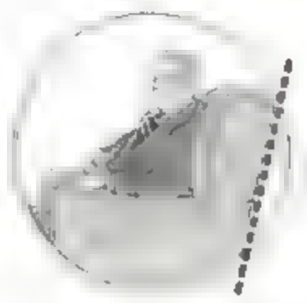

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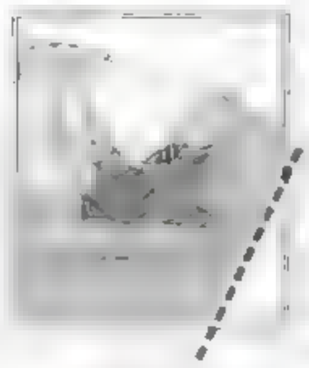

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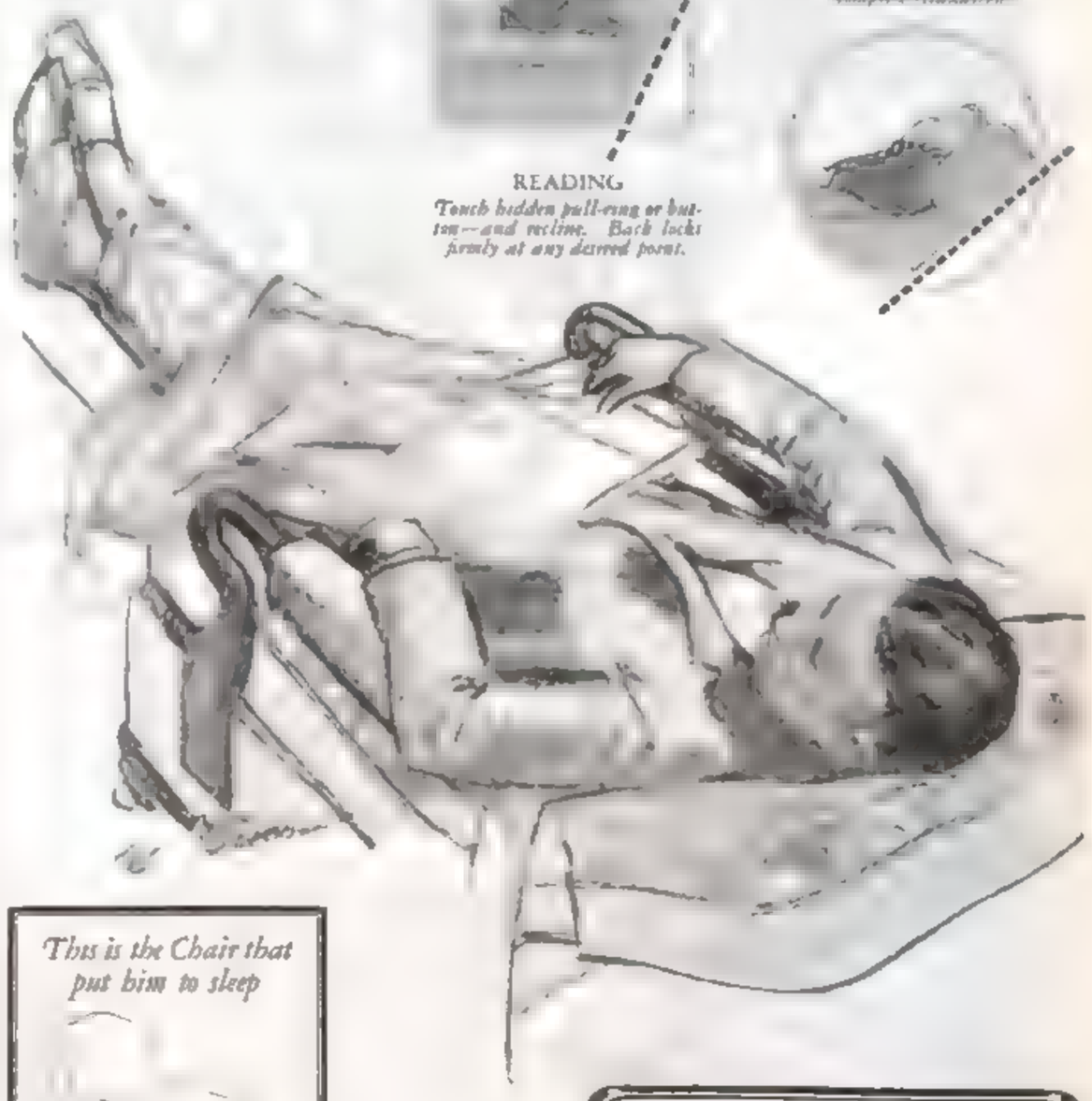

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No layman should ever pare a corn

A corn razor in the hands of a layman is a dangerous instrument. A slip of the blade often means infection. And infection many times leads to serious results.

Corn-paring should be done by a skilled chiropodist—never by an amateur.

The best way to end a corn at home is to use Blue-jay.

Blue-jay is, indeed, the sure, safe and easy way to end a corn at home.

A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The pain stops at once. Soon the corn goes.

Blue-jay leaves nothing to guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each downy plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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TANGLEFOOT FLY SPRAY

Kills MOTHS FLIES MOSQUITOES BEDBUGS ~ FLEAS

BY far the best way to protect valuable furs, clothing and woolens from injury by moth larvae is to treat them with Tanglefoot Fly Spray before storing in closet, chest or trunk.

Tanglefoot will not stain or harm the finest fabric or fur. And its super-strength makes it the most powerful and effective insecticide you can use.

Tanglefoot Spray is a wholesale destroyer of flies, moths, mosquitoes, bedbugs and fleas. It is non-poisonous, safe, dependable and fully guaranteed. In quart can $1.25, pint 75c and half-pint 50c. Tanglefoot special sprayer, 35 cents.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

the innocent join the guilty in paying tribute to the blackmailer. The demand for money as the price of silence is always modest at first. Once the first payment is made, there is almost an admission of guilt on the part of the victim. Almost never does the victim complain to the authorities. We have known cases in which men of standing have gone on for twenty or thirty years paying tribute. The other day a professional man, who had been told that he would be accused of an act which he never had committed, had the courage to stand the onslaught of the blackmailers and in face of their threats to 'expose' him he telephoned the police. As a result, detectives arrested four men and procured from one a confession exonerating the victim. No publicity was given the case. But in the usual circumstance the victim keeps silent, even if he refuses the demands made. The authorities have no complaint or information and so it is a hidden crime."

After consultation with a great many police officials there accumulates an overwhelming weight of reason in favor of any victim of blackmail who is not actually a felon himself turning at once to the police, telling the whole story to the proper authorities and requesting that there should be no publicity. Any good police commissioner or his deputies would have every reason to protect the victim and lay traps for the criminals. A low-grade lawyer is often behind the conspiracy and he, too, may be netted by the law and indicted or disbarred. The last policy to adopt is to pay anything. Every cent paid plunges the victim deeper in the wallow. He owes it to himself, his peace of mind for years to come and to the welfare of the community to keep the blackmailers hungry and eager until detectives can trap them. But cowardice or desire for compromise traps the ordinary victim.

The variety of our present fashion of blackmail is infinite. Not long ago a foolish young matron at a hotel *thé dansant* made the acquaintance of a young gentleman of foreign appearance who was most agreeable and an excellent dancer. He offered to escort her home in a taxi. When part way to her address, which she had given to the driver, he said sharply, "Excuse me. Now for the ring."

Lack of Coöperation

At first she was frightened, but she recovered herself and laughed.

"This is bad news for you. I never wear jewelry to public places. I purposely leave all my rings at home."

"You quite miss my point," said the other. "I am not a thief. I am referring to the valuable ring I gave you to try on your finger. I insist on its return. If not I shall accuse you of theft. If you do not pay me for my three-hundred-dollar ring I shall ask your husband to pay me."

"I never saw your ring!" exclaimed the unfortunate prey.

"Possibly not, but none the less I want to have your denial given to the newspaper reporters and to the court."

"I have no money."

"Then drive to a friend from whom you can borrow."

Her duty, of course, was to direct the driver to take the car to police headquarters, but instead she obtained and paid the money.

The reluctance to resist blackmail arises from the panic with which many persons regard publicity. That panic, and sometimes a reluctance to perform a disagreeable duty which may involve the doer in annoyance, is the basis for a well-founded complaint from most police departments that citizens will not coöperate with the police in the suppression of crime, either by making complaints or appearing as willing witnesses for the prosecution. It has been computed that the police department and law-enforcing agencies in New York City cost the citizens each on an average of eight dollars a year. The supposition is that this expenditure is for the prevention of more crime by protection of victims and the certain punishment of criminals. And yet few are the persons who will give fifty cents' worth of time or effort or intelligence to help the police. After investigation in many cities, I believe this unspoken sentiment among patrolmen, detectives and higher officials is well-founded; the citizen shirks his duty.

He fails to report prowlers and skulkers unless they appear in his own front yard. If he runs into a truck loading at a warehouse at night he fails to find the nearest policeman or to telephone to headquarters. If a taxicab driver cheats him he prefers to forget it in silence. Sometimes even when his house or business is robbed, if the loss is not too great, he prefers to enter no complaint; he often fails to bring charges against a faithless employe. He may have heard the shots on "that night," and his may be the evidence which will lead to the arrest or conviction of the culprit, but he does not wish to "appear in the newspapers." It is an unfortunate conclusion, but nevertheless reached by many veteran officials of law and order, that citizens who will lay down their lives in war to protect their civilization from violence and rapine, will, in the case of crime, prefer not to report, not to inform and, in fact, to be out of it. Numbers of complainants every day cool off and fail to press the complaint they made just after the crime was committed

Citizenship and Jury Service

"Of course," said a prosecuting officer in Chicago who has had endless experience with this cooling off of the primary material witnesses, "they forget that any interest is concerned except their own interest and that of the prisoner. But what about the interest of the community? Where is the boasted citizenship? The same taxpayer who hires the police officer and would be scandalized if the police officer concluded that it was convenient to let a prisoner go, will come and make that very proposal to me. The spirit often seems to be, 'Let's drop the matter.'"

I have found the same spirit expressed by persons who knew that I was seeking the causes of our American crime record and its cure.

"I would find such an investigation depressing and distasteful," said one university professor. "Of course, the statistical part of it is not open to that objection. But I would prefer to stay away from the whole subject."

It is this reluctance of citizenship to take the crime bull by the horns that gives basis for the complaint of law-enforcement officials that the public will not coöperate to give information and evidence, to come forward as willing and dutiful witnesses and as complainants who will stand by a prosecution until it is finally fully weighed in the scales of justice.

The citizen's attitude toward jury duty is also short in its payment of the full obligation and woefully lacking in a stalwart resolve to cling to hard common sense while sitting on a jury.

"The average jury," writes one judge, "always appears to me like the yokels gathered around a shell game at a country fair. This shell game is operated principally through an appeal by attorneys to the emotions of twelve men—either the emotions of silly, mushy sentiment or the emotions of hate, anger and revenge. Among the twelve men there are almost always one or more who, more or less completely hoodwinked, impede the operation of justice. Few of them have the sense to estimate properly the slight value of the tricky or sentimental argument of attorneys as against the real matter in hand. They are supposed to consider only the evidence.

"And yet one good man on a jury can often cure the weakness of eleven others. One good man will gain ground against folly who will keep saying, "Let's forget the harangue of the lawyers. Let's get back to the cold record of the evidence. Let us

(Continued on Page 237)

Laminex doors are installed throughout the finest apartment house in the South, the Parkview (formerly Parkview Apartments) Memphis, Tennessee (Barrett Herndon and Barnett Architects St Louis Mo Laminex doors are of Douglas fir)

No more rehanging of warped and twisted doors!

THE *first* "hanging" will be the *last* —if you install Laminex doors!

Contractors tell us they often have to plane down and *rehang* solid wood doors because they absorb moisture and warp so badly that they stick and jam. Often this moisture is "caught" from fresh, damp plaster in a new building. Leaving a house vacant without heat for a time also causes ordinary doors to warp and twist.

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In all wood are little cells called *tracheids*. When damp they expand in *width* but not in *length*. When dry, they shrink. By crossing the grain in layers of wood and uniting under tremendous pressure with a special waterproof cement, we prevent expansion and contraction.

Laminex doors are made of old growth Douglas fir, both flat and vertical grain. You can select from beautiful patterns for painting or staining—for interior or exterior.

Tell your building material dealer or your architect that in *your* home, you want Laminex! Mail the coupon for free illustrated booklet, "The Why of Laminex," and actual sample of Laminex wood—so you, yourself, can make the famous water test! Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J. Van de Ven, Brussels.

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Will not shrink, swell or warp

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Imagine soaking a door in water for 244 hours! This famous Laminex test—originated by Prof Bror L. Grondal Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington, and since conducted by impartial door experts and building shows in scores of cities proves that Laminex will not warp or come apart, that Laminex waterproof cement is stronger than wood

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Six reasons why you should buy a Stetson

STYLE:

Stetson is the foremost creator of hat styles in the world, each season setting the pace with a sweeping variety of correct shapes and shades—a Stetson to suit any head or face.

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The blending of flawless materials and deft workmanship gives Stetson its supreme quality—a maximum of wear and beauty of finish.

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MATERIALS:

Stetson Hats are made of fur cut from the choicest selection of Beaver, Nutria, Hare and Rabbit skins. The silk bands and bindings are woven by Stetson; the leather sweatbands are specially selected.

WORKMANSHIP:

Workers of the highest skill, in a model factory, blow and blend the fur, and felt it into hats unmatched anywhere. Each Stetson hat is shaped by trained experts—*by hand.*

DEALERS:

The franchise to sell Stetson Hats is given only to the best stores of each community. The Stetson dealer renders a real service to the man who wants a hat that is both smart and becoming.

VALUES:

Judged by style, quality and wear, a Stetson gives you more value for your money than a hat of any other fine make in the world.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY · PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 234)

remember that our business is not to set up morals or laws, or pass sentence or take revenge. Our sole duty is to give, regardless of whether the prisoner is a weeping girl or a hard-faced brute, our answer to one question—Guilty or not guilty?"

No man or woman is doing justice by citizenship who tries to sneak out of jury duty. And the man or woman who, having heard the evidence, goes into the jury room and fails to exercise reason rather than emotions of pity on the one hand or hatred on the other may do more harm to law and order than the prisoner at the bar has done. This is because the failure of just punishment makes two criminals spring up where there was only one before.

After watching the jury system in various states I have come to the conclusion that I would like to paste up in every jury room this placard:

REMEMBER THAT THE PRISONER, AND HIS OR HER MISFORTUNES, OR HIS OR HER DESTINY, ARE ONLY A SMALL PART OF ALL THAT DEPENDS ON YOUR VERDICT. PROTECT THE PERSON ON TRIAL FROM INJUSTICE, BUT ALWAYS THINK OF THE BOYS OR GIRLS WHO ARE GROWING UP AND MAY BE TEMPTED TO GO SINGING DOWN THE PATH OF EVIL AND ROTTENNESS BECAUSE OTHERS, WHO HAVE BEEN GUILTY, HAVE NOT HAD TO PAY THE PRICE.

One of the symptoms of the menace of crime in the United States is the great increase of voluntary organizations outside the official organs of law enforcement whose purpose is to fight the criminals. It is depressing to find that our crime situation has become so desperate that we require what amounts to a legal vigilante movement to augment the arm of the law. The forming of these groups for the protection of society is a sad commentary upon national lawlessness and the inadequacy of our governmental machinery for crime deterrence. It is, however, only in line with the words of Moorfield Storey, once president of the American Bar Association, before the Institute of Crime and Criminology:

"There is no part of its work in which the law fails so absolutely and so ludicrously as in the conviction of criminals, and its failure endangers the whole foundation of society."

But the happy aspect of the increasing voluntary organization against crime is the beginning it makes in awakening the citizen to his own duties and to effective legal activity in crime suppression.

Protecting Your Checks

We have national organizations like the protective department of the American Bankers Association, with its 22,000 members, its detective agencies and its uncompromising stand in favor of swift, sure punishment for all criminals—a stand usefully opposed to that mushy state of mind which regards each criminal as an isolated subject, as a sick or abnormal man, as one who must receive our profound consideration, but utterly forgets the fact that failure of punishment and example starts dozens of others down the hill of lawlessness because the law itself apparently has smoothed off all the bumps.

All over the country I find coming into being trade associations organized against business frauds, against transportation thefts, against this or that form of criminality. No small part of their usefulness is in the campaign of education now being produced. For instance, the protective department of the Bankers Association already mentioned circulates advice to prevent check frauds. To show their usefulness, here they are:

Never write checks with a pencil. Use pen and ink, or, if possible, a check protector. Fill in all blank spaces. Don't erase. Errors should be corrected by writing a new check and destroying those incorrectly written. Strangers are not always crooks, but crooks are usually strangers. Never give a blank check to a stranger and never cash a stranger's check without an indorsement which you have positively verified.

Make checks payable to cash or bearer only when you personally present them at your bank. Otherwise use the name of the person you intend shall receive payment. Never place your signature alone as an indorsement on checks you intend to deposit. Write above or below your signature the words "Pay to the order of —— Bank." Never sign blank checks; if you expect to be absent any length of time, open a separate account subject to check of your employe or agent.

Guard your canceled vouchers as you would a valid check, leaving none where they may be easily taken. Keep your check books securely locked up and be careful how and where you sign or exhibit your banking signature. Beware of the magic of the word "certified." Scrutinize all certified checks carefully. Ordinary certification stamps can be duplicated almost as easily as any other rubber stamp.

Watch checks which apparently bear the maker's O. K. or other form of approval. They are more easily forged than the full signature. Safeguard your checks as you would your money, for they represent money. Deposit slips provide space for your name, usually upon the upper lines. Those written incorrectly should be destroyed, as otherwise your signature will be available for fraudulent use. You can prevent loss by first writing the detail of amounts deposited and then printing your account name. And remember that the bankers' campaign for everybody to pay by check has borne fruit.

Iowa's Bank-Robber Rout

In Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, California, Kansas and Oklahoma and in other states something in the nature of legal vigilante organizations are under way. I am indebted to the American Bankers Protective Committee for the following information of this movement in Iowa:

"Bankers and business men in the state of Iowa, where they believe it is better to bury a murderer than to prosecute him, furnish an excellent example of the preventive measures necessary to cope with the criminal of today. After a comprehensive and practical study of its criminal code and law enforcement, the entire system was found inadequate, and changed to meet present-day conditions. Carefully selected men were sworn in and armed as deputy sheriffs in the communities of every county. In 1920 Iowa banks suffered fifty-six criminal attacks with a loss of $258,000. With the system of vigilantes in force, the criminal element soon found Iowa too unsafe to ply their trade; and in the year 1924, Iowa banks suffered but four successful attacks, with a loss of only $2600, a reduction of 99 per cent within four years. As a result bank-robbery insurance rates in Iowa have dropped to the minimum of one dollar a thousand as compared with the rate in Illinois, just across the river, where robbery-insurance premiums have recently been increased from four dollars to six dollars a thousand; or with banks in Kansas, given the same increase; and Oklahoma, where the rate has jumped from four dollars to ten dollars a thousand. Incidentally, there are several counties in Oklahoma where no bank-robbery insurance can be written. Similar organizations are now being created in Illinois, California, Kansas and Oklahoma."

The organization of vigilance committees is only part of the Iowa plan. It has sought to educate, organize and inspire the community to stricter law enforcement contemplating the following changes, most of which are already effected:

Increasing penalties, creating state and county bureaus of criminal identification, holding state and county schools of instruction on law enforcement, having the state compensate wounded officers or their dependents, endeavoring to increase the level

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Equipped with Full Automatic L&H Electrics Time and Temperature Controls and Thermometer for pastry oven. Full porcelain enameled inside and outside. Not only the last word in modern cooking equipment, but an efficient Kitchen Heater besides. Has double flue heating action, which means greater heat radiation. Many other unique features. Ask your dealer or write us.
Insist on L&H Electrics Appliances
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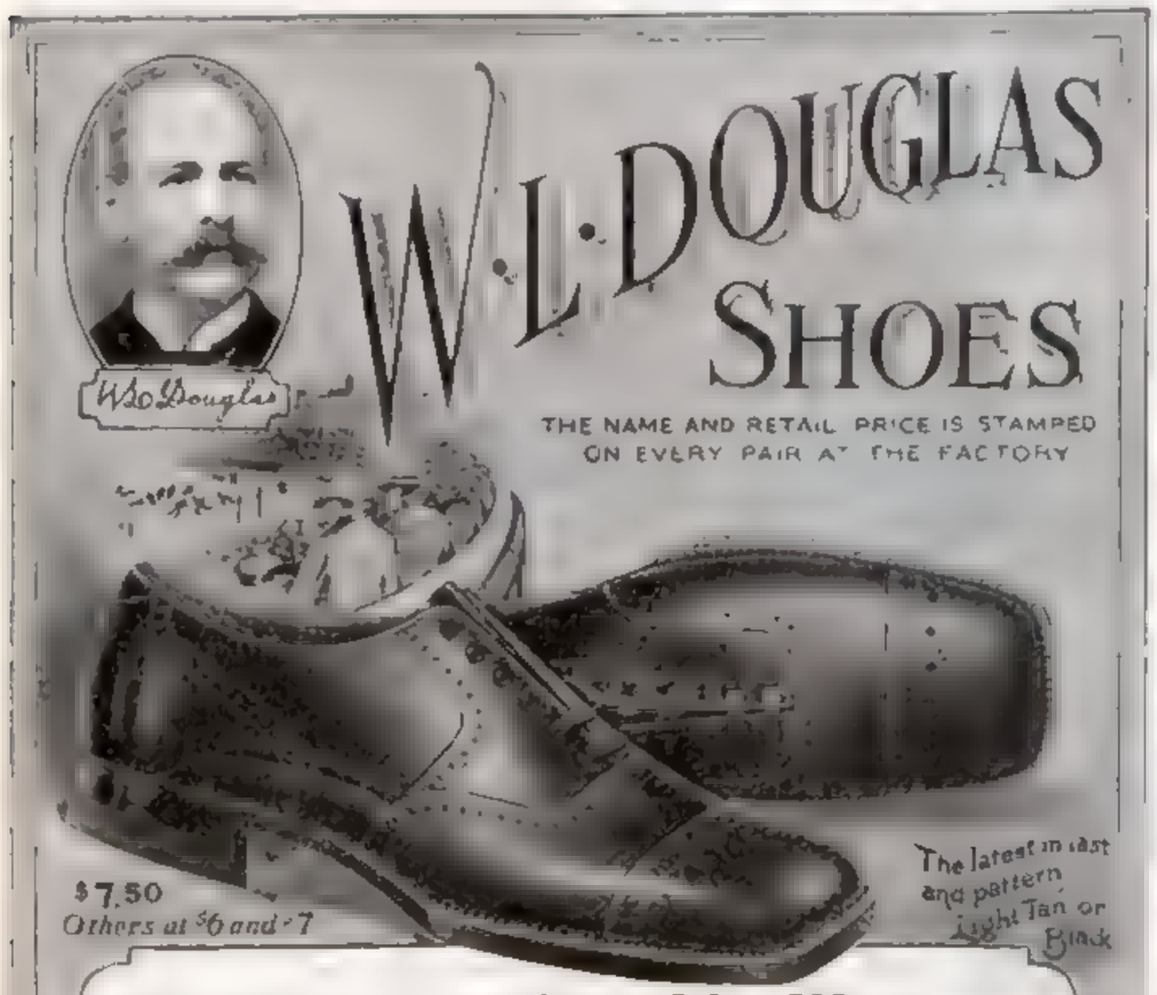
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The latest in last and pattern
Light Tan or Black

Styles That Young Men Want

BASED on style and quality, our new Fall models could easily command higher prices. These values are made possible by figuring selling prices on the cost of making, rather than on what the purchaser may be persuaded to pay.

The style pictured is one of a number of new models now displayed at the W. L. Douglas Store or the Douglas Dealer's in your vicinity. *It will pay you to call and see them.*

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES FOR WOMEN

Correct in style, popularly priced, they are preferred by discriminating women who want the newest in style and the best value for their money.

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Boys, $4.50 & $5.00

of pay to raise the standard of officers, assigning the association's attorneys to county attorneys' offices free of expense to the counties to help prosecute.

In Illinois, where I conducted a survey, the bank robberies had become so common, with scores of killings of bank employes, that the Illinois Bankers Association now reports that in March, 1925, a movement was started to organize a force of 10,000 guards in some 1000 towns and cities of the state. The slogan is said to be, Shoot to Kill.

Of course, the work is under the sheriff of each county and performs the services of a state police, which the legislature refuses to organize. It is reported that 10,000 rounds of ammunition have been ordered. But the significant fact is that in whatever territory the guards are on duty there has been no robbery.

It is not a great step from voluntary organizations such as these to local or neighborhood organizations of citizens to insure law enforcement. If crime continues, if our system of justice, when the eyes of citizens are not on it, fails to give sufficient and swift punishment to deter new recruits from joining our national criminal population, it is inevitable that an awakening citizenship will take a hand.

One word of caution is necessary. After a careful combing of the opinions of judges, police and other experts, one is forced to the conclusion that only expert deputies of the law should engage in gun toting. The best effort which our legislators and authorities can make is not to put the pistol into the hand of the private citizen, but to take it out of the hand of the criminal. It is sometimes said that a lobby exists, maintained by dealers in huge job lots of inferior foreign revolvers, to encourage citizens to tote guns. The great weight of opinion drawn from the experience of police is that the gun in the citizen's home or hip pocket is not a protection and is a rattlesnake in the household and in the community. Says Police Commissioner Enright of New York:

"There is nothing in the annals of the department that would tend to confirm a belief that the possession of firearms by the general public is any protection against highway robbery or other forms of theft, with or without violence. There is, on the other hand, much in the annals of the department, and other city departments as well, that provides incontrovertible evidence that the possession of firearms by the general public has caused numerous heart-rending tragedies."

Restoring Law Enforcement

The administration of the New York police believes that the number of individuals having something approximating a well-founded claim to carry or possess firearms within the city is exceedingly small. Firearms purchased by a citizen often come into the hands of the irresponsible and the criminal. Chief Magistrate William McAdoo, of New York, has written, from his years of experience, an article on this subject entitled The Pistol: The Curse of America. Governor Silzer of New Jersey in his message to the legislature pointed out that his own investigations had convinced him that not only was state legislation needed forbidding firearms but that because the distribution of firearms by mail-order houses and by express delivery tended to defeat state laws, he joined the increasing opinion that Federal action was necessary to prohibit the use of mails and of interstate commerce to ship firearms.

The power of the individual citizen to do his part in restoring law enforcement does not depend on possession of a pistol; it depends much more upon his possession of active interest in jacking up the archaic methods and the loose sentimentality of our system of discipline. It depends upon the part he will play in the restoration of some home authority over youth and some state authority over the criminal.

The Power of Citizenship

I have been impressed by many startling discoveries in my investigation of the crime record of America and in the creaking inefficiency of some of the gears of the mill of justice in America. I do not believe, however, anything has impressed me more than the brightening up of the whole system the moment it comes under the citizens' scrutiny.

I have been in contact with many police departments, I have entered many district attorneys' offices, I have sat in on many trials; and my presence, although only that of an observing citizen, acted like the visit of one bearing a flaming sword. It has been almost ludicrous to see the hurry and bustle to polish the legal machinery and wash its attendants behind the ears. It was a change like that which took place in the old primary school when the board of selectmen and the parents came to a graduation day. I have seen police chiefs strike new attitudes; I have heard prosecutors stage a whole play which might be entitled Zeal; I have seen judges puff up like pouter pigeons and deliver pretty good sermons. All this would be a sure result of a new willingness of citizenship to play its part and hold its eye and interest on even the sordid details of our crime-preventing and crime-punishing machinery.

A gunman, known in several cities, came to me while he was out on bail. One of my assistants had been quietly following his case to see how it would be handled.

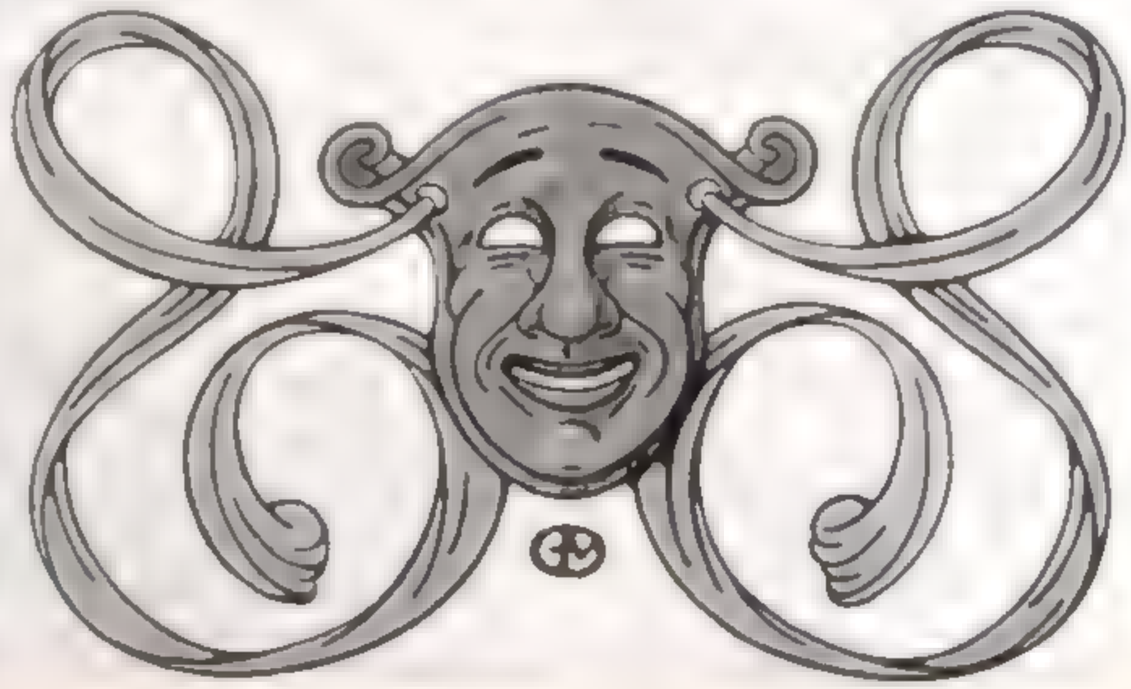
"Why are you fellows hounding me?" he complained. "I don't know who you are, but for some reason I'm being persecuted. The police, the magistrate, the bail agency, the grand jury, the judge, the prosecutor—oh, say, there's a change! What's the idea? Why pick on me?"

"We are not picking on you. On the contrary we have not urged one step or one stringency."

"You've got some mysterious power," he said. "I wish you'd put me wise."

"I will," I said. "Paste it in your hat. It's the power of citizenship."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Child. The next will appear in an early issue.



Before you buy, ask *"Is it mothproof?"*

The articles numbered in the above illustration can all be made mothproof by the Larvex process. Ask at your favorite store what mothproof articles they sell. Those shown above are:

1—Sweater 2—Suit 3—Dress 4—Upholstered Furniture 5—Draperies 6—Rugs

From the rugs on the floor to the clothes on your back, you can now buy woolen articles made moth-proof by the manufacturer

WHAT a great idea—to be able to walk into a store and buy a rug, or a suit, or a pair of blankets, or a woolen dress which is absolutely mothproof! Something you don't have to pack away when moths appear. Something which is safe anywhere because the cloth itself is protected against moth-attack.

That is what many of America's leading textile manufacturers are doing for you—making their products mothproof by a great, new process—the Larvex process of mothproofing.

Steps to prevent moth-damage have, heretofore, been taken against the moth itself. But the moth is harmless. It eats nothing during the short time it lives. It merely lays eggs. But these eggs hatch into the tiny larvae or moth-worms which do all the damage—and eat all the year round.

Larvex foils the tiny moth-worms. It makes the cloth distasteful to them. It does not kill moths. It is not intended to kill them. Larvex penetrates the wool fibres and becomes part of the cloth. Moth-worms will not touch any cloth which has been so treated. They simply will not eat it!

Every day, more and more textile manufacturers—representing almost every kind of woolen article—are adopting the Larvex process of moth-proofing. Therefore, when you shop for woolen things, ask when you buy, "Is this article made mothproof by the Larvex process?" If it has a Larvex tag attached, you may be sure that it is.

To Textile Manufacturers

If you are not already using Larvex, we should like to tell you all about it. Our engineers and chemists will be glad to offer suggestions as to the most economical application of Larvex and how the process fits into mill sequence. Write for complete information to The Larvex Corporation, 55 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. In Canada: The Larvex Corporation of Canada, Toronto.

LARVEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LIST OF MOTHPROOF ARTICLES WHICH YOU CAN NOW BUY AT YOUR FAVORITE STORES INCLUDE

Rugs *Blankets* *Clothing*
Knit Goods *Woolen Draperies*
Furniture and Automobiles with mothproof upholstery

This Winter—use Larvex at home

The moths you see next spring come from moth-worms which are eating this winter. These pests thrive in modern heated homes. Yet you can't pack away the woolen things you are using. You can't stuff them full of smelly so-called preventives. But you, yourself, *can* spray them with Larvex—*can* protect them from all moth-damage. (And don't forget your bathing suits and flannel sports clothes.) For home use, Larvex comes in pint bottles, together with an atomizer for spraying it. Larvex is odorless, stainless and non-injurious. At drug, department and furniture stores.

Free A Booklet on Moth-Damage. Address Department 61, The Larvex Corporation, 55 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Note—*Another Larvex service:* Leading carpet cleaners, dyers and cleaners and laundries are now mothproofing with Larvex. This service is thorough and economical. Have woolen articles mothproofed when you have them cleansed.

MacMillan's Choice—

For service in that grim and silent Northland, for complete dependability when Radio is the single, slender thread that links the explorers with the outposts of civilization, Commander Donald MacMillan demands Cunningham Radio Tubes. MacMillan's preference, his insistence that these Tubes *alone* shall bear the burden of his Arctic radio communication, indicates the high esteem in which experts hold the Cunningham product.

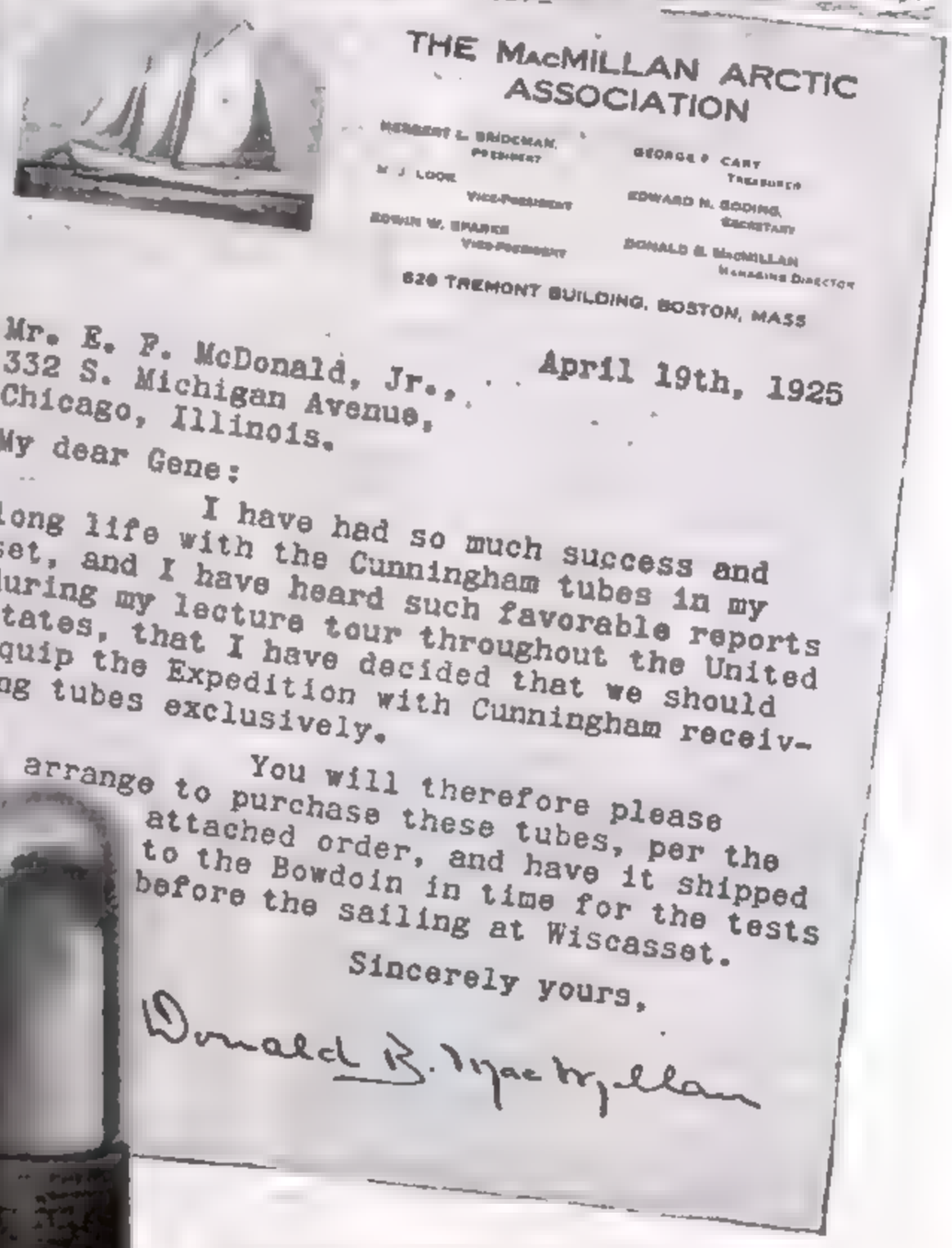
MacMillan's choice—the choice of millions of radio enthusiasts—may well be yours.

Types C-301A : C-299 : C-300 : C-11 : C-12
In the Orange and Blue Carton

Price $2.50 each

E. T. Cunningham Inc.

Home Office, 182 Second Street
SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO NEW YORK



THE MacMILLAN ARCTIC ASSOCIATION

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN, PRESIDENT
GEORGE P. CARY, TREASURER
W. J. LOOK, VICE-PRESIDENT
EDWARD N. SODING, SECRETARY
EDWIN W. SPARKS, VICE-PRESIDENT
DONALD B. MacMILLAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR

620 TREMONT BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS

Mr. E. P. McDonald, Jr., April 19th, 1925
332 S. Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

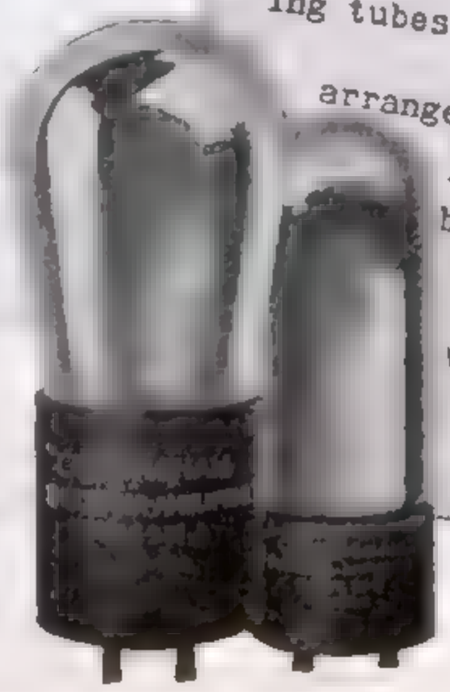
My dear Gene:

I have had so much success and long life with the Cunningham tubes in my set, and I have heard such favorable reports during my lecture tour throughout the United States, that I have decided that we should equip the Expedition with Cunningham receiving tubes exclusively.

You will therefore please arrange to purchase these tubes, per the attached order, and have it shipped to the Bowdoin in time for the tests before the sailing at Wiscasset.

Sincerely yours,

Donald B. MacMillan



Patent Notice: Cunningham Tubes are covered by patents dated 2-18-12, 12-30-13, 10-23-17, 10-23-17, and others issued and pending

HOUSEBUILDING FOR HOUSEWIVES

(Continued from Page 20)

can scrape along without the one, but not without the other. Every morning the men drive to work in their cars; you can see flivvers lined up for blocks outside the plants. That means, of course, that it's possible for the people to live far out in the country and still get into town on time. Thus our expanding boulevard systems, like the New York Subways, are great municipal arteries which carry the congestion out of town; but instead of riding underground, clinging to a strap, the worker rides above ground, steering his own wheel.

"That's the idea underlying our new boulevard system. And in order to stimulate buying in these undeveloped sections, they've worked out this scheme: The investor buys a lot, paying down a modest sum, after which he is permitted to put up a small temporary shack or garage on the rear of his lot, with the understanding that he will erect his house proper within a term of five years. If he fails, the real-estate companies figure his housebuilding intentions aren't very serious and he is compelled to remove his temporary structure. Most of them, however, succeed in building their homes within the allotted time.

"That accounts for one type of house in these new undeveloped tracts—the self-built home of the mechanic or carpenter. But there is a great and growing class of investors of moderate means who don't want the bother of building for themselves. They want to buy houses, but they want to buy them ready-made. They want to walk right in, hang up their hats and turn on the electricity. And that's where I come in."

The Need for Houses

"Well, that blocks out the situation in the rough; an old aristocratic city, leisurely, rich, metamorphosed suddenly into a great teeming industrial center, with a working population growing by leaps and bounds and a housing shortage developing into a real-estate boom by the intense pressure from within. That brings the picture up to date. And now to return and pick up my own personal thread in all this big rush of development and power. At first I had given my leisure time to politics. I was in the thick of the suffrage fight and believed in it strongly as a cause. Then came the franchise. I kept on working, of course—was chairman of various women's organizations and committees, allied myself with my party and participated actively in the campaigns. But ——" She paused, then resumed:

"Well, I don't know whether I can explain it or not; but the moral enthusiasm seemed to slacken; the thing didn't grip one as before. In politics, as the parties are now constituted, one doesn't seem to get anywhere. You fight in a circle; you struggle and plan and toil; and when the conflict's over and the smoke of battle's blown away, you're exactly in the same place you were before. You've not budged an inch. There are no clean-cut issues. It's all petty personalities, wheels within wheels, cliques fighting cliques; and if you're not hand in glove with a certain bunch you suddenly find yourself accidentally on purpose left off powerful inside committees."

The First House

"The whole business is shot through and through with chicane and intrigue. And after a while you get fed up with that sort of futile fighting in a circle which wears you out and achieves no goal. I'm not speaking, of course, for other women now—only for myself. But I wonder if the reason why politics doesn't hold women as the suffrage cause undoubtedly did is because, fight as they will, they don't seem to get anywhere. I'm still interested in politics, still active in the campaigns; but ——" She drew a deep breath. "Well, put it this way: I've only a certain amount of time and energy at my command and I feel I can make a better contribution to the community in housebuilding than I can in politics. At any rate," she laughed, "I can get results. A new administration can't come in and wash out all I've done.

"So much for politics. I didn't turn it down, you understand; it turned me down. And about this time we began to buy lots, purely as an investment for the future. A plat here, another there, wherever we could pick up one in the line of development. This was as far back as ten years ago. But even then it was evident that the city must expand and that it must expand along certain lines. At first we operated on the traditional shoe string. We didn't have much margin, so we paid 10 per cent down on a lot and the rest on installment, one per cent a month. Well, that first 10 per cent down wasn't so bad, but the one per cent a month, after we'd accumulated quite a few lots, began to be a heavy strain. It was tough sledding to scrape together all those one per cents necessary to pay off the installments, and to keep on scraping them together month after month. And one day, as the problem again reared its head of how to get more money in order to pay down on still more lots, the question suddenly answered itself. Why not build a house on one of the lots, sell it and release some of the tied-up capital?

"So I began to build. The first house I constructed strictly to please myself as a young housewife, my husband giving me a free hand. I put into it all the crafty little inventions and labor-saving devices which

This Type House is Built and Sold on Contract

Style that is chosen by well-dressed men! Quality that is the result of over 35 years' experience! Fine Hatters everywhere sell Schoble Hats.

$7 $8 $10 and up

SCHOBLE HATS

for Style FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., PHILADELPHIA for Service

The school teacher says:

"A bottle of milk is a bottle of health"

"Serving milk in the original sterilized bottles at school has done wonders for our school children. They are noticeably healthier and their marks are decidedly better. And it's such an easy, economical way to serve milk, no glasses or cups to wash or break."

Serve more bottled milk at school and home. Milk is nature's ideal food. Milk bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the Trade Mark on the bottle's lower edge.

THATCHER MFG. CO., ELMIRA, N. Y.

THATCHER

Superior Quality Milk Bottles

PROTECTION

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER" must be protected from the dangers which beset all of us. Your child's mother needs the safeguards you can place about her. She and you and yours need Colt protection for your home. Just as surely as the officer's uplifted hand stops traffic, a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol says, "Stop!" to anyone who would unlawfully intrude upon the privacy of your home. Colt dependability is well known to all men—best known and feared by those you need to fear. Yet, all Colts are harmless until the trigger is intentionally pulled because Colt safety features positively prevent accidental discharge.

Any Colt Dealer (or the new Colt Catalog) will explain this Colt Positive Lock Safety

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Connecticut

Pacific Coast Representative
Phil B. Bekeart Company
717 Market Street
San Francisco, California

COLT'S
The Arm of Law and Order

For College - Buy Your Son
Easiephit
LEATHER SLIPPERS
FOR
COMFORT
STYLE
WEAR

"We must buy him a pair for college"

Easiephit Leather Slippers should be part of every college man's outfit.

They have the distinctive style of custom made footwear.

There are many styles and colors from which to choose. Besides several shades of tan, they are made in alligator, blue, green, red and lustrous patent leather.

Prices range from $3 to $9

Slipper shown is No. 1210, Tan Kid, full leather lined.

Ask your dealer for Easiephit Slippers and you will get the best. Send for catalogue.

ABBOTT SHOE CO.
North Reading, Mass. Est. 1855

Easiephit
Leather Slippers
Are Best Because

They conform to the shape of the foot and keep the feet from spreading;

They support the arches and keep the feet in a natural position;

They will not make the feet perspire;

They give longer wear,

They have more style, and keep their shape.

EASIEPHIT SLIPPER WEEK, SEPTEMBER 14-19

every practical young housewife craves and about which few mere male builders ever bother their heads. Though they would, mighty soon, if they had to do the housework themselves! When I think of the millions of useless steps women have been forced to take in men-made houses—the low, back-breaking sinks, the electric lights, windows and cabinets placed in exactly the wrong positions—I wonder that housewives haven't rebelled long ago. Probably they have—and men have kept on building along the same old wrong-headed masculine lines.

"My first house was a success. We lived in it and loved it, then sold it at a profit and moved out. I built another, and another, and another. They sold without trouble right away.

And by that time my idea was well established in my head. Houses for housewives; built by a housewife who knew her business, to please other housewives. Why not? A house is essentially a woman's affair. I don't see why women haven't gone into practical housebuilding long ago."

Selling Good Taste

"Undoubtedly my success has been partly due to the type of houses I love best to build. These are comfortable, moderately priced houses for working people; for the mechanic, the plumber, the carpenter, the plasterer, the little corner grocer, the policeman, the postman, the average young married couple starting out in a small way. Let others build big, showy, fashionable mansions for the rich. That class doesn't need my brains. My contribution lies in building solid, substantial homes which will withstand the wear and tear of children and the years. I put in only the best materials and supervise the operations personally from the time the foundations are dug until I hang up the sign, For Sale.

"I've discovered by experience that there are certain practical details a woman builder naturally thinks about which seldom seem to enter the masculine head. For example, take the electric light above the kitchen sink. Every woman knows that the fixture should be placed directly over the sink so that the light will fall squarely on the dishes or vegetables to be washed in order to get them clean. But ten times out of ten, in building these small houses, the man doesn't think of that. He hangs a drop light from the middle of the ceiling; the housewife at the sink stands in her own shadow and has to hold every dish up to the light. Waste motion? I should think so! And then there's the proper height of the sink—not too high and not too low. And cabinets! Men love to stick useless little cabinets around, awkwardly placed above a woman's head so that she must constantly reach up her aching arms. Why? No reason at all! It's just as easy to place them at a convenient height. But why not eliminate the useless things altogether and build in a good china closet which women love, with ample room for pots and pans? And why put mirrors so high that nobody can see into them save the flies on the ceiling? I could continue indefinitely along this line. It's a hobby of mine. Then there is the trifling affair of floor plugs. I don't know why it is, but women simply adore those little contrivances. Sometimes when the house is ready for sale I add an attractive floor lamp, a table and a chair, just to visualize the possibilities of a room. In fact, what I really do in building these small houses is to use my own judgment and go ahead exactly as if I were fashioning the home for myself.

"We come to that elusive thing called good taste. I've heard it said over and over that the kind of people who buy small houses such as I build have no taste; that they don't appreciate art and that to spend my energies making the homes attractive is just so much waste of time. That's a fallacy which my own experience disproves. For example, when I first started in building, I used my own taste to plan out charming interiors, wall paperings and color schemes. When I gave my order to the wall-paper firm I dealt with, one of the partners threw up his hands.

"'Heavens!' he exclaimed. 'You can't sell your house with that kind of wall paper!'

"'Why can't I?' I demanded, astonished. 'What's the matter with that wall paper? I like it.'

"'So do I. It's in good taste.'

"'Well, that's what I want.'

"'Yes, but they won't.'

"'Who won't?'

"'Why, the sort of people to whom you're planning to sell your house. They don't want good taste. Look here, I'll show you the kind of stuff they like.' And he hauled out samples of wild, hideous all-over combinations and designs.

"'Horrible!' I said.

"'Of course—to you. But beauty is in the eye of the beholder. That happens to be what they like. They eat it alive.'

"'I can't believe it.'

"'You can't? Well, just wait and see. It's what we always sell.'

"'At any rate,' I said, 'I'm going to try them with the other kind first.'

"'They won't like it,' he averred.

"But he was wrong. They did like it; the women especially. You see, good taste is a very individual thing; you have it or you don't have it, whether you're rich or not. It's like a love for flowers or a natural musical ear. And so," she laughed, "I have kept on using the very best taste I possess, and I've not found it a handicap yet.

"Perhaps the chief elements of success in housebuilding of this kind, after the lot is bought and the plans are made, are insistence on first-class materials, first-class workmanship and constant supervision from beginning to end. For example, the kitchen in the last house we looked at has to be completely repainted. It isn't a good job. And yet if I hadn't driven over for a final inspection before hanging out the sign, For Sale, that inferior piece of work would have been passed. The whole thing, inside and out, has to be good enough to please me personally before I place it on the market to please another housewife."

A Brand-New Street

All this time we had been driving about the new subdivisions, inspecting her houses; houses already sold, with curtains up, a baby buggy on the front porch, lawns and shrubbery started, and the owners waving joyously as we passed; houses completed, with the paint scarcely dry, ready for the purchasers to move in; houses in course of construction, with the framework up and shinglers on the roof; houses with the foundations dug and a load of bricks cluttering the sidewalk.

"Now," she said, "I'll show you something still wilder—a street in its embryonic state. But it's building up so fast that I can hardly recognize it from week to week."

We turned off the main boulevard and struck into a narrow dirt road, rough, unpaved, with a ragged wilderness on either side. Here and there the skeletons of frame houses showed between the trees. In the air rang the cheerful sound of hammer and saw; the rattle of unloading bricks mingled with the clangor of a construction gang rushing through the completion of another street. Birds hopped from their nests to discuss with their neighbors this strange transformation scene. In another week the trees containing their nests would be gone. Penetrating still farther, we inspected lots on which men were cutting down trees preparatory to digging foundations, and finally, still beyond, lots which were still raw, tangled wilderness and the streets rough wood trails.

"This," I said, "looks like real pioneer stuff."

"It's just that," she laughed. "And that's what constitutes its strongest appeal. I like breaking new ground. I like to buy lots on a perfectly brand-new street

(Continued on Page 245)

A New-Type Radio

— *that offers 4 extraordinary improvements*

We ask you to take it home and let it entertain you for an evening *free*. See the phenomenal results attained through a newly discovered principle. Learn the supreme enjoyment of flawless radio reception. Simply send the coupon. It entitles you to this amazing test without the slightest obligation.

MODERN electrical science has discovered a new principle in radio.

A principle that offers 4 vital improvements in broadcast reception.

That accomplishes greater distance, greater clarity.

That brings in stations 1,000 miles away in the dead of August. Coast to coast in Winter as clearly as if the broadcaster were in the same room.

This set is not offered you for sale—first we'll lend you one to hear.

Simply fill in the coupon below, and let us provide an evening's entertainment in your home. Learn what we have accomplished.

Four great superiorities

We are radio engineers engaged in scientific research. We have pioneered many famous radio developments. Our business has been to supply parts for practically every circuit invented.

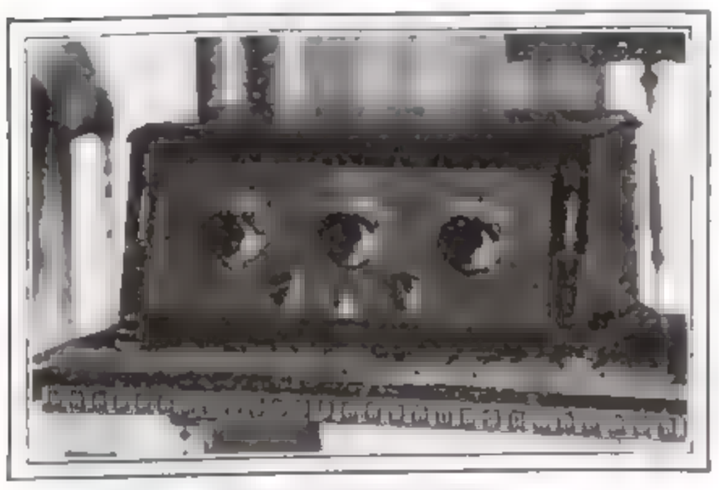
Twelve months ago we decided to design a set of our own. We set out to surpass all previous standards in radio performance. To use the experience of others as a stepping stone to greater things.

A secret it took 12 months to learn

The story of what happened is briefly told.

We tested 154 radio sets and found four great opportunities for betterment.

In addition 12,587 radio fans had already

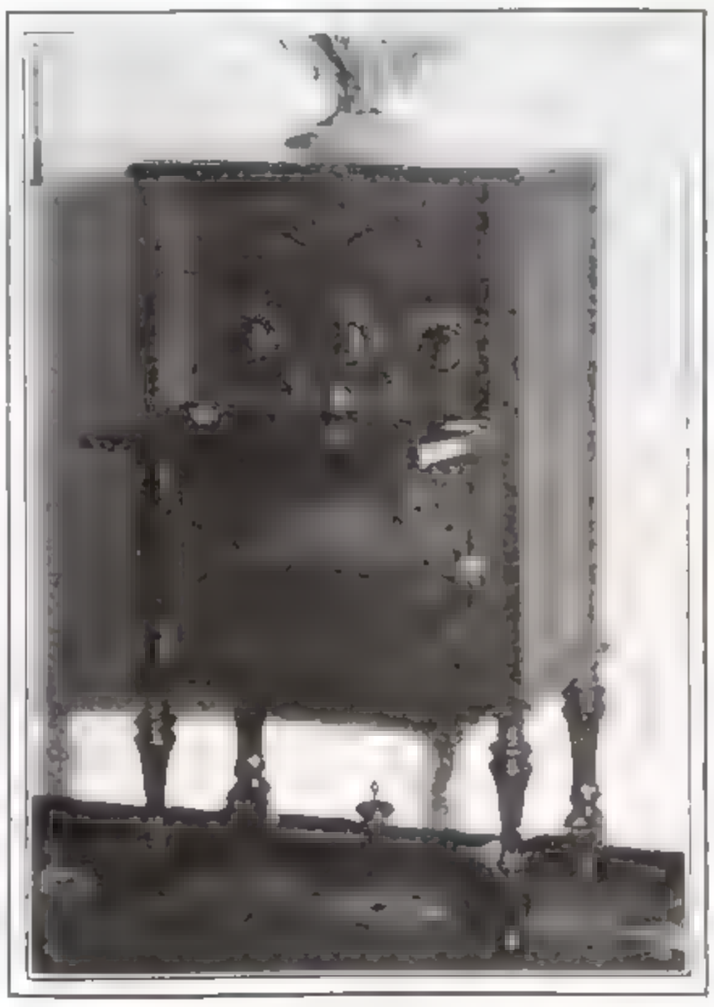


Erla Standard Cabinet

Rich, two-tone dark mahogany or walnut finish, 5 tubes, $69.50. DeLuxe Model, in quartered French walnut, $77.50. Prices on Pacific Coast, $73 and $82 respectively.

given us their utmost ideals of the master receiver.

Famous engineers worked day and night



De Luxe Console

Quartered and matched figured walnut panels. French Huguenot finish. Supreme excellence in materials and construction throughout. Built-in horn and loud speaker. Complete, excepting tubes and accessories, $142.50. Stand and Console of identical design, in two-tone dark walnut, $113.50. Pacific Coast prices, $150 and $119 respectively.

in our laboratories for many months. Step by step we accomplished things that others thought impossible.

We built 73 experimental radio sets. And tore them down.

Then we made another—based on a new and entirely different principle found in no other radio set regardless of price.

A new radio principle

Here was a remarkable discovery. A greatly improved system of radio frequency amplification that is made possible *only* by a new and revolutionary coil—the Erla *Balloon *Circloid.

This remarkable coil is the heart of Erla Circloid Five receivers and is not found in any other set, no matter how costly.

Note these four great advantages:

First. It offers greater distance. Coast to coast. Canada to the Gulf in Winter. On reasonably clear evenings, 1,000 to 1,500 miles in Summer.

Second. Ends for good and all the crackling and metallic vibration so long considered inevitable. Gives to each tone its full, natural expression with the finest shades of meaning.

Third. Instantaneous selectivity. Stations separated only by a few meters wave length can be tuned in or out with surprising ease. Gets any station previously logged within 20 seconds by the stop watch.

Fourth. It has exceptional volume. Brings in distant stations, when desired, with volume enough to fill a concert auditorium.

**Trade Mark Registered*

Priced as low as $69.50

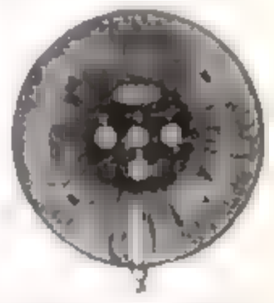
The Erla establishes entirely new standards in radio. Its results are astounding the radio world. And Erla prices are equally amazing.

As leading parts makers with extensive plants and unlimited facilities, we are equipped to manufacture in enormous quantity.

Now, because of huge sales, we are able to offer the Circloid Five—with all of its great improvements—at prices unbelievably low.

There's an Erla for as little as $69.50, exclusive of accessories. And many other cabinet and console models. Each one an example of fine furniture and craftsmanship.

Now we ask you to test it



New Erla Balloon Circloid Coupler and Transformer

It has taken us a long time to perfect this ideal radio receiver. Step by step its supremacies have been attained. Today we believe it is the best radio set in existence.

Now we ask you to test it.

Present the coupon to your nearest radio dealer today—or mail it direct to us. We urge that you find out how astounding are the results from this new radio discovery.

FREE—This Unique Test

ELECTRICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES,
2500 Cottage Grove Avenue, Dept. 239, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please have my local Erla dealer lend me a set for an evening.

☐ Please send me your interesting radio catalog and handbook.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... County ..... State .....

DEALERS—Aggressive individuals or organizations, with or without previous radio experience, may secure exclusive franchises in territories still open by writing or wiring immediately

That sign identifies authorized Erla distributors and dealers. All are equipped to give complete radio service.

Made by ELECTRICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES, CHICAGO

UNIPOWER

. . . the latest sensation in Radio!

Now—you can have continuous, unfailing "A" power of the highest quality and always at full voltage . . . all in a single compact unit that *automatically* replenishes itself from your house current, at a cost of a few cents a month!

WONDERS in radio never cease! And the latest and greatest triumph in radio is the new Gould Unipower.

Until Unipower was developed, the owners of millions of radio sets were obliged to put up with the inconvenience of frequently renewing dry "A" batteries. Or they had the bother of charging a storage battery at home or lugging it to a service station. Often, when their "A" batteries were low, they blamed their sets for the weak, faltering reception.

But those days are gone forever! Unipower has ushered in a new perfection, a new convenience, a new economy in radio operation.

New power, true power—
Unipower

Unipower is a single compact "A" power unit that fits inside most radio cabinets. It takes the place of dry cells or separate storage battery and charging units. It does away for all time with "A" battery failure—the most frequent cause of poor radio reception.

Unipower is quickly and easily installed. Just connect two wires to your set, plug in on your light current, and the job's done! Unipower then requires absolutely no attention except the occasional addition of water.

Off when it's on—
On when it's off

A unique feature of Unipower is the single master-control switch that governs the operation of your entire set. When the switch is *on*, Unipower feeds your set rich, quiet power that gives ideal reception, with neither hum nor noise. When the switch is *off*, Unipower *automatically* replenishes itself on a low trickle charge and with a minimum consumption of current—a few cents a month.

Unipower is equipped with an exclusive Balkite charger of special design. Unipower will last you for years, and there are no tubes, bulbs, lamps or working parts that require frequent and expensive replacement.

Unipower is not a battery eliminator, and should not be confused with any other power device. Unipower is a scientifically designed "A" current supply which automatically converts house lighting current into radio power.

The nearest radio dealer can supply you with Unipower—or will get it for you immediately. The Gould Storage Battery Co., Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York.

Unipower operates from alternating current, 110-125 V-60 cycle. It is supplied in two types. The 4-volt type is for sets using UV 199 tubes or equivalent, and retails for $35.00. The 6-volt type is for sets using UV 201-A tubes or equivalent, and retails for $40.00. West of the Rockies prices are slightly higher.

FREE!

Write for interesting booklet, "Unipower—a Triumph in Radio Power", describing Unipower's many advantages and economies. Address The Gould Storage Battery Co., Inc., 250 Park Ave., New York

Unipower

TRADE MARK

Off when it's on—On when it's off

(Continued from Page 242)

and then put up the first houses, setting the pattern, so to speak, for the others which are to come. It makes a big difference in the general attractiveness of a street if the first houses which set the pattern are good."

"And do you have a regular fixed architectural formula for these houses? Do you build them all alike?"

She shook her head in a vehement denial.

"Always different! I believe in individuality, variety, charm. In the first place, it makes the street look so much better, and that single factor in itself is worth the money difference. It would bore me to death to build a row of houses exactly like."

"And do you build a house and then sell it, ready-made, so to speak, trusting to find a quick market, or do you find your buyer first and then build in collaboration with him, consulting his likes and dislikes?"

"I've tried both ways. But now"—she stressed the word with a short laugh—"I build without consulting the purchaser. I find it's more satisfactory and also less of a nervous strain. I have practical experience, judgment, taste, and I know what women want. In addition, I have no trouble in selling my houses. They usually go inside of a week."

"And you don't advertise?"

"Don't have to!" she laughed. "My houses advertise themselves. I stick out the sign and the investors do the rest."

She slowed down her car, sprang out, went over to a heap of dead branches piled in a vacant lot, peered down and returned, nodding her head.

"They're gone," she announced. "There was a bird's nest in that pile and I didn't want them to burn it until the little ones had left the nest.

"The trouble is," she continued, "most buyers don't know what they want; or they keep changing their minds until it drives you distracted. For instance, last year I built a house for a young artist. He wanted a certain kind of door in a certain place. I sketched it in for him. He looked at it, pondered a while and decided he didn't want it there after all. It didn't look exactly right. I took it out. 'Suppose we try it here,' he said. So I sketched it in on another wall. No, that wasn't quite the idea either. I took it out. We tried it again. I don't know how many times we had changed it when the contractor came to me, tearing his hair and threatening to fire himself from the job unless we let that door stay put."

Keeping the Cost Down

"I've had other experiences of purchasers who wanted their houses this way today, that way tomorrow and something different the third day. That's natural, of course, for most of them know no more about building a house than they do about building an aeroplane; they know in a general fashion how it ought to look when it's finished, and that's all. So I have discovered it's best to use my own judgment, sell the house practically completed and then let the purchasers try out their experiments on the unfinished upstairs.

"For that's another angle of my scheme. I don't try now to complete the house down to the final details. To do so would increase materially the price. Also, I find that the owners like a little leeway in which to express their own imagination and ideas. So, purposely, I often leave the upstairs in the rough for the buyers to tinker at during their leisure and fix up in any fashion they like. They can make the space over into extra bedrooms, a nursery, a workshop for father or a den for the boys. For the same reason I don't build the garage. I leave space for it, make the cement path leading out from the rear porch and then let them jump off with their own ideas. It's pioneering, you see. I start the home game, give them the pattern and they finish it off as they please. They prefer it that way; and, of course, it reduces the expense.

"That brings us directly to the core of the whole problem of modern housebuilding, expense. How to keep the price down and still build a comfortable home of high-grade materials, individual in character, which will give solid satisfaction to the owners and endure—that, in a nutshell, is my problem. Some contractors declare it cannot be solved. Not today. At any rate, not along those lines. The unscrupulous among them, instead of grappling the problem squarely, side-step it in various ways. Either they put in cheap materials or they build rows of standardized houses of replica design or they buy in unattractive neighborhoods where land values are depreciated.

"But I have another solution. First, I try to buy my lots wisely, preferably in new sections where property has a chance to appreciate through proper development. In other words, I watch closely the line of march in the expansion of the city and then try to get in the van. I buy in new sections and in the new streets of that section, usually building the first houses myself. In that way my purchasers are enabled not only to buy at a more moderate price than if I had waited for the entire neighborhood to build up but also their property has a chance to increase in value along with the general growth, and very often they sell at a handsome profit. That's one way to keep down costs. Another is by personal supervision from first to last, insisting on first-class quality of materials after you've paid for it; insisting on first-class craftsmanship, and seeing to it that your carpenters, plasterers and painters don't put over inferior-grade work or malinger on the job. For all these things eat up the margin of profit on a house."

The Danger of Overextension

"And yet it must be admitted that housebuilding, with the present high cost of material and labor, is an expensive operation at best. Even by using foresight in buying land to advantage in developing neighborhoods, and keeping costs down by constant supervision, the builder cannot hammer down the selling price beyond a certain mark. And that mark is rather high. For instance, that last house I showed you will sell for around $7500, upstairs unfinished, garage unbuilt. The prices, of course, vary, depending on the type of house and location of the lot. They range anywhere from $7000 to $12,000. And even at those prices they don't stay on the market a week. Selling the houses after they're built is the least of my worries."

"What are your worries then?"

"Well, I'll tell you something I don't like," she said soberly. "I don't like it at all. Fortunately, it's only happened once or twice. That's been when I've had to sell my contracts."

"What do you mean—selling your contracts? Contracts with whom?"

"With the purchaser of the house. I have a contract with each one. Let us say a man decides to buy a house. He comes in, pays $1000 down and signs a contract agreeing to pay a certain monthly sum, part of which applies to the interest, the balance to the unpaid principal. Each month his payment is set down to his credit on the contract which contains the terms of agreement, until finally the entire indebtedness is wiped out.

"But here is the difficulty: In the course of time the builder collects quite a bunch of such contracts, each with its monthly driblet trickling in. But the trouble with such operations is that when you're building several houses at once, you have a lot of capital tied up and at the same time a whacking big expense account. For, of course, you can't make your workers wait until you've sold off your houses. They have to be paid on the nail. So there is a period when everything is going out and nothing coming in. And the greater the number of houses you build simultaneously, the more pressing becomes the need for cash. There is a very definite danger, therefore, of becoming overextended. Some fine morning a sudden emergency arises, calling

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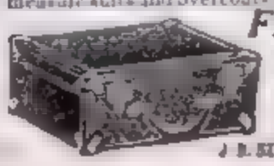

J. B. SIMPSON, Inc. Dept. 11EE, CHICAGO

for extra cash, and the overextended house builder collapses like a punctured balloon.

"Of course, it goes without saying that in operations on a large scale the builder is obliged to borrow. And interest in this city is 6 per cent and more—even on first-class security. Well, sooner or later the time arrives when you're pressed for ready cash. You must have it! What is the answer? The builder has to go out and sell his contracts, and at a discount, naturally. This means that the people who have bought the house now pay over their monthly installments to the purchaser of the contract. Once or twice I've had to sell a contract, but it's something I deeply dislike to do; not on account of the money loss, but because I like to play the game through.

"You see, it's a rather thrilling and intimate experience, this selling of a house you've built and put your heart into. You let it go to some worker who pays for it in installments out of his hard-won wages. A bond is established between you; you want to see him win. In a sense, it's a fight, each round of the fight a month long. At the end of the month he drops in to pay me. He's won that round. And as the months pass, the column of payments in the contract gradually lengthening, the indebtedness gradually dwindling, the tension increases. It's as exciting as the end of a race.

"'Not much more now!' he says triumphantly. 'One, two, three payments. Watch me polish them off!' He's like a runner taking a deep breath for the final spurt. At last it's down to one. He comes in proudly with his final payment—and the house which seems somehow to belong to both of us, since we've both given it something of ourselves, becomes his very own. But in the course of the transaction I have gained a friend. And perhaps it's because housebuilding of this type is tied up so intimately with the struggle of life itself that it appeals to me. Each house is a little human drama by itself. Sometimes the story turns out happily. Sometimes not so well. And I don't give all my time to the occupation. A few hours two or three times a week suffice.

"And the solid satisfaction in it! When you've built a good house you've done something. It's a contribution to the community which can't be denied or argued away. That's why I prefer it to politics."

"And did my wife tell you," her husband asked one afternoon as the three of us lingered over tea, "how much she cleaned up last year on her housebuilding operations?"

"She was too modest to ask," laughed his wife.

"I didn't have to," I explained. "I already knew."

The truth was, her year's earnings ran well up into five figures. She had made a substantial contribution to the life of the community and it had paid her dividends at the same time.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Cover Design by Paul Stahr

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Typical expression of this preference for Lockheed's greater safety is contained in a letter from Oliver M. Byerly, 428 Penton Building, Cleveland, who writes:

> "I expect to buy this year a new car for Mrs. Byerly—and her car, particularly *her* car, must have the safety, comfort, and convenience that she and I both know are a direct result of Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes. We shall select our cars from among those equipped with your brakes."

Motor car dealers are equally strong for Lockheeds. A telegram, sent to the Hydraulic Brake Company by a Chicago motor car distributor (name on request), explains why. This distributor handles a car which was formerly equipped with other four-wheel brakes but which changed to Lockheeds. In his wire he contrasts the former equipment with Lockheed Hydraulics, as follows:

> "There never has been any brake on any automobile that would stand comparison with Lockheed. *We save from two to three hours on service in the delivery of every new automobile. We are convinced that our service department will save thousands of dollars per year due to Lockheeds.*"

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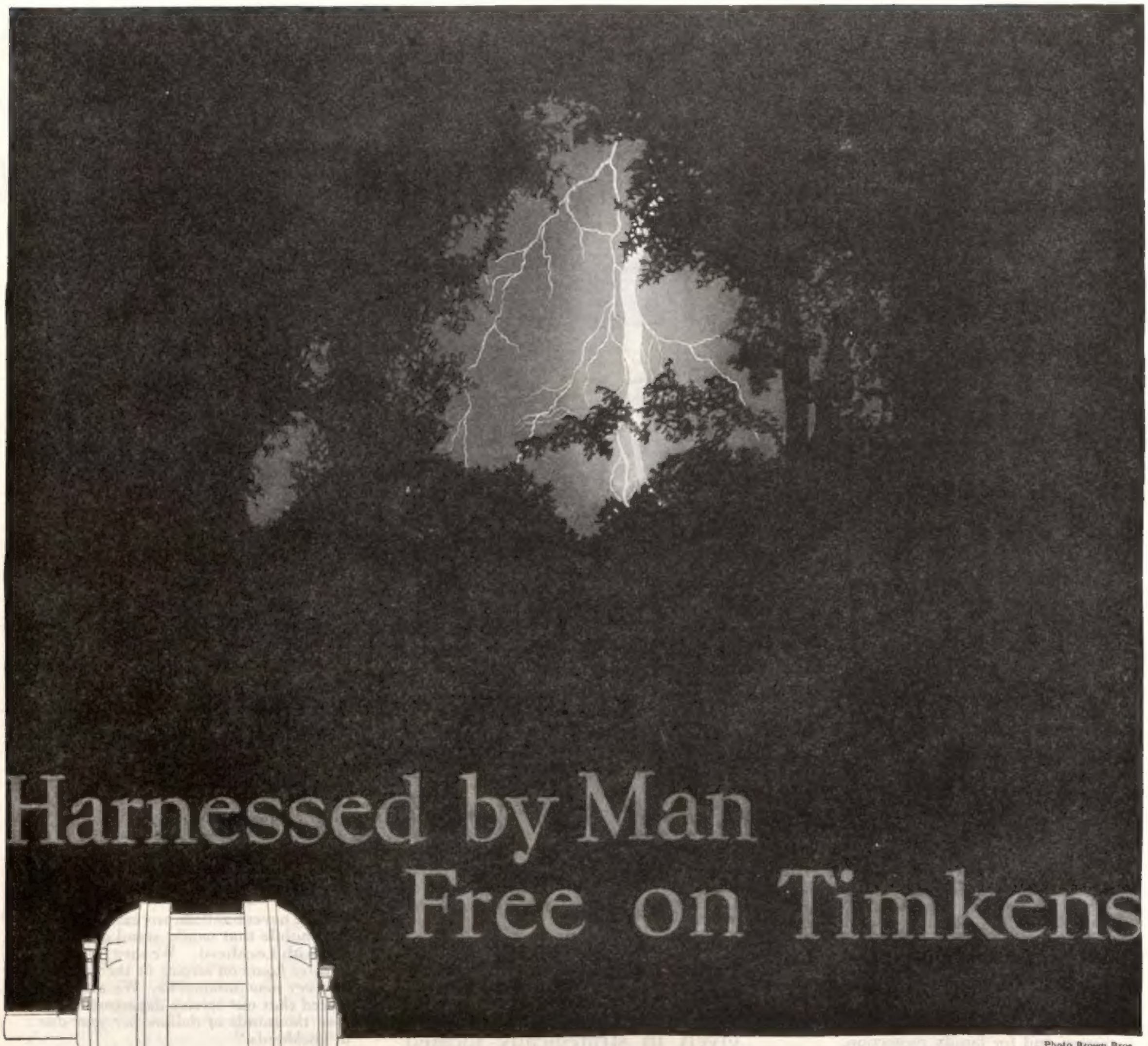

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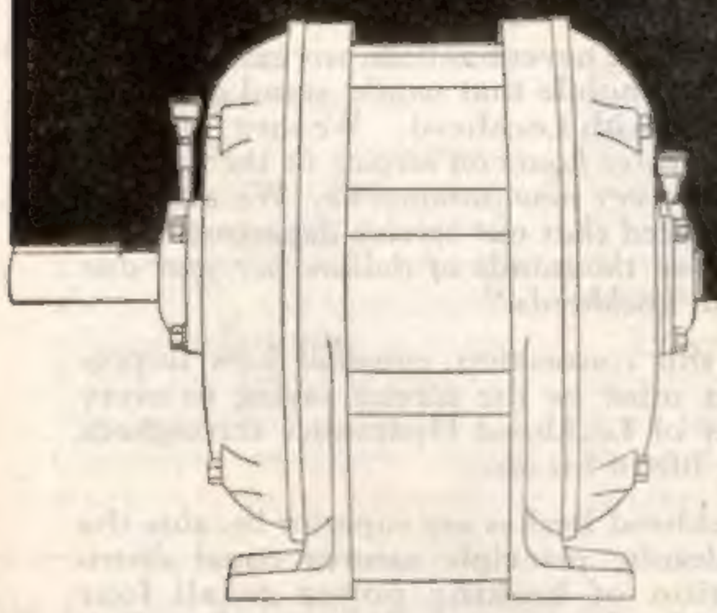

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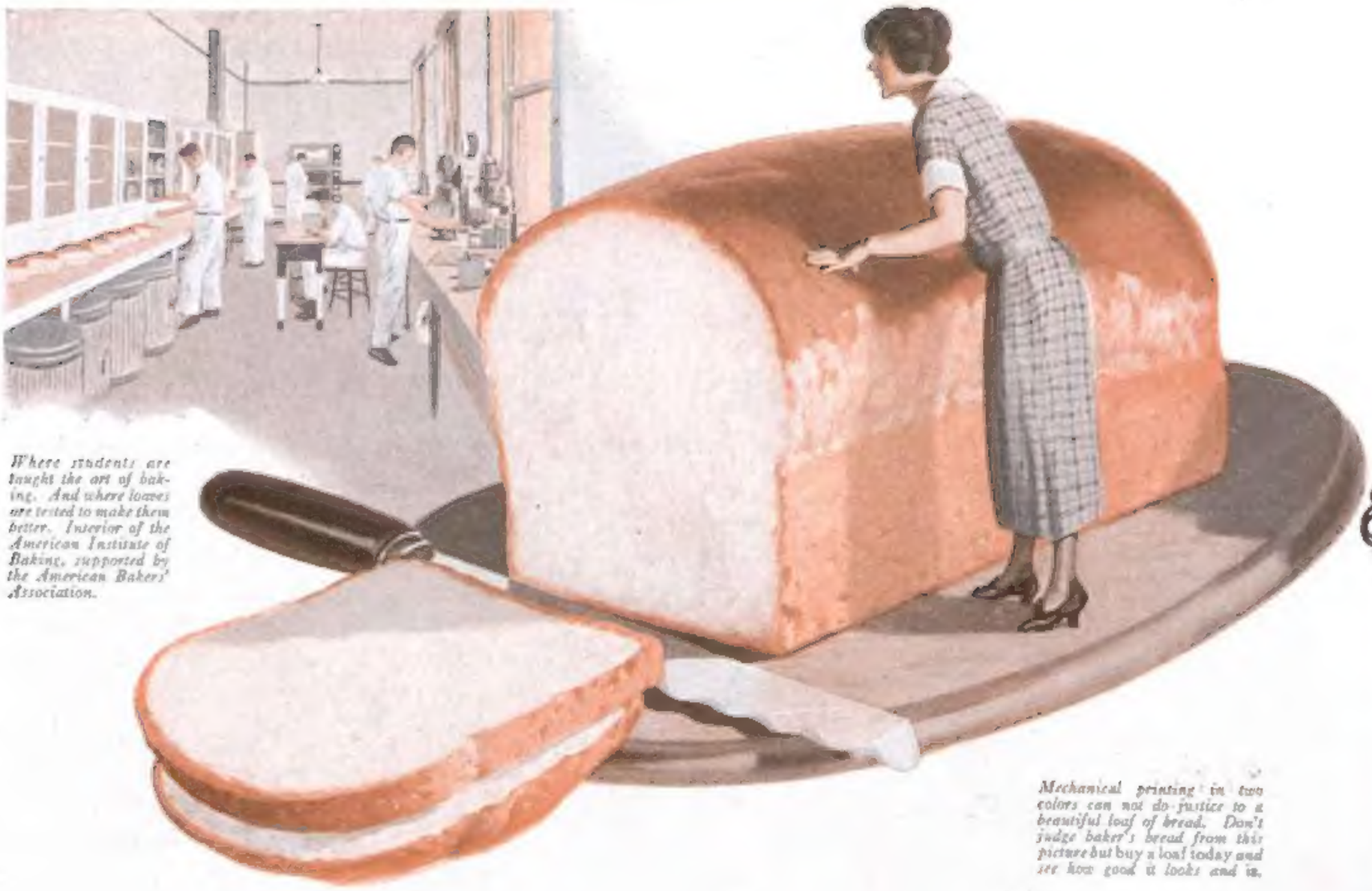

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